Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/worldshistoryits0005unse

N. SICHEL, PINX.

JUDITH.

D58
S211
v.5

THE WORLD'S HISTORY AND ITS MAKERS

BY

EDGAR SANDERSON, A. M.

AUTHOR "HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE"

J. P. LAMBERTON, A. M.

AUTHOR "HISTORIC CHARACTERS AND FAMOUS EVENTS," "LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS," ETC.

JOHN McGOVERN

AUTHOR "THE GOLDEN LEGACY," "THE TOILERS' DIADEM," "FAMOUS AMERICAN STATESMEN," ETC.

OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

COLLABORATOR ON "HISTORIC CHARACTERS AND FAMOUS EVENTS," "LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS" AND "LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE;" AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA," ETC.

AND THE FOLLOWING EMINENT AMERICAN EDITORS AND WRITERS:

JOSEPH M. ROGERS, A. M.; LAURENCE E. GREENE; M. A. LANE; G. SENECA JONES, A. M.; FREDERICK LOGAN; WILLIAM MATTHEWS HANDY.

INTRODUCTION BY

MARSHALL S. SNOW, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AND DEAN OF THE COLLEGE; AUTHOR "CITY GOVERNMENT," "POLITICAL STUDIES," ETC., ETC.

TEN VOLUMES

VOL. V

FAMOUS WOMEN

NEW YORK CHICAGO

E. R. DU MONT

1902

Copyright, 1899
by
EARL R. DuMONT

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
JUDITH, B.C. 650. Sublime Courage Sustained by Faith	3
ASPASIA, B.C. 489-420. The Most Celebrated Woman of Antiquity	24
CORNELIA, B.C. 160. A Mother's Influence	39
CLEOPATRA, B.C. 69-30. "The Sorceress of the Nile"	52
AYESHA, A.D. 610-667. Mother of The Faithful	74
JOAN OF ARC, A.D. 1412-1431. The Maid of Orleans	88
ISABELLA, A.D. 1451-1504. "The Mother of Spain"	127
CATHERINE DE' MEDICI, A.D. 1519-1589. "The Sceptered Sorceress of Italia's Land"	169
ELIZABETH, A.D. 1533-1603. "The Virgin Queen"	198
CHRISTINA, A.D. 1626-1689. Who Resigned a Crown	227
MADAME DE MAINTENON, A.D. 1635-1719. The Most Artful of Her Sex	244
MARY WASHINGTON, A.D. 1714-1796. The Mother of Washington	268
MARIA THERESA, A.D. 1717-1780. "The Mother of Germany"	285
CATHERINE II., A.D. 1729-1796. Empress of Russia	320
MARIE ANTOINETTE, A.D. 1755-1793. Queen of France	348
JOSEPHINE, A.D. 1763-1814. First Wife of Napoleon Bonaparte	389
VICTORIA, A.D. 1819. Queen and Empress	415

820

PHOTOGRAVURES

VOLUME V.

PAGE.

JUDITH 1

LAST TOILET OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY 7

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, LEAVING FRANCE 208

ART, SONG AND LITERATURE 434

INTRODUCTION

We have deemed it advisable, in devoting a volume of this series to *The Famous Women of the World,* to seek examples in various ages and nations, and to restrict our labors to a limited number, in order to offer treatises that shall be separately of value to the reader.

From the early civilization of the world, covering the ancient Chaldæan, Egyptian, Phœnician and Jewish peoples, we have chosen the highly celebrated story of Judith; from Greece, Egypt and Rome, we have taken Aspasia, Cleopatra and Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; from mediæval times, Joan of Arc and Catherine de' Medici. Spain offers us Isabella. The German people are represented in Maria Theresa; Russia in the great Catherine, and Sweden in the eccentric Christina.

While Rome gave to us Cornelia, the noble mother of unsuccessful patriots, America offers to our pages an account of the life of Mary, mother of Washington, patriot founder of one of the greatest nations the world has seen.

In modern France, where the storms of revolution first overwhelmed human institutions, we find three characters not to be omitted from an interesting book on women. The *ancien régime*—the old style of government—presents Madame de Maintenon, perhaps the most artful woman in history, and Marie Antoinette, who paid the price by fate exacted for such methods of life among the great. The Revolution itself brings forward as the chief character among its women, Josephine, who was the com-

panion of Bonaparte, the foremost soldier that the battlefields of the world have produced.

Two great queens, Elizabeth and Victoria, have been selected in a review of England's daughters.

It will be found, on reading these pages, that the right and title of woman to half of the world's attention is here well attested. Courage, devotion, learning, administrative ability, adventure, heroic deportment and other rare qualities that are not always summoned out of the hearts of men themselves, are here recorded with all the adjuncts of history and marshaled in a mass that should arouse the just pride of womanhood in every land.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE WORLD

JUDITH

B. C. 650

SUBLIME COURAGE SUSTAINED BY FAITH

Some twenty-three hundred years ago a tale was written in the Hebrew language, picturing a feat of womanly courage so noble, so devoted, and so successful that it charmed the world. By its intrinsic beauty alone this tale eventually took the place of history and became a chapter in the sacred Scriptures.

In a word, the illustrious widow Judith, the most beautiful woman of Bethulia, mourning for her dead husband, heard that the King Nebuchodonosor, reigning at Nineveh, had proclaimed himself God, and offered peace to the Jews only on condition that they should offer sacrifice to him rather than to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Assyrian general, Holofernes, was at the pass in the mountains, with a vast army. She robed herself in her finest garments and went forth sustained by the Lord. She insinuated herself into the good graces of Holofernes, and obtained permission to remain in his tent. She plied him with wine, and, while he slept in stupor, she drew his own sword and cut off his head, carrying that bloody trophy to Bethulia. With that, the Jewish warriors beset the Assyrians, and they, while waiting for commands from the general's tent, were wholly overcome and put to flight.

We have no mention of Judith in Josephus or Philo the Jew. Herodotus does not speak of her. Nebuchadnezzar did not reign at Nineveh, nor was he called King of the Assyrians. There was no city of Bethulia, or Betylia, near Jerusalem, although the father of Rebecca was named Bethuel.

It is probable that the Book of Judith was written by a Hebrew poet of fine imagination, who possessed but little knowledge of the outside world, or the state of the arts at the period in which he placed his drama.

But notwithstanding these things, the apostolic fathers of the Christian church accepted the Book of Judith as canonical. It was translated by the *Seventy* along with the rest of the Old Testament. It was translated into Latin from the Chaldee by St. Jerome. It was accepted as canonical by the Council of Carthage and by Pope Innocent I. of Rome, and cited as Scripture by Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Ambrose and Augustine. The earliest express reference to Judith is in Clement of Rome, a father and perhaps a martyr of the first century of the Christian era.

Thus highly indorsed, the story of Judith passed over Europe along with the Christian religion, a part of the faith of the Caucasian world, and it was not until the Protestant rebellion against the church that the contention of the Jews themselves, that Judith was not historical, began to take hold of men's minds. While the tale was undergoing criticism among the philosophers, and long after it had been rejected in the Protestant Bible, the Catholic world was edified with learned dissertations, of which Mr. Gibert's is an example—(Academy of Inscriptions, Vol. 22)—whereby it was shown that Diodorus of Sicily had an account of a Holofernes who was brother of the King of Cappadocia; that this Holofernes became

commanding general of the army of Ochus, King of Persia, in his expedition against the west; that Nebuchadnezzar was a title like Cæsar or Augustus, to be assumed by any sovereign, and that the kings of those regions moved their seats with the seasons, seeking the mountains at Nineveh in the hot months and coming nearer the sea in cooler weather.

Joined with the great age of the recital of Judith's heroism, was the enduring sense of its beauty, and it is not to be wondered at that the Christian people of the most highly civilized quarters of Europe clung to the Book of Judith for its power of inspiration; and if Judith, herself, never lived, we should not the less have a place for her story, because of the direct effects which that story has wrought upon real history itself.

When Mr. Froude was in the cabin of a sailing vessel, on his way to Australia, he tells us, in his "Oceana," he fell a-thinking whether, after all, there were any difference to him between Julius Cæsar, the conqueror, who lived, and Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, who appeared only in the imagination of William Shakespeare. And Froude thought that perhaps Hamlet, to him (Froude), was the more important personage.

And to those readers whose sense of historical accuracy might be disturbed by the doubts attaching to the canonicity of the Book of Judith, it is only necessary to say that the drama itself, because the Book of Judith existed, has been played on the stage of modern events.

A young and beautiful girl, living in a peaceful French village, reading daily from her Bible, heard that rebels at Paris had slain her lord the King, had overthrown and forbidden the worship of God, and had violated the holy sanctuaries, before whose doors the bravest knights, in hottest pursuit, had ceased to advance upon their fleeing

enemies. She heard there was a chief monster at Paris named Marat, who, covered with the eruptions of a loathsome disease, wreaked his vengeance on the world by devoting the pure, the good, and the noble to slaughter at the guillotine.

She laid down her Bible, open at a marked passage in the fourth chapter of the Book of Judith, containing the prayer of the ancients of the city that God would prosper the enterprise of Judith for the deliverance of her people. She took the diligence for Paris, her project absolutely unknown to men, and arrived there on the 11th of July, 1793. The next day she penetrated to the inner apartments of Marat and found him in a bath, where he was compelled to stay in extremely warm weather. He wrote while partly immersed in the tub and took down names at her dictation, noble families whom he would at once send to execution. Having thus with her own eyes seen the proof of his sanguinary character, she drew a great knife and plunged it into his neck, killing him almost instantly. Her bearing, while the insane city was learning of her deed and inquiring of her motives, was lofty and heroic. She was quickly adjudged, and her execution followed a few days after her descent on Marat, and was probably delayed because of the festival of the 14th of July, which commemorated the capture of the Bastile by the people.

Such was the sublimely heroic deed of the beautiful Charlotte Corday, who implicitly believed that Judith had lived before her. Such was the historic act, which for its consequence caused the slaughter of 200,000 aristocrats by avengers of Marat. If Judith were not real, what could be more real than the bloody chapter of Charlotte Corday, in which Judith stands fully revealed? "There are deeds," says Lamartine, "of which men are no judges, and which mount without appeal direct to the tribunal

E. M. Ward Pinx

THE LAST TOILET OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

of God. There are human actions so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, pure intent and culpable means, error and truth, murder and martyrdom, that we know not whether to term them crime or virtue. The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is among those acts which admiration and horror would leave eternally in doubt, did not morality reprove them. Had we to find for this sublime liberatrix of her country and generous murderess of a tyrant a name which should at once convey the enthusiasm of our feelings toward her and the severity of our judgment on her action, we should coin a phrase combining the extreme of admiration and horror and term her the Angel of Assassination."

Inasmuch as the history of Judith has been omitted from the ordinary Protestant Bible of the home and as the great episode of Charlotte Corday has given to the Hebrew poem a new meaning and interest, we shall now proceed to give an extended account of Judith's deed, taken directly from the book as it appears in the Apocrypha of the Douay Bible. "The Hebrews and the heretics of these times," says Moréri, bitterly, in his Grand Dictionary, "refuse to place the Book of Judith among the canonics, although it has always been received as such." And he refers to the Council of Nice, the Council of Trent and many authorities that we have not named on the preceding page. (See Moréri's Dictionary, Article Judith.) B. Gibert also finds in Diodorus of Sicily a Bagaos, or Vagaos, who rose from the condition of a slave to be the chief ruler of Persia. Modern French scholars of the highest class, like Lenormant, whose Christianity is not questioned, pass the Book of Judith without mention, thus condemning it as a work without historical value. It is because of its moral power and its hoary historical place

in the minds of four hundred millions of people that we confidently offer it in this volume.

Portions of the Book of Judith were written as hymns to be chanted at public festivals. For many hundred years these hymns were so used in the great meetings of the chosen people. Their language, therefore, is often recitative, for the purpose of completing the musical phrase in a symmetrical manner. In a prose relation, these repetitions especially, as they must be in a language foreign to the original poet, will only be followed where they carry singular euphonious beauty. Yet the reader will perhaps be agreeably surprised in noting that, after two thousand years, with translations and recensions through the Chaldee, Syro-Chaldee, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French and English, the poems still retain passages of undoubted majesty and many charming sentences where pure euphony has been the desire of the poet and the result of his labors.

Arphaxad, King of the Medes, had built a very strong city, which he called Ecbatana. In the twelfth year of the reign of Nebuchodonosor, King of Assyria, who reigned at Nineveh, the great city, he went out against Arphaxad and overcame him. And Nebuchodonosor, needing allies for the taking of Ecbatana, sent out messages to all the nations westward, passing Jerusalem and going as far as the borders of Ethiopia. But these messengers came back empty-handed, thus mortally offending the Assyrian King. And in the thirteenth year of his reign Nebuchodonosor put Holofernes in command of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand infantry and twelve thousand horsemen, who, with a grand caravan of camels, heads of oxen, flocks of sheep, stores of wheat, and cash out of the treasury of the King's house, set out for the west to bring every strong city at once under subjection to the King.

Holofernes marched westward, destroying and devastating, and city after city fell before him. There came upon the western world, even at the ancient and powerful city of Damascus, a fear that unless peace could be made with the King of Assyria, not a soul would be left alive. Therefore the kings of the cities of Assyria, Mesopotamia, Syria-Sobal, Lydia and Cilicia, sent deputations to Holofernes, with offers of their subjection, and Holofernes, after entering their cities, gathered auxiliaries of valiant men, and increased his armies until they became as the locusts on the face of the earth.

Wherever Holofernes went, he had orders to destroy the worship of the local deities and set up statues of the Assyrian King, who proclaimed himself to be the only Lord of Heaven and Earth. And as Holofernes approached those of the Children of Israel who dwelt in the land of Juda, they heard with horror of what he proposed to do with the Holy Temple of Jerusalem, for they knew what had happened to the temples of other cities. While they might have subjected their bodies to the rule of the Assyrian, they saw no way to make peace with him, and Eliachim, the priest, wrote to all the Jews in the strong places of the mountains, by which ways Holofernes must pass if he penetrated to Jerusalem, and all the people fortified their souls with continued prayer and sacrifice.

When it was told to Holofernes that the Jews had shut the passes, he was transported with exceeding great fury and indignation. And he called the Princes of Moab and the leaders of Ammon and demanded to know of them what manner of people had dared to stand apart and refused the terms of peace which he was extending to the rest.

Then Achior, captain of all the Children of Ammon, recited the history of the Jews to Holofernes: That they

were an offspring of the Chaldæans; that they had separated for religious reasons, and dwelt in Charan; that because of famine they had gone into Egypt and dwelt four hundred years; that they had miraculously escaped from Egypt, evidently through the power of the unseen God whom they worshiped; that no nation could triumph over these Jews except at the times they had departed from the worship of the Lord, their God. In this way they had overthrown the Kings of the Canaanites, the Jebusites, the Pherezites, the Hittites, the Hevites, the Amarites, and many other captains, who, until the coming of the Jews, had been renowned for their power.

And now Achior counseled the haughty Assyrian to search well to find if there were any iniquity of the Jews in the sight of their God, which Achior conceived to offer the only practicable plan of overwhelming them.

But this manner of attributing power to the God of the Hebrews angered not only Holofernes, but all of the Assyrian leaders, who feared that their worship of Nebuchodonosor might be suspected. And Holofernes said to Achior: "Because thou hast prophesied unto us saying, that the nation of Israel is defended by their God, to show thee that there is no God but Nebuchodonosor when we shall slay them all as one man, then thou shalt die with them by the sword of the Assyrians, and all Israel shall perish with thee. But if thou think thy prophecy true, let not thy countenance sink, and let the paleness that is in thy face depart from thee."

Then Holofernes commanded his servants to take Achior, and to lead him to Bethulia, a strong place in the mountains, which was something more than a mere fortress, having inhabitants and houses where peaceful people permanently resided. There Achior was to be delivered to the Jews to share their destinies. And eventually

Achior found himself before the ancients of the city, and he related faithfully to them all that had happened. And all the people fell upon their faces, adoring the Lord, and all of them together, moaning and weeping, poured out their prayers with one accord to the Lord, saying, "O, Lord, God of Heaven and Earth, behold the pride of the Assyrians, and look Thou on our low condition, and have regard to the face of Thy saints, and that Thou forsakest not them that trust in Thee; and that Thou humblest them that presume of themselves and glory in their own strength." And when their meeting was ended, they comforted Achior.

But the siege of Holofernes progressed in a manner foreboding great evil to the Jews, for he was able to stop their supplies of water, so that at last the people surrounded Ozias, and demanded that he should surrender the city. But he craved five more days, in which the Lord might deliver them.

Now there was shut in the chamber of a house in Bethulia, a widow named Judith (the word in Greek and Hebrew means "Jewess"), whose husband had been dead three years and six months, and she had fasted every day except the Sabbaths, the new moons, and the feasts of the House of Israel. She was exceedingly beautiful, and her husband left her great riches, very many servants, and large possessions of herds of oxen and flocks of sheep. She was greatly renowned among all because she feared the Lord very much, neither was there any one that spoke an ill word of her.*

And to this beautiful woman, thus immured in her private chamber in Bethulia, came the word that Ozias, the Prince of Juda, would surrender the city in five days, unless the Lord should intervene for

*See Bayle's Dictionary.

the deliverance of His people. Whereupon she sent for two of the ancients, and said to them: "Who are you, that tempt the Lord? You have set the time for the mercy of the Lord. Now, with many tears, let us beg His pardon. Let us ask the Lord with tears, for we have not followed the sins of our fathers who forsook their God and worshiped strange Gods. Let us humbly wait for His consolation, and He will humble all the nations that shall rise up against us, and bring them to disgrace."

And after many words of devotion she closed her speech, and Ozias and the ancients were convinced, and answered: "All things which thou hast spoken are true, and there is nothing to be reprehended in thy words. Now, therefore, pray for us, for thou art a holy woman." "As you know," replied Judith, "that what I have been able to say is of God, so that which I intend to do, prove ye if it be of God, and pray that God shall strengthen my design. You shall stand at the gate this night, and I will go out with my maid-servant; and pray ye that, as you have said, the Lord may look down upon his people of Israel. But I desire that you search not into what I am doing, and till I bring you word, let nothing else be done but to pray for me to the Lord, our God."

And Ozias said to her, "Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee; take revenge of our enemies." And when they were gone, Judith prayed in her oratory: "O, Lord, God of my father Simeon, look upon the camp of the Assyrians now, as Thou wast pleased to look upon the camp of the Egyptians when they pursued, armed, after Thy servants, trusting in their chariots, and in their horsemen, and in a multitude of warriors; but Thou lookedst over their camp and darkness wearied them; the deep held their feet, and the waters overwhelmed them. So may it be with these also, O, Lord, who trust in their multitude, and in their

chariots, and in their pikes, and in their shields, and in their arrows, and glory in their spears; lift up Thy arm as from the beginning, and let it fall upon them that promise themselves to violate Thy sanctuary and defile the dwelling-place of Thy name. Bring to pass, O, Lord, that the pride of Holofernes may be cut off with his own sword; let him be caught in the net of his own eyes in my regard, and do Thou strike him by the basis of the words of my lips. Give me constancy in my mind that I may despise him, and fortitude that I may overthrow him. For this will be a glorious monument for Thy name, when Holofernes shall fall by the hand of a woman.

"O, God of the Heavens, Creator of the waters, and Lord of the whole Creation, hear me, a poor wretch, making supplication to Thee, and presuming of Thy mercy. Remember, O, Lord, Thy covenant, and put Thou words in my mouth, and strengthen the resolution in my heart, that Thy temple at Jerusalem may continue in Thy holiness."

When Judith rose from the place wherein she lay prostrate before the Lord she called her maid and put away the garments of her widowhood. And she washed her body and anointed herself with the best ointment, plaited the hair of her head, put on her head-dress, clothed herself with the garments of her gladness, put sandals on her feet, and took her bracelets, earlets, and rings, and adorned herself with all her ornaments. And the Lord also gave her more beauty, because all this dressing-up proceeded only from virtue, so that she appeared to all men's eyes incomparably lovely.

She gave to her maid a bottle of wine to carry, and a vessel of oil, parched wheat, dry figs, bread and cheese, and went out. And when the twain came to the gate of the city, they found Ozias and the ancients of the city

waiting. When they saw her they were astonished, and admired her beauty exceeding. They asked her no questions, but let her pass, saying: "The God of our fathers give thee grace, and may He strengthen all the council of thy heart with His power, that Jerusalem may glory in thee, and thy name be in the number of the Holy and Just."* And as Judith passed silently out, the multitude with one voice repeated: "So be it! So be it!"

And at break of day, the watchmen of the Assyrians stopped her, and she said to them: "I am a daughter of the Hebrews, and I am fled from them because I knew they would be made a prey to you, because they despised you and would not of their own accord yield themselves, that they might find mercy in your sight. For this reason I said to myself: I will go to the presence of the Prince Holofernes, that I may take him their secrets, and show him by what way he may take them without the loss of one man of his army."

And when the watchmen had heard her words they beheld her face, and their eyes were amazed upon seeing her great beauty.

Therefore they assured her, saying: "Thou hast saved thy life by taking this resolution to come down to our Lord, for when thou shalt stand before him, he will treat thee well, and thou wilt be most acceptable to his heart."

And they brought her to the tent of Holofernes, telling him of her. And when she was come into his presence, forthwith Holofernes was made captive by her eyes, so that his officers said to him: "Who can despise the people of the Hebrews, who have such beautiful women, that we should not think it worth while for their sakes to fight against them?"

* This is the passage that was marked in the Bible of Charlotte Corday.

Now, Holofernes was sitting in such state under a canopy, which was woven of purple and gold, with emeralds and precious stones, that Judith, after she had looked upon his face, bowed down to him, prostrating herself to the ground, and the servants of Holofernes lifted her up, by the command of their master. Then Holofernes said to her: "Be of good comfort, and fear not in thy heart; for I have never hurt any one that was willing to serve Nebuchodonosor, the King, and if thy people had not despised me, I would never have lifted up my spear against them. Now, tell me for what cause hast thou left them, and come to us?"

And Judith replied: "Receive the words of thy handmaid, for if thou dost follow them, the Lord will do thee a perfect thing, for as Nebuchodonosor, the King, liveth, then his power liveth in thee for chastising all straying souls. Not only men serve him when they serve thee, but also the beasts of the fields. For the industry of thy mind is spoken of among all nations, and it is told to the whole world that thou only art excellent and mighty in all his kingdom, and thy discipline is extolled in all provinces. It is known also what Achior said to thee, nor are we ignorant of what thou hast commanded to be done to him. It is so certain that our God is so offended with our sin that He hath sent word by His prophets to the people that He will deliver them up for their sins. And because the Children of Israel know they have offended their God, dread of thee is upon them. Moreover, a famine hath come upon them, and, for drought of water, they are ready to be counted among the dead. They are pressed to kill their cattle and drink their blood, and to eat the consecrated things of the Lord, their God, which God forbids them to touch, in wheat, wine and oil, therefore, because they do these things, it is certain they will be given up

to destruction; and I, thy handmaiden, knowing this, am fled from them, and the Lord hath sent me to thee to tell thee these very things, for I, thy handmaiden, worship God even now that I am with thee, and I will go out and pray to God. He will tell me when He will repay them for their sins, and I will come and tell thee, so that I may bring thee to the midst of Jerusalem, and thou shalt have all the people of Israel, as sheep that have no shepherd, and there shall not be so much as one dog bark against you. Because these things are told me by the providence of God, and God is angry with them, I am sent to tell these very things to thee."

And all these words pleased Holofernes and his servants. They admired her wisdom, and they said one to another: "There is not such another woman upon earth, in look, in beauty, and in sense of words." And Holofernes said to her: "Thy God hath done well who sent thee out before thy people that thou mightest give them into our hands. And because thy promise is good, if thy God shall do this for me, He shall also be my God and thou shalt be great in the house of Nebuchodonosor, and thy name shall be renowned through all the earth."

Then Holofernes ordered that Judith should go in where his treasures were laid up, and bade her tarry there, and he appointed what should be given her from his own table; but Judith answered him, saying: "I cannot eat of these things which thou commandest to be given me, lest sin come upon me; but I will eat of the things which I have brought."

But Holofernes asked: "If these things which thou hast brought with thee fail thee, what shall we do for thee?" "As my soul liveth, my Lord, thy handmaiden shall not spend all these things till God do by my hand that which I have proposed."

And the servants of Holofernes brought Judith into the tent which he had commanded for her. But when she was going in, she desired that she might have liberty to go out at night and before day to prayer. And he commanded his chamberlain, that she might go out and in, to adore her God as she pleased for three days. Therefore she went out in the night into the valley of Bethulia, and washed herself in a fountain of water. And as she came up she prayed to the Lord, God of Israel, that He would direct her ways to the deliverance of His people.

On the fourth day Holofernes made a supper for his servants and said to Vagaos, his eunuch: "Go and persuade that Hebrew woman of her own accord to dwell with me."

Then Vagaos went to Judith, and said: "Let not my good maid be afraid to go before my lord, that she may be honored before his face, that she may eat with him, and drink wine and be merry."

And Judith answered him: "Who am I, that I should gainsay my lord? All that shall be good and best before his eyes, I will do. Whatsoever shall please him, that shall be best to me, all the days of my life."

And she arose and dressed herself out with her garments, and going in she stood before his face. And the heart of Holofernes was deeply smitten with love of her, so that he said to her: "Drink now, and sit down and be merry; for thou hast found favor before me."

And Judith said: "I will drink, my lord, because my life is magnified this day above all my days."

And she took and ate and drank before him what her maid had prepared for her. And Holofernes was made merry, and drank exceeding much wine, more than he had ever before drunk in his life. And when it was grown late, his servants went to their lodgings, and Vagaos shut

the chamber doors and went his way. And all the Assyrians were overcharged with wine, Holofernes lying on his bed, fast asleep and drunk with wine, and Judith was alone in his chamber. Therefore she spoke to her maid to stand outside and to watch.

And Judith stood before the bed, praying with tears, and the motion of her lips in silence, saying: "Strengthen me, O, Lord, God of Israel, and in this hour look on the work of Thy hands, that as Thou hast promised Thou mayst raise up Jerusalem Thy city; and that I may bring to pass that which I have purposed, having a belief that it might be done by Thee."

And when she had thus prayed, she went to the pillar that was at his bed's head and loosed his sword that hung tight upon it. When she had drawn it out, she took Holofernes by the hair of his head, and prayed, "Strengthen me, O, Lord, God, at this hour;" and she struck twice upon his neck and cut off his head, and took off his canopy from the pillars and rolled away his headless body. And after a while she went out and delivered the head of Holofernes to her maid, bidding her to put it in her wallet. And the twain went out, according to their custom, as if it were to prayer, and they passed the tent, and having compassed the valley they came to the gate of the city. And Judith from afar off cried to watchmen upon the walls: "Open the gates, for God is with us, who hath shown His power in Israel."

When the men heard her voice, they called the ancients of the city, and all ran to meet her, from the least to the greatest; for they had abandoned hope that she would return. And lighting up lights, they all gathered round about her. She, going to a higher place, commanded silence to be made, and when all had held their peace, Judith cried, "Praise ye the Lord, our God, who

hath not forsaken them that hope in Him. By me, His handmaiden, He hath fulfilled His mercy which He promised to the House of Israel, for He hath killed the enemy by my hand this night."

Then she brought forth the head of Holofernes out of the wallet and showed it to them, saying: "Behold the head of Holofernes, the general of the army of the Assyrians, and behold his canopy, wherein he lay in his drunkenness, where the Lord, our God, slew him by the hand of a woman. As the same Lord liveth, His angel hath been my keeper, both going hence and abiding there and returning from thence hither; and the Lord hath brought me back to you without pollution of sin, rejoicing for His victory, for my escape, and for your deliverance. Give all of you glory to Him because He is good, because His mercy endureth forever."

And they all adored the Lord, and said to her: "The Lord hath blessed thee by His power, because by thee He hath brought our enemy to nought." And Ozias, the prince of the people of Israel, said to her: "Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord, the Most High God, above all women upon the earth. Blessed be the Lord who made Heaven and earth, who hath directed thee to the cutting off of the head of the prince of our enemies; because He hath so magnified thy name this day that thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of men, who shall be mindful of the power of the Lord forever, for that thou hast not only risked thy life to lessen the distress and tribulation of thy people, but hast prevented our ruin in the presence of our God." And all the people said: "So be it! So be it!"

Then they called for Achior, captain of all the children of Ammon, who had been delivered to them by Holofernes, and Judith said to him: "The God of Israel,

to whom thou gavest testimony, He hath cut off the head of all the unbelievers this night by my hand, that thou mayst find that it is so, who in the contempt of his pride despised the God of Israel and threatened thee with death."

Then Achior, seeing the head of Holofernes, fell on his face upon the earth and his soul swooned away, but after he had recovered his spirits he fell down at her feet, reverencing her, and said: "Blessed art thou by thy God in all the dwellings of Jacob, for in every nation they shall hear thy name, the God of Israel shall be magnified because of thee." And Achior and all the succession of his kindred were joined to the people of Israel.

And following the command of Judith they hung the head of Holofernes on the wall, and at break of day every man took his arms and then went out with a great noise and shouting. The Assyrian watchmen, seeing this, ran to the tent of Holofernes. And the great officers that were in the tent made a noise before the door of his chamber, hoping thus to awaken him; for no man durst knock, or open and go into the chamber of the general of the Assyrians. But when his captains and tribunes were come, and all the chiefs of the army, they said to the chamberlain: "Go in and wake him, for the mice, coming out of their holes, have presumed to challenge us to fight."

Then Vagaos, going into the chamber of Holofernes, stood before the curtain and made a clapping with his hands, but when with hearkening he conceived no notion of one lying, he lifted the curtain, and, seeing the body of Holofernes lying on the ground, without the head, weltering in his blood, he cried out with a loud noise with weeping, and rent his garments. And he went into the tent of Judith, and not finding her, he ran out to the people and

said: "One Hebrew woman hath made confusion in the house of King Nebuchodonosor; for behold Holofernes lieth upon the ground, and his head is not upon him."

When the chiefs of the Assyrians heard this, an intolerable fear and dread fell upon them, and when all the army heard it, courage and councils fled from them. And because the Assyrians were not united together under the attack of the Hebrews, they came with loud noise, as of a vast multitude, they went without order in their flight. And Ozias sent messengers through all the cities and countries of Israel, and every city sent chosen young men after the Assyrians and they pursued them out of Israel with the edge of the sword. And they that returned conquerors to Bethulia brought with them all things that were the Assyrians', so that there was no numbering their cattle and beasts, and all their movables, insomuch that from the least to the greatest all were made rich by their spoils. All those things that were proved to be the peculiar goods of Holofernes they gave to Judith, in gold and silver and garments, and precious stones, and all household stuff.

And Joachim, the high priest, came from Jerusalem to Bethulia with all his ancients, to see Judith. And when she was come out to them, they all blessed her with one voice, saying: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the glory of Israel; thou art the honor of our people!"

And all the people rejoiced with the women and virgins and young men, playing on instruments and harps. And Judith sang a canticle to the Lord, which occupies the greater portion of the last chapter of the Book of Judith.

And when all the people came up to Jerusalem to adore the Lord, Judith offered for an anathema of oblivion—that is, an offering to the Lord, as an everlasting

monument to prevent forgetfulness of His benefits—all the arms of Holofernes, and the canopy that she had carried out of his chamber. For three months the joy of this victory was celebrated with Judith. And Judith was made great in Bethulia and she was most renowned in all the land of Israel. Chastity was joined to her virtue, and on festival days she came forth with great glory. She abode in her husband's house a hundred and five years, and died and was buried with her husband in Bethulia, and all the people mourned for her seven days. During all her life there was none that troubled Israel, nor many years after her death.

The painting of "Judith and Holofernes," by Horace Vernet, hangs in the museum of the Louvre, at Paris, and has been copied in countless engravings, as Vernet was in his day, doubtless, the most popular of French painters, always choosing subjects in which the people took a deep interest and representing them, if not with genius, at least with the dramatic spirit highly pleasing to the people. Boethius, the last of the great Roman authors (he whom King Alfred and Queen Elizabeth held in so high esteem), has left a musical rendition of the story of Judith. The lines are very short. The Latin writer was able to give some color of luxury to the scene of the tent of Holofernes, his golden fly-net and other trappings being evidently unknown to the Hebrew author.

In 1565 there was printed at London an octavo volume entitled: "The Famous History of the Vertuous and Godly Woman Judeth."

The Abbot de la Chambre, in the funeral oration over the Queen of France in 1684, took for his text the passage in the Book of Judith wherein it is stated that "She made herself famous in all things, and there was none that gave her an ill word," said that it was perhaps the first com-

mendation that was ever given to a woman; for notwithstanding the prodigious detraction that has prevailed so long in the world, there are some women that remain untouched by that implacable monster; yet this good fortune rarely happens to those who have otherwise a shining reputation, so that we may boldly challenge all the Greeks and Romans to show us a passage in their books that in so few words gives us so great an idea as that which the Book of Judith gives us in the words beforementioned. The address that Homer made use of to give his reader a great notion of the beauty of Helen is certainly inferior to the plainness and simplicity of the Jewish author, and that which is most excellent in his way of praising is that he has included in his elegy the true cause and source of the virtue he has described. "She had," says he, "a great reputation in all things, and was secure from every evil challenge, because she was sensibly touched with the fear of the Lord."

The Book of Judith is a shining picture of the possible courage in woman; it found its exact human exemplification in Charlotte Corday—young, devout, beautiful, lion-hearted. "Courage," says Aaron Hill, "is poorly housed that dwells in numbers; the lion never counts the herds that are about him nor weighs how many flocks he has to scatter."

ASPASIA

B. C. 489-420

THE MOST CELEBRATED WOMAN OF ANTIQUITY

For two thousand years Aspasia was looked upon by the learned with wonder and veneration. As men ask themselves if it could be possible that one man could conceive all the beautiful phrases of Shakespeare, so scholars, reading the encomiums of Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Thucydides, concerning the Athenian woman, inquired one of another if there would probably appear among mankind a second Aspasia, to delight with the graces of womanhood and to counsel with the wisdom of the sage.

The last two centuries have beheld the rapid intellectual development of woman, until Aspasia no longer seems a miracle, yet to account for the feelings of the ancients it would be well to point to the social conditions of the early world.

At what time subsequent to the pastoral age men began to sequestrate their women is not at present known, but at a period when Greece was inhabited by people using stone implements, the nations east of the Euphrates were well established in the arts of weaving, pottery and metal-working. They had built cities and sequestered their women. Draper, in his "Civil Policy of America," dwells upon the power of climate over men. "A similar climate makes men think alike and act alike," he says. Therefore, the tendency of men in African and Asiastic nations to keep their women separate and unseen by the multitude is attributed to the climate. As the civilization of Egypt

and Chaldæa was carried westward by the sea-caravans of the Phœnician merchants, those nations, like Athens, that traded with the eastern world were the first of Europeans to imitate the practices of the Orient and make seraglios for their women, while the more jealous and republican Spartans spurned all the luxuries of Asia and lived on in the stern simplicity of the stone and bronze ages.

At the time of Pericles, Phidias, and Aspasia, Athens had adopted all the effeminate practices of Persia. What is most notable is, that, in the enthusiasm of the student, the Athenian people not only excelled in the examples of art in architecture and sculpture, brought to them by their teachers, but set a mark for all the succeeding world that still excites the envy and admiration of mankind. It is especially because the small commonwealth of thirty thousand families rose to heights of art and philosophy that have since proved unapproachable, that Aspasia, who had so great a hand in these triumphs, became the most celebrated woman of antiquity.

But how was it possible for a woman, in an age and a land of seraglios, to rise to public celebrity? We may profitably quote a passage from Mitford, who, in his "History of Greece," attributes wholly to a democratic government the treatment of women. It should be remembered that near by was the democratic government of Sparta, where every mother played a great part in the social drama. While Mitford makes an argument for class privilege, we may still learn from his remarks how Aspasia came to escape the seclusion of the seraglio. "The political circumstances of Athens," says Mitford, "had contributed much to exclude women of rank from general society. The turbulence to which every commonwealth was continually liable from the contentions of faction, made it often unsafe, or at least unpleasant, for them

to go abroad. But in democracies their situation was peculiarly untoward. That form of government compelled the men to associate, all with all. The general assembly necessarily called all together; and the votes of the meanest citizens being there of equal value with that of the highest, the more numerous body of the poor was always formidable to the wealthy few. Hence followed the utmost condescension, or something more than condescension, from the rich to the multitude; and not to the collected multitude only, nor to the best among the multitude, but principally to the most turbulent, ill-mannered and worthless. Not those alone who sought honors or command, but all those who desired security for their property, must not only meet these men upon a footing of equality in the general assembly, but associate with them in the gymnasia and porticos, flatter them, and sometimes cringe to them. The women, to avoid a society which their fathers and husbands could not avoid, lived with their female slaves in a secluded part of the house; associating little with one another, and scarcely at all with the men, even their nearest relations; and seldom appearing in public but at those religious festivals in which ancient customs required the women to bear a part, and sacerdotal authority could insure decency of conduct toward them. Hence the education of the Athenian women was scarcely above that of their slaves; and as we find them exhibited in lively picture, in the little treatise upon domestic economy remaining to us from Xenophon, they were equally of uninstructed minds and unformed manners. To the deficiencies to which women of rank were thus condemned by custom, which the new political circumstances of the country* had superinduced upon the

* It is here seen that Mitford knew nothing of the early history of the world and oriental manners.

better manner of heroic ages, was owing that comparative superiority through which some of the Grecian courtesans attained extraordinary renown. Carefully instructed in every eligible accomplishment, and from early years accustomed to converse among men—and men of the highest rank and most approved talents—if they possessed understanding, it became cultivated; and to their houses men resorted to enjoy in the most polished company the charm of female conversation, which, with women of rank and education, was totally forbidden."

What Mitford does not understand is that climate had somewhat modified the rigors of the Persian seraglios. The mountains of Greece were certain to act toward the liberation of women, while it was the despotism and not the democracy of the Orient that had handed the custom of the seraglio to Athens. Nevertheless, Mitford, even in his own fashion, has given an excellent reason for the eminence of Aspasia. She was the wife of Pericles, as Theresa was the wife of Rousseau; she was the companion of Sophocles, Plato, and Phidias. We shall see that these men looked upon her with respect and admiration, and though little is known of the personal details of her life, we shall now enter upon her biography, which, unfortunately, has been written rather by her enemies and enviers than by her friends.

Aspasia was born at the great city of Miletus, on the Asian continent, and therefore could never be legally married to an Athenian. The city was noted for the attention it gave to the cultivation of the minds and the graces of women. What misfortunes drove her from Miletus is not known, nor could a foreign woman arrive at Athens in any other character than that of an adventuress. At this time Pericles had risen to the highest place in the state, and under his administration Greek colonies

had been planted in many places. Pericles was married to the widow of a wealthy citizen, Hipponicus, and her money had probably aided him to secure the suffrages of the Athenian mob, although he was himself the inheritor of a fortune. No sooner had he seen the beautiful and learned Aspasia than he fell completely under her influence and secured a divorce from his wife, who had borne him two children. The relations which Pericles now set up with Aspasia, while still scandalous under the Athenian law, it is quite possible were of the most honorable character, for the statutes would not permit a foreign woman to be naturalized, or to marry an Athenian. And in our own age we have seen unions of educated and honorable people that were outside the law but not the less natural and right in fact. But the divorce of his wife offered an easy point of attack to the tribe of comic poets that infested Athens, and Aristophanes was soon at work for the delectation of the mob, picturing Aspasia as the siren who was enslaving the Athenian Hercules. If an evil-minded satirist, who can invent nothing—whose literature lives only as the shadow of some great substance—if this satirist write a witty thing, it is the cruel custom of the world to believe it, and thus probably the history of Athens has been fated to live more obviously in the wicked but brilliant slanders of Aristophanes than in the solemn pages of the Grecian scribes.

After Pericles had arrived at full power, he found it advantageous to be seen less often, while the people took their revenge in applauding the malice of Aristophanes. During this period of seclusion Pericles was in the company not only of Aspasia, but of the most celebrated philosophers of the time, whose fame still promises never to dim. In the conversation of the learned, however, the love of the arts and the desire to heighten the popular

ideas were continually finding expression, and those great public works of architecture and sculpture were planned which tended to benefit the people and place their commonwealth in the vanguard of human progress for three thousand years. Through the efforts of this circle of thinkers and geniuses, the theater was made a public institution, and the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were enacted upon its stage, as well as the buffoonery of the wits. Great painters arose, whose canvases have long since turned to dust; and from the quarries of Attic marble, Phidias, the superintendent of public architecture, not only brought forth the Parthenon and the other Athenian temples, but himself wrought such works of heroic statuary as were the subjects of admiring comment throughout the pagan world. But among all the glories of Athens, the eloquence of Pericles shone with greatest splendor, and when the violent accusations of politicians had risen to their most unseemly heights, it was openly asserted that Pericles was but the parrot or actor reciting words or thoughts learned of Aspasia. For fifteen years the great and wise man guided the Athenian people, advancing the great buildings, permitting the most open and brutal libels in the name of free speech, and diverting the multitude by naval spectacles in which large numbers of otherwise idle and mischievous citizens might be employed. For eight months in the year an exercising squadron of sixty trireme galleys was sent to cruise the Grecian seas.

It is in times of peace that the people fail to discriminate between the merely noisy and the great. As the Parthenon rose and its interior was decorated or sanctified with ivory statues of the gods on which golden ornaments hung rich and heavy, the weight of the public taxes began to cause discontent, and the influence of Aspasia was al-

leged as the cause of the departure of Athens from the simpler and less expensive methods of olden times. It was alleged that the sculptors had engraven their own features on the faces of the gods, and the builders were accused of enriching themselves by slighting the work and underweighing the gold in the temples. At the time of the grossest libels, it was the custom of the great men of Athens to frequent the house of Pericles and Aspasia, where even Socrates did not hesitate to advance his oratory under the lessons of that patriot. This overturning of social customs, along with the practical usurpation by Pericles of the chief executive power, could not fail to enkindle the deepest resentments, and when Pericles intervened with his triremes, in the war between Miletus and Samos, the comic poets, now appearing as citizens and complainants, alleged that the war into which Athens had entered would never have come but for the Milesian woman who had so long possessed the ear of the Athenian chief. Again, arousing religious prejudices, it was alleged that the philosophers—Zeno, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, and the rest—held heretical views of the future life and questioned the direct power of the gods, so that while they were so often together and so highly favored by Pericles, the very religion of the nation might be overthrown and some new and impious worship established, as they had already seen that Aspasia's new condition had been made honorable, and women who feared the gods had been retired to the deepest obscurity.

With this argument the comic poet Hermippus, having failed to seriously embarrass the great Pericles with his buffoonery, now appeared before the judges with the criminal indictment of Aspasia, both as an impious woman and an offender against the social laws of the republic. At the same time very deeply contrived prosecutions were

leveled against Anaxagoras and Pericles, so that the idea might seem general that Aspasia was an immoral woman, Anaxagoras a heretic, and Pericles a thief or embezzler. A decree was passed directing Pericles to give in his accounts and to submit to a trial before fifteen hundred jurors. It was evident that the prosecutors believed their evidence was very weak, as there was a clause in the decree which provided that the offense imputed to Pericles might be described either as embezzlement, or, by a more general name, as coming under the head of "public wrong."

It does not seem that any save the case of Aspasia came to trial, and Pericles pleaded her cause. He evidently found the Athenians seriously prejudiced against her, and Athenæus says that so serious were his efforts to clear her that he burst into tears and probably wrought her deliverance almost entirely by personal influence. We hear no more of his own trial, "yet," says Thirlwall, in his "History of Greece," "it was a persuasion so widely spread among the ancients as to have lasted even to modern times, that his dread of the prosecution which hung over him, and his consciousness that his expenditure of the public money would not bear a scrutiny, were at least among the motives that induced him to kindle the war which put an end to the thirty years' truce."

At the end of the first campaign in the Peloponnesian war Pericles delivered to the memories of the slain that oration, reported by Thucydides, which Anthon declares to be "the most remarkable of all the compositions of antiquity," wherein the character of a good citizen, such as he who had fought valiantly and died for his country is depicted with thrilling eloquence and singular felicity.

And this brings us to that most important and best-known aspect of the life of Aspasia, for we have an ac-

count of her eloquence, and her skill in teaching it to Pericles, whom she loved, who so loved her, and this account appears in the words of Socrates, as related in Plato's book called "Menexenus." Now, although the words were possibly not spoken by Socrates, as the dates are confused and many of Plato's alleged writings are attacked as spurious, still we may assuredly obtain an instructive view of how sincerely the ancients believe that Aspasia was the true source of the noblest thoughts and utterances of Pericles.

Menexenus asks: "Do you think, Socrates, that you would be able to speak, yourself, if it were requisite, and the council were to select you?"

Socrates: It would be nothing wonderful, for my teacher happens to be a woman by no means contemptible in oratory, but who has made many other persons good speakers, and one of them superior to all the Greeks—Pericles, the son of Xanthippus.

Menexenus: It is plain that you mean Aspasia.

Socrates: I do mean her. Only yesterday I heard Aspasia going through a funeral oration, for she had heard what you tell me, that the Athenians were going to choose the person to speak. And then she went through partly on the instant what it would be proper to say, and partly what she had formerly thought of when, it seems, she was composing the funeral oration that Pericles pronounced, and was gluing together some scraps from that.

Menexenus: Could you remember what she said?

Socrates: Unless I do her wrong, at least I learnt it from her; listen, then, for she spoke, commencing, as I think, with the mention of the dead themselves in this manner: "As regards our acts, these patriots have received all the honors due to them; and, after receiving them, are now proceeding on their fated road, having

been sent onward by the state in common and individually by their families and friends. But as regards our words, the honor still left undone the law enjoins us to pay to the men; and it is meet to do so. For of deeds performed nobly the remembrance of a well-spoken speech is an honor paid to those who have acted from those who hear. There is need, then, of such a discourse as shall praise sufficiently the dead and kindly advise the living, by exhorting the descendants and brethren of the dead to imitate their valor and by comforting their fathers and their mothers and whoever of their ancestors more remote are still alive. From whence shall ye rightly begin to praise those great men, who, when living, delighted their friends with their valor, and bartered their death for the safety of those who survived?

"To me it seems that we must praise them on the ground of their nature, as they were by nature good. Now, they were good by being sprung from the good. Let us then celebrate, in the first place, their noble birth; in the second, their nurture and education; and afterwards let us show forth their conduct in practice, how they proved it to be honorable and worthy of those advantages.

"In the first place, the commencement of their nobility was in the birth of their ancestors, not being incomers, but sprung from the earth.

"Thus born and educated, lived the ancestors of these persons, after having framed a polity, which it is well to bring in a few words to your recollection. For a polity is the nurse of men; a good one of good men and the contrary of bad. It is necessary then to show that our ancestors were brought up under a good polity through which they became good and those also who live now. The same polity of men was then, as it now is, an aristocracy, under which we still live as citizens, and for the

most part have done so from that time to this. One person calls it a democracy, another by another name, such as he pleases. But it is in truth a government by the best, combined with a good opinion of the people. For kings have ever existed with us, at one time hereditary, at another elected, but the people, possessing for the most part the power of the state, have delegated the offices and government to those who were successively deemed to be the best; and no man has ever been excluded because he had influence or wealth or was ignorant of his parentage, nor held in honor for the contrary reasons, as is done in other cities; but there was only one limitation, that he who was deemed to be wise and good should possess the power and office. Now the cause of this polity is the equality of birth. For other states are made up of men of every country and of unequal conditions, so that their polities, as well tyrannies as oligarchies, are of unequal character. They therefore lived, some considering each other as slaves, some as masters, but we and ours, born all brethren, from one mother, consider ourselves neither the slaves nor the lords of each other; but that the equality of our purse, according to nature, compels us to seek an equality of government, according to law, and to yield to each other upon no other ground except the reputation of valor and of mind. Hence it is that the fathers of these men, and ours also, and themselves, too, being thus nurtured in all freedom, and nobly born, have exhibited before all men many and glorious deeds, both in private and public, deeming it their duty to fight for freedom, and in behalf of Greeks even against Greeks, and against Barbarians in defence of Greeks combined. But such acts as no poet has yet thrown round them a renown suited to their worth, it seems I ought by praising to call to mind, and by introducing them to others make them a subject for strong

and other kind of poetry, in the manner becoming the actors. When the Persians were taking their leave of Asia and attempting to enslave Europe, the children of this soil and our forefathers arrested their course. Now a person living at that period would have known what men of valor they were, who at Marathon punished the pride of all Asia and taught that all wealth and all numbers must yield to valor. I say then that these men were the fathers not only of our bodies, but of the liberty, likewise of ourselves and of all together on this continent."

Later on in the oration there was this touching passage (Socrates, quoting Aspasia): "It is meet, then, to hold in remembrance those two who died in that civil war by each other's hands, and to reconcile them as we best can, by offering prayers and sacrifices on these occasions to the deities, who now have them in their power, forasmuch as we, ourselves, are reconciled. For not through malice and hatred did they lay hands on each other, but through their evil fortune, for, being of the same family with them we have forgiven each other for what we have done and suffered.

"These were the words of those who lie buried here and the rest who have died for the state. Imagine, then, you hear them speaking what I now relate as their messenger: O children! That ye are indeed the offspring of courageous fathers the present deed itself declares. For when it was in our power to live with dishonor, we chose to die with honor, rather than to bring you and those after you into disgrace, and shame our own fathers and all our ancestors, conceiving that to him that dishonors his family life is no life; and that to such a fellow there is no man or God upon earth a friend while living, nor under it when dead. It behooves you, then, to keep these our words in remembrance; and if you practice anything else to practice it

with valor, well knowing that, deficient in this, all other possessions and pursuits are base and wrong. For neither does wealth bring honor to him who possesses it with a want of manliness, since such a one is rich for another and not for himself, nor do beauty and the strength when they dwell with a coward and a knave, appear becoming, but unbecoming, rather, and make the possessor more conspicuous and show off his cowardice."

The orator concludes with a noble eulogy of the old proverb—"Nothing too much"—that is, moderation in all things. How that the man of moderation is the man of courage, such as they hold themselves to be; they therefore entreat their sorrowing parents to adopt the same sentiments. "For our condition is about to have an end which is the most honorable among men; so that it is becoming rather to glorify than to lament it.* Keeping, then, these things in mind, you ought to bear your calamity more lightly, for then you will be most dear to the dead and living, and most ready to receive comfort.

"And now, do you and all the rest, having in common, according to custom, wept fully the dead, depart."

Menexenus: By Zeus, Socrates, you proclaim Aspasia to be a happy person if, being a woman, she is able to compose such speeches as these.

Socrates: If you do not credit it, follow me and you shall hear her speak it herself.

The plague as well as war now came upon Greece and the two sons of Pericles, by his first wife, died, and Pericles procured the passage of a law by which the children of illegal marriages might be made legitimate. His son by Aspasia was thus empowered to assume his father's name. The Peloponnesian war had reached only its second year when the great statesman died, and the remainder of As-

* For the full text, see Plato's Works, Book Menexenus.

pasia's history is too obscure to offer reasonable grounds for surmise. It is apparent, however, that to the last day of his life the pair stood together, in heart and deed, two of the very greatest souls, man and woman, that have taken each other by the hand on the public theater of the world.

If you look on the hills of Athens; if you see any building with pillars about it oblong in form; any Parthenon, anywhere, you see Pericles, the sublime of speech; who speaks to you with Phidias for amanuensis, and the chisel of Phidias for pen or stylus. As the Acropolis burst into architectural beauty and the Jupiter of Phidias gleamed with a rich nation's store of gold, the demagogues set up the cry of extravagance. "Put my name on these edifices," cried Pericles, "and I will pay their cost." Such was Pericles at the summit of august Athenia's glory. Had not Pericles builded, Byron could not have sung. And if you open the history of the Peloponnesian war, you may read the eleven chapters or paragraphs wherein Thucydides has embalmed the glorious remains of an eloquence that once stirred the pride of Attica and the alarm of Sparta—Pericles, the genius of Democracy. He knew by instinct that the natural rule among men was the best. He corrected his own impatience, and held himself so dear to the sight of the citizens that they, improving their rare opportunities to hear him, dwelt seriously on the wise things which he advised. As no one at home could rival his genius, so the other Greek republics hearkened to their forebodings and began the war which ruined all. The plague, handmaiden of war, followed, and the Athenians, to increase their ills, humiliated their great heart.

But though Athens might spring upon her leader from the ambuscade of folly and ingratitude; though Pericles

might be deprived of command and stripped of property, he still possessed the self-denying fidelity of Aspasia, and though Athens might afterward contritely restore him, whose absence endangered her poor security, he needed no reinstatement to that feminine devotion which he had both enjoyed and deserved. The love and esteem which Aspasia bore to Pericles silenced the scruples of womanhood and defied the voice of scandal. She waived the honors which the statutes denied, and by her devotion to her lord and her fealty to Athens preserved in history a place among the great and virtuous women of the world.

Pericles and Aspasia—law-makers, statesmen, demagogues, could not put them asunder; history married them with the solemn march and ceremony of time; religion, patriotism, philosophy, art, and affection venerated and exalted their names; love, leading them through sorrow and disasters, which failed to reach their inner hearts, at last, with his golden arrow, inscribed their names upon the immortal scroll that lovers read with fond eyes forever.

CORNELIA

B. C. 160

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

"Why, my sons, must I ever be called the daughter of Scipio rather than the mother of the Gracchi?"

Such was the ambitious taunt by which the great and illustrious dame urged her two sons onward toward two rebellions.

When the Campanian lady paraded her many jewels before Cornelia, the haughty mother of the patriots replied, taking her little children by the hand: "These are my jewels!"

Her cause might perish in the political rancors of the hour, but her proud spirit, emulated by millions of other Roman mothers, was finally to carry the Roman legions triumphant to the limits of the known world.

The history of Cornelia and the two Gracchi, her sons, has come down only in fragmentary form, and must be fitted together from the casual writings of Velleius Paterculus (a hostile authority), Valerius Maximus (who relates the episode of the jewels), Florus, Cicero, Quintilian, and Plutarch. Unsuccessful revolution is, of course, sedition, and the ancient authors cannot be criticised for branding the attempts of the two Roman statesmen to restore to the people the common property stolen from them by the wealthy families of the commonwealth.

The most praiseworthy, intelligent and artistic weaving together of the fragmentary Roman story with which we have any acquaintance is to be found in Froude's

"Cæsar," at the third chapter, and we shall follow his relation of the events growing out of the laws passed at the behest of the Gracchi.

Cornelia was born about 160 years before the Christian era, and about 329 years later than Aspasia. Undoubtedly the heroic sentiments of the Greek woman made a deep impression upon Cornelia, for she early became a profound student of the Greek literature. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the elder, and such was the splendor of her house that Ptolemy, King of Egypt, asked for her hand in marriage, but she, with the pride that characterized her life, responded that she would rather be the wife (or widow) of a Roman citizen than the consort of a barbarian monarch.

She married into a plebeian house, but her husband, Sempronius Gracchus, was a distinguished soldier in Spain and Sardinia, and a member of a family which had furnished consuls to the state. He had held the great office of censor, and in this capacity he had ejected disreputable senators from the curia; he had degraded offending equites; he had rearranged and tried to purify the Comitia. Notwithstanding his close relations with the aristocrats (for his daughter married the second most famous of the Scipios, called Africanus, the younger), he still left behind him, at the time of his early death, the reputation of a reformer, a man little satisfied with the constitution of things, and it might well be feared by the wealthy that his sons would follow in the same line of public policy.

"There is a story told," says Plutarch, in his "Tiberius and Caius Gracchus," "that Tiberius (Sempronius) once found in his bedchamber a couple of snakes, and the soothsayers, being consulted concerning the prodigy, advised that he should neither kill them both nor let them both

escape, adding that if the male serpent were killed, Sempronius should die, and if the female, Cornelia. And that, therefore, Tiberius, who extremely loved his wife, and thought, besides, that it was much more his part, who was an old man, to die, than it was hers, who was as yet but a young woman, killed the male serpent and let the female escape, and soon after himself died. Cornelia, taking upon herself all the care of the household, and the education of her children, approved herself so discreet a matron, so affectionate a mother, and so constant and noble-spirited a widow, that Sempronius seemed to all men to have done nothing unreasonable in choosing to die for such a woman."

Twelve children were born to Sempronius, and at her husband's death the widow was left, not only to care for them, but to bear the loss by death of no less than nine of her offspring, leaving only Tiberius and Caius, and the wife of the young Scipio as the support of her declining years. "The education she gave them," says Samuel Knapp, "made them inordinately ambitious, but at the same time nobly patriotic. When they were quite young she was impatient to see them taking a part for the glories of Rome, which, she thought, were expiring in the hands of the patricians. This excellent mother did not leave their education even when they had reached manhood, for she, by her eloquence, persuaded them to study the Greek philosophy, in which all the ennobling principles of freedom are to be found."

"She brought up her children with so much care," says Plutarch, "that though they were, without dispute, in natural endowments and dispositions the first among the Romans of their time, yet they seemed to owe their virtues even more to their education than to their birth. And as, in the statues and pictures made of Castor and Pollux,

though the brothers resemble one another, yet there is a difference to be perceived in their countenances, between the one who delighted in the cestus, and the other that was famous in the course, so, between these two noble youths, though there was a strong general likeness in their common love of fortitude and temperance, in their liberality, their eloquence, and their greatness of mind, yet, in their actions and administration of public affairs, a considerable variation showed itself. Their valor in war against their country's enemies," continues the great Greek biographer, "their justice in the government of its subjects, their care and industry in office, and their self-command in all that regarded their pleasures were equally remarkable in both." It is clear that Plutarch attributes these qualities, so clearly marked in both brothers, as the result of their mother's sublime teaching. He believes that they failed in their noble enterprise mainly because there were nine years of difference in their ages, and that they thus could not flourish together and unite the power that they wielded.

Cicero, the greatest orator the Roman world produced, bears witness: "We have read the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, from which it appears that the sons were educated, not so much in the lap of the mother, as in her conversation."

Quintilian informs us that the Gracchi were indebted for much of their eloquence to the care and institutions of their mother, Cornelia, whose taste and learning were fully displayed in her letters, which were in the hands of the public in his day.

Later on, however, in her sad career, the mother may have offered to Shakespeare his idea of Lady Macbeth, who, urging her husband to passages of ambition from which brave men might recoil, finds herself unable to sup-

port calamities drawn down upon her house by her own counsel, and leaves Macbeth in that baleful solitude which hangs like a pall over the final scenes of the great English tragedy. Cornelia, too, writes letters to her son, Caius, betraying all the weakness and fond compunctions of the mother-heart, as we shall see, so that they who held that in after life she seemed to little feel her loss, and rather boast of the glory of her sons, knew little of her life and sorrow.

Tiberius Gracchus, the elder son of Cornelia, was admitted to the College of the Augurs (priests) on attaining manhood, out of recognition of his early virtue. At a public feast of the Augurs, Appius Claudius, who had been consul and censor, and was now at the head of the Senate, offered to Tiberius the hand of his daughter in marriage, which Tiberius gladly accepted. Appius, returning home, had no sooner reached his door than he cried out to his wife: "O, Antistia, I have contracted our daughter Claudia to a husband." She, with amazement, answered: "But why so suddenly, unless you have provided Tiberius Gracchus for her husband?"

Tiberius now went with the army to Carthage, and served under his brother-in-law, Scipio, sharing the same tent with the commander. He was the first to mount the wall of Carthage when the city was taken, and was regarded by the entire army with affection.

Later on the young soldier covered himself with luster in Spain, because, when the Roman general Mancinus fell into deep troubles, the Numantines would treat with no other than Tiberius, whose father they remembered with affection. By means of this popularity, the lives of twenty thousand Roman soldiers were spared, but the action of Tiberius was jealously censured by the Patricians at Rome, and Tiberius was brought early into a sense of

hostility to the state of things that prevailed. In this feeling he was ardently supported by the voice and influence of his mother, and the great name of Scipio contributed to make him powerful with all classes.

Returning on his sad journey from Spain, his route lying through Tuscany, north of Rome, he saw with his own eyes that only slaves tilled the fields. The free citizens had been pushed into the towns, aliens and outcasts in their own country, without a foot of soil which they could call their own.* And the vast domains of the landlords had not been even fairly purchased; for, despite a law forbidding it, the commons, or ager publicus, which could be legally leased to occupants only in comparatively small farms, had been seized by the great lords, and there was none of the public domain remaining for smaller lessees or proprietors. Tiberius resolved to restore the people's patrimony, and secured the office of Tribune in the year 133, Cornelia being active in the canvass, and the issue of public lands being clear. The poor people set up writings on the walls, calling upon Tiberius to reinstate them in their former possessions. The Tribunes were once powerful magistrates, who must be elected out of plebeian families, but the Senate had silently usurped many of their functions, and it had been the custom of the Tribunes for some time to submit their bills for laws to the review of the Senate before convoking the assembly of the people in the forum. But, this time, Tiberius went directly to the people. His bill provided that himself, his brother Caius, and his father-in-law, Appius, should act as a land commission to evict trespassers from the public domain and if need be to pay such tenants the value of their improvements. One of the Tribunes, going over to the Senatorial party, interposed his

*Froude's "Cæsar."

veto, which, under the Constitution, would defeat or postpone all legislation for one year. Tiberius incited the people to infringe the constitution by deposing the apostate Tribune, which was done without other warrant than the public vote, and the agrarian law was put in full force.

But the year in which a Tribune held office was too short a time in which to carry out a great reform, and for the sake of the people, Tiberius offered himself for re-election, which the Patricians might truly denounce as a seditious act. The election day arrived, and the nobles gathered on the Campus Martius with enormous retinues of armed servants and clients. The voting began, and as it was seen that Gracchus would be elected a second time, a fight with pikes and spades was set up; the unarmed citizens ran away, and Tiberius with three hundred of his friends who remained to defend themselves, were killed and their bodies flung into the Tiber.

For Tiberius had been an opponent over whom the aristocracy must triumph or moderate its privileges, and it did not feel sufficiently generous to broaden the possibilities of life for the poor in the Roman Empire. "The savage beasts," said Tiberius, when the people revised the agrarian law, "in Italy have their particular dens; they have their places of repose and refuge; but the men who bear arms, and expose their lives for the safety of their country, enjoy in the meantime nothing more in it but the air and the light; and having no houses or settlements of their own, are constrained to wander from place to place with their wives and children. The common soldiers are exhorted to fight for their sepulchers and altars, when not one amongst so many Romans is possessed of either altar or monument; neither have they any houses of their own, or hearths of their ancestors to defend. They fought indeed and were slain, but it was to maintain the

luxuries and the wealth of other men. They were styled the masters of the world, but, in the meantime, had not one foot of ground which they could call their own."

When, therefore, the riot was over, which was the first bloody revolution or dissension that had occurred in Rome from the time of Tarquin, it was set up as law and doctrine that the sacred rights of property had been maintained, and that Tiberius had perished because he plotted to be King. Even Scipio, the brother-in-law, found it expedient to condemn the policy of Tiberius, and to flatter the Senate.

It now became feasible to repeal the law of Tiberius, though the outcry of the people grew every day more importunate. Caius Gracchus retired from city politics, being elected Questor and thus compelled to journey with the Consul into Sardinia. While this pleased him, it also delighted the landlords, for, from what they had seen of the young man, he gave promise of becoming a far more thorough demagogue and far more ambitious than even Tiberius had been of popular applause. Yet Cicero declares that Caius would have lived privately for his mother's sake, but that his dead brother appeared to him in a dream, and, calling him by his name, said: "Why do you tarry, Caius? There is no escape; one life and one death is appointed for us both—to spend the one, and to meet the other in the service of the people."

The Senate fatuously pursued Caius with petty prosecution, and he in return re-entered the arena of politics, and was easily elected one of the Tribunes, exactly ten years later than his brother. In his speeches he constantly invoked the name of his sorrowing mother, Cornelia, and never without immediate effect on the masses, who already held her in the profoundest and most affectionate esteem. Caius was a bitter orator, and neglected

no opportunity, however delicate or dangerous, to inflame the people against the Senate. He exiled many of the murderers of his brother; he distributed meat to the people; he voted pay to the soldiers; he greatly reduced the power that the Senate was wielding. It seems that his course became so bold that it alarmed Cornelia, who was now living again in Campania, whither she had retired on the death of her son Tiberius. She who had madly urged on Tiberius, to whom were principally addressed the words at the beginning of this article, now appears to have shown a reactionary side of her character; for there are preserved in the fragments of Cornelius Nepos, letters to Caius from Cornelia that urged him to recede from his position. "You tell me," she says, "that it is glorious to be revenged of our enemies. No one thinks so more than I do, if we can be revenged without hurt to the Republic, but, if not, often may our enemies escape. Long may they be safe, if the good of the commonwealth requires their safety."

In a letter written to Caius by Cornelia after he was well along in his warfare on the Senate, the mother even upbraids her son: "I take the gods to witness, that except the persons who killed my son Tiberius, no one ever gave me so much affliction as you do in this matter—you, from whom I might have expected some consolation in my old age, and who, surely, of all my children, ought to be most careful not to distress me. I have not many years to live. Spare the Republic that long for my sake. Shall I never see the madness of my family at an end? When I am dead, you will think to honor me with a parent's rites; but what honor can my memory receive from you, by whom I am abandoned and dishonored while I live? But may the gods forbid you should persist! If you do, I

fear the course you are taking leads to remorse and distraction, which will end only with your life."

When Caius had abolished the right of Senators to sit on juries where the cases of corrupt magistrates, such as pro-consuls and governors of provinces, were to be tried, he put nearly every Senator in a position of jeopardy, for these corrupt governors were recruited from the ranks of the Senate, and when he made the public distribution of wheat, he began the work of undermining his own influence, because a pauperized Rome could be more easily debauched by wealthy Patricians. Yet he was a second time elected Tribune, and certainly passed the first reef on which his brother's ship had split. He now desired to benefit the mob that he at last had full power to govern. He wanted to found Roman colonies, and even the hated name of Carthage was selected as one of the points of settlement. On this the Senate took the demagogue's side of the argument, and easily pictured to the populace the exile which their leader had in view for them, after he had attained to power on their shoulders. Caius unhappily played into the hands of the Senators by proposing that there should be no distinction between Romans and Italians, thus enfranchising the entire peninsula. To mention the name of Carthage had once been treason, and the bitterest prejudices were awakened by the plans of Caius. What was better than to remain Roman citizens as they were? asked they. It began to appear that Caius no longer honored his mother and the Scipios, and that the Roman Republic was again in danger. Thus when the time of election once more came, the popular party had dwindled to a handful and the Senate was prepared to proscribe the offending Tribune. He, at last, retiring to Diana's temple, fell on bended knee, and, uplifting his

head, prayed to the goddess that the Roman people, as a punishment for their ingratitude and treachery to their true friends, might always remain in slavery.

In the street battles which now took place, as in the time of Tiberius, Caius, who offered no resistance, was soon killed, and no less than three thousand dead bodies of his friends were flung into the Tiber as traitors who were unworthy of religious burial.

The leader of the oligarchs against Caius, one Opimius, erected a Temple of Concord, and this sardonic act with other aristocratic doings which followed, turned back the tide of popular opinion. When, in after years, Opimius had been convicted of embezzlement, he grew old amidst the hatred and insults of the people; who, though humbled and affrighted at the time of the murder of Caius, did not fail before long to let everybody see what respect and veneration they had for the memory of the Gracchi.* They ordered their statues to be made and set up in public view; they consecrated the places where they were slain and thither brought the first fruits of everything, according to the season of the year, to make their offerings. Many came likewise thither to their devotions, and daily worshiped there, as at the temples of their gods.

"It is reported," says Plutarch, "that as Cornelia, their mother, bore the loss of her two sons with a noble, undaunted spirit, so in reference to the holy places in which they were slain she said their dead bodies were well worthy of such sepulchres.

"She removed afterward, and dwelt near the place called Misenum, not at all altering her former way of living. She had many friends and hospitably received many strangers at her house. Many Greeks and learned

* Plutarch's "Caius Gracchus."

men were continually about her; nor was there any foreign Prince but received gifts from her, and presented her again. Those who conversed with her were much interested when she pleased to entertain them with her recollections of her father, the great Scipio Africanus (the destroyer of Carthage), and of his habits and way of living. But it was most admirable to hear her make mention of her sons, without any tears or signs of grief, and give the full account of all their deeds and misfortunes, as if she had been relating the history of some ancient heroes. This made some imagine that age, or the greatness of her afflictions had made her senseless and devoid of natural feelings. But they who so thought were themselves more truly insensible, not to see how much a noble nature and education availed to conquer any affliction; and though fortune may often be more successful, and may defeat the efforts of virtue to defeat misfortunes, it cannot, when we incur them, prevent our bearing them reasonably.

"As for the Gracchi," concludes Plutarch, "the greatest detractors and their worst enemies, could not but allow that they had a genius to virtue beyond all other Romans, which was improved also by a generous education."

It is probable that the letters alleged to have been written to Caius by his mother, represent the temporary influence of aristocratic surroundings on the mother, for it is related of her that, after the death of Caius, when some one offered to her the usual condolences, she said, "Can the mother of the Gracchi want consolation?"—and her spirit must have been edified by the public honors that were so soon paid to her sons and that she knew would round out her own career.

For, when she died, the people of Rome erected a monument to her memory, and finally she had the wish

of her younger days—an honor so terribly earned. On the monument of the daughter of the greater Scipio, of the wife of the brave Sempronius, of the mother-in-law of the lesser Scipio, were inscribed only the words:

CORNELIA

MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

CLEOPATRA

B. C. 69-30

"THE SORCERESS OF THE NILE"

The story of Cleopatra made such a noise in the ancient world, and was the cause of an astonishment so profound, that the authors of antiquity left very complete accounts, which the curiosity of succeeding generations, or some other good fortune, has preserved.

The modern world peruses this chapter in history because, with a knowledge of humanity broadened by two thousand years of additional experience, it is to be seen that the actors in this ancient tragedy were conspicuous examples of human nature under the influence of the arbitrary passion of love. An Antony and Cleopatra play their sad parts before us all, at some time in our lives, and the mystery and marvel of it never diminish. In every circle of every city, in every town, village, and hamlet, at least two people there are, in each generation, who love each other, and whose love brings desolation, where other people's affections begin a life-long joy.

It is common for moralists to point to Cleopatra as a type of the pagan woman, or woman as she existed before the Christian era; but this is manifestly an error. We have seen that the noble Aspasia and Cornelia both lived before Cleopatra, and in Judith we have the celebration of the characteristics which made the ideal woman in the early world. Cleopatras lived along with Judith; they live to-day. There is no sign that the time will ever come when some woman may not arise, and by her wit, learn-

ing, beauty, "magnetism," and turn-stile caprice, transform the wisest man into a lover and a fool.

Cleopatra wrought on at least five leading men—Cæsar, Antony, Herod, Dolabella (the intimate friend of Augustus), and Augustus himself. She ensnared Cæsar, but he, an elderly and judicious man, escaped; she ruined Antony; she could have ruined Dolabella had she tarried on the earth which she had disgraced; her charms fell on Herod of Judea and on Augustus, without harm to either. It is not probable that all men are open to the terrible disorder that overcame Cæsar and took an empire away from Antony; for it was not Cleopatra's fault that she did not carry war, death and devastation further into the world.

As it was, this beautiful woman, who died at 39 years, who read, wrote and spoke with ease in the hieroglyphical, cuneiform, hieratic, demotic, Phœnician, Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages; who could converse with the Troglodytes, Libyans, Scythians, and other barbarians, without an interpreter; who had received a throne in the oldest country in the world; this woman, by a career of unparalleled waste and folly, erased her kingdom from the map of the world, reduced Egypt to a province, in which condition it has remained; and even gave to the historians a new era—the Era of the Actian Victory (the defeat of Antony), from which to reckon all dates in Egyptian affairs. She blotted out her nation and her calendar. And yet, foolish and wicked as she was, she loved Antony, she died with Antony, and the world, with rich wisdom and philosophy, somewhat reverently repeats her doings to succeeding generations. It is a pity that Beauty and Genius should curse the world, and it is not often that they do so; it is a pity that Love should afflict the world, for it usually covers life with blessings and honor. The chapter upon which we now enter, therefore, is one of abstract

instruction, whereby we may learn that moral lessons are not always successfully fetched out of history. But we think it would be well to despise Cleopatra, to pity Antony, and to condemn Cæsar, for he had not the excuse of Antony; Cæsar could and did finally resist; over Antony the wasteful and vile siren cast a spell that was paramount in his nature.

The ancient writers about Cleopatra are the entire panel of Roman and Greek historians whose works remain—all say something. Even Josephus details the episodes in which Herod had a share. Hirtius, the continuator of Cæsar's Commentaries, Dion Cassius, Suetonius, Appian, Diodorus, Strabo, Florus, Velleius Paterculus, Julian, Orosius, Eutropius, even Livy, and the almost complete Plutarch—that man to whom the modern world, in peering backward, owes the most—these are the writers. It was a time in which the people believed there was a goddess Venus; Cleopatra embodied and impersonated this deity; the like of her had never been seen or read of, and she became the most conspicuous object in men's minds at the very moment that the Roman world seemed about to be dismembered.

Egypt was the granary of that Roman world, and Alexandria had become the principal market of civilization, taking away the prestige of the Phœnician and Attic coasts. The kingdom of the Ptolemies had endured over 250 years, following the death of Alexander the Great, but at the time of Cleopatra's father, Auletes was showing signs of decay. It was too near the invincible republic; its wheat was too necessary to Rome. As Cuba was certain to become a part of the United States, so Egypt must fall. It was the Egyptian question that did much to separate Cæsar, Cicero and Pompey, and when Auletes,

was dethroned, it was the money of Pompey that restored him to power.

The very name of Auletes (flute-player) betrayed the character of this effeminate King, and Cleopatra came by her folly honestly. He probably offered the example that Nero afterward followed. Auletes danced in female attire and contested for the prize in public games. He was called the new Bacchus because of his extravangances, and Strabo says he was despised for his silliness as much as his grandfather Physcon for his wickedness. It was out of this kind of stock, in a land where the King could do no wrong, at a time when the world was breaking up in tremendous wars, that Cleopatra was born. She was 17 years old when Auletes, died, and though the eldest of the four children of Auletes she was too young to reign under the law. But it must be understood that she had long been a woman, for in the east the period of childhood is greatly shortened.

It is needless to attempt to describe her. Taste is a matter that varies with every climate, and the belle of one region is an object of ridicule or ignominy in another. We may suppose her short, large-waisted, and dark; those things are probable; whether her lips were large or small, her teeth white and prominent, or small and inconspicuous, we know not; her eyes, of course, were intelligent and beautiful. It is probable, however, all things considered, that her face conformed fairly well to the Greek classic models, for her blood was Greek, well naturalized to Africa, and the Romans, who were thin and Caucasian, would not have admired a strictly African type. Whatever her appearance, it was nearly without flaw under the canons of physical taste that ruled, and we should always think of Cleopatra as a woman who, to the men of her generation, seemed the ideal of human beauty.

Her father, in his will, left his throne to the two eldest children, Ptolemy and Cleopatra, under the tuition of the Roman people, and Pompey was appointed by the Roman Senate to be the guardian of the children—the two sons were both named Ptolemy, and the younger daughter, Arsinoë. The elder brother and sister—Ptolemy and Cleopatra—were commanded to marry each other, under the Egyptian custom, and to reign together. But at this very time the civil war of Cæsar and Pompey broke out. The commander of the Egyptian army was Achillas, and he conspired with Ptolemy against Cleopatra and drove her out of Egypt. She raised an army, and the two Egyptian armies were confronting each other at Pelusium (now Tineh) when Pompey and Cæsar met at the battle of Pharsalia. Pharsalia, now Pharsala, came into prominence again in 1896, when the Greeks and Turks fought a battle there. It is north of Athens, in Thessaly. As Pompey retreated, he bethought him of Auletes and his children, to whom he had restored a throne with his money, and set sail for Egypt, expecting a safe asylum.

Pompey concluded to treat with Ptolemy, and accordingly asked permission to land. Notwithstanding the acknowledged baseness of the act, it was considered by Achillas to be wise to ensnare and murder the guardian of the Egyptian kingdom, because Cæsar was now master of the world. Cæsar, following hard after, landed at Alexandria, east of Pelusium, and there he was given the head of Pompey. He had brought 4,000 troops all told, and yet saw no indications of danger. But, when he landed, the capricious Egyptians again changed their minds, and so valiant was the mob that the few troops he had were separated, and while Cæsar reached the King's palace with a part of his force, the rest were driven back to the ships, but probably under Cæsar's order to retreat.

A few days later, Cæsar had so conciliated the mob that he ventured abroad without harm. Meanwhile Cleopatra was encamped at Pelusium.

Cæsar, having considered himself safe in Alexandria, now assumed the magistracy or guardianship made vacant by the death of Pompey, and demanded of Achillas the return of the money lent by the Romans to re-establish the late Auletes—some $6,000,000. To raise this money Achillas levied the most odious requisitions. He persuaded the young King to eat in earthen and wooden vessels in order to cast odium on Cæsar. The temples were plundered of their plate and golden ornaments, in order to exasperate the people against the Roman conqueror. The money which was raised enabled Cæsar to pay his men.

The courageous Roman now took on the character of executor of the will of Auletes and issued peremptory mandates, in the name of the Roman people, directing the two armies to disband, and appointing time and place when and where he would hear and settle the differences between the brother and sister.

Each side appointed counsel, and hearings of the cause began in the King's palace at Alexandria.

It seems that Cæsar had already heard of the beauty of Cleopatra, and that she had heard he was not averse to seeing her. She therefore sent a private messenger to him, complaining that her cause before him was poorly managed by her counsel, and asking permission to appear before him in person. Receiving a favorable reply, she sailed for Pelusium with only one attendant, Apollodorus, the Sicilian, and arrived after dark in Alexandria. She was tied up in a mattress, and this burden Apollodorus carried on his back to Cæsar's apartment, where the astonished Cæsar first beheld the beautiful

young woman, and became infatuated at first sight of her. He accordingly heard her story, and on the next day sent for young Ptolemy, whom he, as guardian and Dictator of Rome, advised to receive Cleopatra as a fellow-sovereign on the Egyptian throne. At the same time, the young King learned that his sister was in the apartments of Cæsar, and that the great and powerful Roman was in reality her counsel and best friend.

On this the boy went out upon the streets, tore the diadem from his head, and trampled it in the dust, calling the people of Egypt to avenge the shame that had come upon them. He led the mob into the palace and was captured. Cæsar appeared on a balcony, and with a conciliatory speech appeased the multitude.

The next day, before the regular assembly of the people, Cæsar brought out Ptolemy and Cleopatra, caused the will of Auletes, to be read, and declared them conjointly sovereigns of the land, under the protectorate of Rome. But Pothinus, Ptolemy's treasurer and a fellow-conspirator with Achillas, circulated the report that Cæsar meant to dethrone Ptolemy, and prevailed on Achillas to march with his army from Pelusium to Alexandria, and drive Cæsar, with his small force, out of the city.

This adventure is one of the most remarkable in Cæsar's career, and shows how implicitly he confided in fortune. He had less than 2,000 soldiers in the palace, where he held both Ptolemy and Cleopatra; he sent smooth talkers to Achillas, who now advanced with 20,000 men. Achillas put Cæsar's messengers to death. Cæsar so fortified the palace that Achillas could not take it, and burned his fleet of ships in order to keep it out of the enemy's hands. It seems that Cæsar very quickly made a Roman camp in the heart of the city; he had walls, towers, parapets, a passage to the harbor, and other war-

like appurtenances which were likely to terrify and overcome the enemy.

Cæsar having killed Pothinus, Ganymedes, another eunuch, fled out of the palace with Arsinoë, the Princess, and procured the execution of Achillas. Ganymedes now became the opponent of Cæsar, and did well. In the battles by sea and land that ensued, Cæsar was often in peril, and once swam from one ship to another, holding (according to Orosius) his Commentaries out of the water while he swam.

Mithradates of Pontus now marched into Egypt to Cæsar's succor, took Pelusium, and, with Cæsar, fought a great battle with Ptolemy, whom Cæsar had previously liberated on a pledge which Ptolemy had broken. Ptolemy was drowned in the Nile. Cleopatra was placed on the throne, and Cæsar compelled her to marry her surviving brother Ptolemy, then but eleven years old.

Cæsar took Arsinoë to Rome, and in his triumph she walked in chains of gold. He set her at liberty, but would not allow her to return to Egypt.

Cleopatra bore Cæsar a son named Cæsarion, but she could not prevail on the great Julius to remain with her; a war on the Black Sea called him away, and she reigned as Queen, and as Queen Regent for her brother. As soon as the lad had reached the age at which he could lawfully reign with her, she caused him to be poisoned.

Her friend Cæsar was now assassinated at Rome, and Antony, Lepidus and Octavius (Augustus) formed a triumvirate to avenge his death. Cleopatra very loyally took sides with Antony against Cassius and Brutus, and sent four legions to fight Cassius. These legions were tendered to Dolabella (afterward a lover of Cleopatra).

Cassius and Brutus met the triumvirs at Philippi, northeast of Pharsalia (it seems Græcia was then "the

cockpit of Europe"), and Antony, the conqueror, passed over into Asia, and down the coast of Asia Minor to Tarsus, on the Cydnus River, near Mt. Taurus, in Cilicia, a town now called Adana on the maps, although the old quarter is locally known as Tarsus.

It was here that Antony tarried, and, hearing that Cleopatra had offered the four legions to Cassius rather than to Dolabella, summoned the Queen of Egypt before him for purposes of explanation.

It is this journey by galley from Alexandria to Tarsus, and up the River Cydnus on the Asian coast, that offers the chief spectacle in Cleopatra's life. It has called forth the descriptive genius of Shakespeare, and Dryden did not hesitate to also write in a like vein of the splendor of the scene. Dellius, who had been sent by Antony, no sooner saw Cleopatra at Alexandria than he advised her to go to Tarsus in the Homeric style, telling her that Antony would be so pleased with the show that he would at once become her friend. She followed this advice, took no offense at the mandatory letters of Antony, made great preparations for her voyage, and pressed heavily upon a rich kingdom for money, ornaments of value, and gifts. Following is the passage in Plutarch's "Life of Antony" from which Shakespeare forged his metrical account of the royal progress of Cleopatra. It should be noted that the ancient writer himself believed in the incarnation of the gods:

"She came sailing up the River Cydnus in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth-of-gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea-Nymphs and Graces, some

steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight.

"The market-place was quite emptied, and Antony, at last, was left alone, sitting upon the tribunal, while the word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good humor and courtesy, he complied and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty."

Plutarch seems to doubt her peerless beauty, but he says that "the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible. The attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one instrument to another."

The attachment that instantly sprang up between Antony and Cleopatra was scandalous to the Roman Republic. Cæsar had been slain by patriots because he had acted in a kingly way, and had also had too much to do with this Egyptian Queen. Now Fulvia, wife of Antony, was having her hands full at Rome, even to the extent of directing armed forces, to support his claims against Oc-

tavius. At the same time the Roman Empire was threatened in the east. And yet Cleopatra was able to keep Antony under her sway at Tarsus, and to lure him back to Alexandria, but not until he had sent to Miletus (the birthplace of Aspasia), and put Arsinoë, Cleopatra's sister, to death. At Tarsus Cleopatra distributed gifts of golden cups, richly bejeweled, with a profuseness never before heard of.

At Alexandria the lovers formed a company called "The Inimitable Livers." Plutarch says his own grandfather used to tell of an acquaintance who was taken into Cleopatra's kitchen, where he saw eight boars roasting whole; on which the visitor remarked that there must be many guests, but the cook laughed, and stated that no one could tell when Antony would dine. "Maybe," said he, "Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour; maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that it is not one, but many suppers must be kept in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hours." If a boar were roasted a moment too long it would be spoiled. Gifts of plate in imitation of Cleopatra were distributed by Antony's son (by Fulvia), and a school of extravagance beyond record or tradition was set up at Alexandria, portending certain ruin and probable disgrace. While in the midst of these daily festivals, Antony got word that the Parthians were marching toward him into Syria, and that his wife, Fulvia, had been defeated by Octavius and driven out of Italy. He started for Syria, but changed his mind, and sailed to meet Octavius with 200 ships. On the way, news of his wife's (Fulvia's) death came to him, whereupon it became easily possible to effect a reconciliation with Octavius, for Antony, breaking off with Cleopatra, married Octavia, the sister of Octavius, and the Roman world was solemnly

partitioned, so that Antony's rule extended from the Ionian or the Adriatic Sea eastward to China. Antony took Octavia, and made a splendid court at Athens. It was confidently expected by the Roman Senators that this compact would bring peace in the west and extend Roman dominion in Asia. And but for Cleopatra this might have been the case, for Antony soon tired of the dignified Octavia and hungered anew for the flattery upon which the fair Egyptian had fed him.

As an example of Cleopatra's mastery of the arts of seduction, Plutarch tells the celebrated fishing story: The twain went angling with hook and line, but Cleopatra had all the luck, whereupon Antony gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under the water and attach live fishes to his hook, and these he drew with great triumph from the water. But the ruse was betrayed to Cleopatra, so she boasted of Antony's skill, and invited a fine party to see him fish the next day. No sooner was his hook down in the water than one of her people attached to it a salted fish from another sea, which Antony drew up amid the laughter of his friends. "Ah, general," said Cleopatra, "leave the fishing-rod to us poor sovereigns of Pharos (light-house) and Canopus (probably meaning another light-house); your game is cities, provinces and kingdoms."

When, therefore, Antony entered upon the Parthian war, and had marched into Syria, he sent for his flatterer against the advice of his generals. For he had but just escaped war with Octavius once more through the intervention of Octavia, and it was already the opinion of the Roman world that Antony was not a proper magistrate. When Cleopatra arrived in Syria, Antony, following her desires, put several Syrian Princes to death and gave their dominions to Cleopatra, thus diminishing the Roman Em-

pire. He then departed into Armenia, but again languishing under her absence from him, made a forced march in winter through the mountains of Armenia back to Syria, that killed sixty thousand soldiers through unnecessary exposure. The guilty lovers spent the rest of the winter on the Phœnician coast, when Antony made over to Egypt (or Cleopatra) a great part of the coast of Syria and Asia Minor. At this time she unsuccessfully begged him to put Herod of Judea to death, and to give Jerusalem to Egypt, but Antony would not comply, although he made some territorial concessions that embittered Herod. These acts destroyed Antony in the good opinion of the Romans, for they now regarded him as a foreign enemy, and an apostate Roman.

For these gifts Cleopatra consented to march with Antony to the Euphrates River on his way into Parthia. At that river she was prompt to return, and on her journey visited Jerusalem, where she set out to ensnare Herod. Herod, having her in his power, and seeing her perfidy to Antony, felt it safe to put her to death, but it was represented to him that Antony's vengeance would be terrible, whereupon the subtle Hebrew King changed his resolution, entertained her at great expense, and accompanied her to the borders of his kingdom. Antony soon followed her to Alexandria, carrying the Armenian King in captivity, and entering the city in a triumphal car. Cleopatra, seated on a golden throne, waited for the conqueror, and to her was presented the King in golden chains; but this monarch had been shamefully captured. Thereupon Antony spread a feast for the people of Alexandria, and summoned them to meet in full assembly.

Seated on thrones of gold, side by side, sat Antony and Cleopatra. Antony made an oration, declaring Cæsarion, son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra, joint sov-

ereign of Egypt and Cyprus with Cleopatra his mother; to his own three children by Cleopatra he gave each a third of the remainder of the eastern world, with the title for each of King of Kings. He proclaimed himself to be the god Osiris, and Cleopatra the goddess Isis, and henceforth the infatuated man and woman attired themselves in the costume which graphic superstition had long made peculiar to those deities. It was of course impossible to make the Egyptians believe that their sovereigns were really gods, and Octavius made good use of Antony's folly to further incense the Romans against the Eastern Triumvir.

While Octavius would have undoubtedly broken with Antony in time, still the adoption of Cæsarion by Antony was an act alarming to the Western Triumvir, who had come to power because he was the adopted son of Julius Cæsar. So, also, Cleopatra madly sought a rupture, because that must divorce Antony from Octavia. Therefore conditions now all conspired toward Antony's ruin. No sooner had Antony started on another Parthian expedition than he found it necessary to prepare to meet Octavius, whose intentions were certainly hostile. He now had Cleopatra with him, and she, by the use of many arts, prevailed on him to himself declare war on Rome, he at the same time sending a bill of divorce to Octavia, and ordering her to vacate his house at Rome. Again he lost a year of valuable time, making his court at Samos, and finally at Athens, enthroned in the forum with Cleopatra beside him, or sometimes giving her triumphal entries, and himself walking among her slaves.

It was the opinion of the world that Cleopatra had administered to Antony some Egyptian philtre, and Octavius, in his decree declaring war, in response to Antony, stated that he made war on Cleopatra, and now deprived

Antony of the authority which he had let a woman exercise in his place. The generals whom Rome would have to fight, said Octavius, would be Mardion, the eunuch; Iras, Cleopatra's hairdressing girl, and Charmion, her waiting woman, who were Antony's chief state-councillors.

Antony had a vast power behind him, and Octavius was taxing a people who bore their burdens impatiently. The eastern world was habituated to the caprices of tyrants, and obeyed without murmuring. Thus the forces of the east, as well as the stage-players and musicians, were nearly all in Greece. Antony had an army of 112,000 soldiers, and 500 ships of war; some of his galleys had ten banks of oars. At that age, navigation was in the nature of a sea caravan—that is, the boats took the places of elephants and camels; the army on land was always near to the squadron. Six tributary Kings and Cleopatra were with Antony in person, and six other Kings had sent auxiliaries. Antony's empire, east and west, extended (on the modern map) from Zante Island to Bagdad. Actium, where the battle was shortly to ensue, was in the Ionian region. Octavius had 250 galleys and about 100,000 soldiers. His galleys, however, were well manned, while the boats of Antony had been manned with ass-drivers, harvest-laborers and boys. It would have been far better for Antony to have fought on land, but the pride of Cleopatra stood in the way, and she persuaded him to invite a sea encounter. Meantime Octavius crossed from Italy to the Ionian coast north of Actium, and at last was prepared for battle before Antony could get his army and his sea-caravan together. The generals in Antony's councils began to feel that Antony should retreat inland, where, with added troops that awaited him, he, being the most experienced land captain then on earth,

must surely win, while it would be no lasting disgrace to surrender the seas for a time to Cæsar. But Cleopatra, evidently, had not so much trust in Antony. She believed it was to her interest to hazard the battle in ships. She had already conceived the project of deserting Antony and ensnaring Octavius, for the adopted son of Julius Cæsar had been busily at work corrupting Antony's generals and Kings, and promises had been probably held out to her, also.

At last the armies of the two commanders confronted each other across the straits at Actium (Nicopolis, in Western Greece), and Antony put 22,000 full-armed warriors aboard sixty of the best of Cleopatra's ships, and burned all the rest of the fleet. The sea-fight took place, the weather making fighting impracticable until the fifth day. Antony's ships were large, and there were always several small boats of Octavius around each one of Antony's. Nothing had been decided, when Cleopatra's sixty ships were seen hoisting sail and making away. No sooner did Antony observe this, than he proved himself to be thoroughly insane, for the brave soldier who had all day risked his life and personally urged on the battle, going from ship to ship in the midst of all danger, now, on finding Cleopatra in flight, at once left the battle half-finished and followed in one galley after the Queen.

Cleopatra took Antony on board, and he sat on the prow of her ship for three days, moody and in silence. But Cleopatra's women, knowing his nature, at last mollified him, and brought the Queen and her lover together again. When he landed in Laconia, Greece, he learned that Cæsar had taken 300 ships and killed 5,000 men. Antony had left nineteen legions and 12,000 cavalry on shore, who waited seven days for his orders before going over to Cæsar. There is not in history another case of

desertion so astonishing as Antony's, for Antony was the most famous soldier then alive.

The remainder of the career of Antony and Cleopatra was even more extraordinary than what has gone before. The world was now busy going over to Cæsar, and Antony, who considered such action the basest ingratitude, determined to enact the part of Timon of Athens, which Shakespeare has also extended into a play. Antony built what he called a Timoneum, near the Pharos at Alexandria, on a little mole in the sea, while Cleopatra set to work to see if she could not transport her ships overland to the Red Sea, to get out of Octavius' way. But news of the desire of vengeance on the part of Octavius increased, for Octavius had real reason to fear Cæsarion, and Antony, hearkening to the views of Cleopatra, that their end was near, deserted his Timoneum, again entered the palace that had cost him so dearly, and plunged into another orgy of drinking, feasting and present-making. Cleopatra, meanwhile, had practiced with all sorts of poisons, on prisoners that had been condemned to die. She at last adopted the asp, as conveying with its bite, a poison that brought on drowsiness without convulsions, and gave an easy death. At the same time she spared no efforts to come to an understanding with Octavius, who held out very good promises to her if she would give up Antony, and sent a personal representative, named Thyrsus, to Cleopatra. This Thyrsus made himself so free with Cleopatra that Antony grew jealous, and had him seized, whipped, and sent back to Octavius. Cleopatra again mollified Antony with a great feast on her birthday. "Many of the guests," says Plutarch, significantly, "sat down in want, and went home wealthy men." Octavius had been called to Rome, and Antony was given a whole winter in which to repair his fortunes. Josephus says that

Herod of Judea offered to still stand by Antony, if Antony would kill Cleopatra, seize Egypt, and make such a war as so great a general could easily organize. When Antony refused this offer, Herod made terms with Octavius.

The conduct of Cleopatra, after the spring campaign opened, and Octavius advanced on Pelusium, near Alexandria, must be theorized on the desire of the Queen to treat with Octavius, if she could. Though she could not deceive or ensnare Octavius, neither could he deceive her, and she must have been an exceedingly subtle woman. She sent to Octavius all the emblems of royalty, and urgently sued for an accommodation that would leave Egypt to her children. At last she offered to surrender Antony, but steadfastly refused to kill him herself, as Octavius desired.

Octavius was in dire need of money to pay his troops. Notwithstanding the prodigious waste of Cleopatra, it was believed that the Queen possessed a treasure that was still unparalleled, and Octavius feared that, in some way, the Queen, if she should kill herself, might make it impossible for him to secure the means to pay his soldiers. For she had conveyed her treasury to a tower near the temple of Isis, where, with a great quantity of aromatic wood, perfumes, and combustibles, she was prepared to make a funeral pyre that would leave Egypt practically poor. Yet Cleopatra was daily betraying Egypt to Octavius. First Pelusium was surrendered; then Antony, fighting bravely before Alexandria itself, found the Egyptian army, under Cleopatra's private orders, in full retreat. At this time everybody save Antony knew that Cleopatra was false to him. When, at last, the whole army and navy had been scandalously betrayed to Octavius, Antony, in the rage of a lover, flew to the palace to

kill his perfidious mistress, but found that she had shut herself in her tower, where she caused it to be reported that she had killed herself to avoid falling in the enemy's hands. This false news carried Antony from transports of rage to agonies of despair, and he shut himself in his room, and reminded his slave Eros that the time had now come to keep his promise to his master that he would kill the great Antony when the posture of the fallen soldier's affairs should require it. But the slave, overcome with sentiments of affection, stabbed himself and fell dead at Antony's feet.

Antony thereupon fell upon his own sword, but could not put an immediate end to himself, for when the officers broke into the apartment, he begged them to aid him on his journey into eternity. But one of them stole his sword and carried the weapon with the blood of Antony to Octavius, who thereupon retired into his tent, and caused it to be reported that he wept. But he redoubled his efforts to get Cleopatra alive into his power.

Meanwhile there was a noise in the city caused by the news of Antony's act, which could not fail to be carried to Cleopatra's tower, where only she and two serving-women (Iras and Charmion) were intrenched. From the top of the monument she ordered that Antony be brought to her, and when her secretary entered Antony's room he thought Antony was dying. But Antony, hearing the name of her whom he had so insanely loved, and learning that she still lived, opened his dying eyes, and begged to be taken to her, which was done. But Cleopatra did not dare to unlock the gate of the tower.

Here we may quote in full a passage from Plutarch's "Life of Antony," which, for dramatic interest, scarce has its equal in the secular writings of antiquity:

"Cleopatra, looking from a sort of window, let down

ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women drew him up. Those that were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left (as, indeed, it was no easy task for the women); and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her efforts and anxiety.

"When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him, and beating her breasts with her hands, lacerating herself and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds. She called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes.

"Antony advised her that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly—a Roman by a Roman overcome."

In this manner Antony died, happy in the arms of Cleopatra, and the news went out to the city. Thereupon the Romans set at work with much skill to capture Cleopatra alive. The messenger of Octavius stood at the gate, while Cleopatra, hoping to save Egypt for her children, stood inside the gate. While smooth speeches were whispered to the beleaguered woman from in front, other soldiers, by ladders, reached the embrasure where Antony had been taken in, and descended on Cleopatra behind, disarming her of her dagger, and taking her alive. She asked but one favor—that she might bury Antony,

for Kings and great commanders all clamored to Octavius for the honor. Octavius granted her request, and the embalmed body of the lover was interred with magnificence in the sepulchers of the Kings of Egypt. She had inflamed and ulcerated her breasts with beating on them, after the ancient manner, and, when the splendid funeral of Antony was over, fell ill of a fever, which she was glad to increase, hoping by that means to die. But the physicians of Octavius frustrated her designs and flattered her into the belief that the young conqueror could not fail to become her friend. When he prepared to visit her she was even of a mind to believe that sick and elderly as she was, she might still ensnare him, as she had overcome his adoptive father, the great Julius. What, then, was her chagrin, upon his entrance, and when she had thrown herself before him, to see that he kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and at the end of all her speeches, answered only in this blunt way, "Woman, be of good cheer; no harm shall be done you!" She wisely interpreted this to mean that she would be taken captive to Rome, the cruelest fate that could befall her pride. Yet she dissembled her opinion and showed him an inventory of her treasury, which in gratitude she was to give to him. But one of her own treasurers, then present, basely accused her to Octavius of concealing a portion of her wealth. On this, the enraged Cleopatra seized the officer by the hair and beat him in the face, explaining to the smiling conqueror that if she had reserved a few jewels it was not to adorn her own person, but to bestow them on Octavia, his sister, and Livia, his wife. This made Octavius believe that Cleopatra would go to Rome, which she had not the slightest notion of doing, and had artfully managed the entire affair. Yet Octavius had her carefully watched, so that, in her visits to Antony's tomb, which

were permitted, she was not able to do herself any injury.

In the meantime Dolabella, an intimate friend of Octavius, being in love with Cleopatra, notified her that her time was short, as Octavius had already given orders to put her and her children on a vessel for Rome. She therefore gave a great feast to her custodians, and, diverting their attention, withdrew to her chamber, where she dressed herself in the royal robes of the Ptolemies, lay down on her bed, and asked for a basket of figs. Among the figs was an asp, and with the asp she made a wound in her arm, or made a wound, and thereafter caused the asp to strike there with its poisonous fangs. Her death followed without pain or uneasiness. Her chief custodian had meanwhile carried a letter from her to Octavius, in which she begged to be buried in the same tomb with Antony.

When Octavius arrived in Cleopatra's chamber he found her body on a golden bed in official robes, with diadem on her head. One of her women was dead and the other dying. And these were the women named in the proclamation of Octavius before Actium. Efforts to revive the Queen failed, and thereupon Octavius, deprived of the chief glory of his coming triumphal entry into Rome, very magnanimously gave orders to bury her with all possible pomp in the same tomb with Antony. Even her women were buried with the honor that became so much affection and fidelity. While the statues of Antony were all thrown down, the monuments of Cleopatra were left standing, and one of these ancient stones (known as Cleopatra's Needle) now adorns the chief pleasure-ground of New York City, whither it was transported from Alexandria after an extraordinary amount of engineering labor and peril. Octavius became Augustus, and the Augustan Age and the Actian Era arose out of the funeral pyres of Antony and Cleopatra.

AYESHA

A. D. 610-677

MOTHER OF THE FAITHFUL

About the year A. D. 569 the wife of the beautiful youth Abdallah gave birth, at Mecca, to a child named Mohammed (the past participle of the verb *hamad,* meaning "praised," or most "glorious"). While the child was in his cradle the father died, and the child's patrimony was five camels and an Ethiopian she-slave. An advantageous marriage (to his first wife, Khadijah, who died early) restored the youth, who was of princely birth, to a high social position in Mecca. For a whole month in each year he withdrew to a cave, where, with fasting and prayer, he prepared himself for the office of a prophet, seeking at first not so much to found a new religion as to purify and simplify the ancient worship of the Arabians. In the end he founded Islamism, or Moslemism, or Mussulmanism—all from the root *eslam,* "to be consecrated to God." This religion, after countless wars and conquests, extending as far westward as the Atlantic Ocean, is at present professed by about 177,000,000 people of various nations in Europe, Asia and Africa. It once probably outnumbered in its devotees any other religion in the world.

In his personal characteristics, Mohammed was peculiar. He assumed no distinction beyond others in food or dress. Milk and honey were luxuries which he seldom allowed to himself; when he ate, he sat on the ground, and when he traveled he divided his scanty morsel with

his valet, who rode on the same camel behind him. Sometimes months passed without a fire or cooking on his hearth. The lord of all Arabia at last mended his own shoes and woolen garments, milked the sheep, kindled the fire, and swept the floor. He impoverished himself with giving alms, and died poor.

But there were two things without which he could not remain pious—perfumes and women. He created an especial religious exemption for himself and took, instead of the legal number of four wives, no less than twenty-six wives, all widows save one—Ayesha, who was but nine years old when he married her, and long sustained the reputation in Arabia of being the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her time. Her father, Abdallah, was called Abu-bekr, which means Father of the Girl. He was one of the first of Mohammed's disciples, and was very efficient in spreading the faith.

So great was the influence of father and daughter over the prophet that it was seen by the politicians of the new church that all ought to combine to ruin Ayesha, and the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran stands as a monument of the partial success of the conspiracy which followed.

In the sixth year of the Hegira, Mohammed went on an expedition against the tribe of Mostalek, and took Ayesha in the caravan. On their return, when they were not far from Medina, the army moving by night, Ayesha, on the road, alighted from her camel; on her return, perceiving she had dropped her necklace, which was of onyxes of Dhafar, she went back to look for it, and, in the meantime, her attendants, taking it for granted that she had re-entered her pavilion (or little tent surrounded with curtains wherein women are carried in the east), set it again on the camel, and led the animal onward.

When Ayesha came back to the road, and saw her camel was gone, she sat down there, expecting that when she was missed, people would be sent back to fetch her; and in a little time, being weary with hard travel on the camel, she fell asleep. Early in the morning, Safwan Ebn al Moattel, who stayed behind to rest himself, coming by, and perceiving somebody asleep, went to see whom it might be, and recognized Ayesha, the favorite wife of the Prophet, upon which he reverently waked her, by twice pronouncing, with a low voice, the words, "We are God's, and unto him must we return." Then Ayesha immediately covered herself with her veil, and Safwan set her on his own camel, and led her after the army, which they overtook by noon, as it rested.

Ayesha's reputation was instantly assailed by five of Mohammed's enemies, and, notwithstanding Ayesha's protestations of innocence, the case was made to look very dubious. A month later the Prophet was able to silence all scandal by the revelation of the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran, entitled "Light."

"As to the party among you who have published the falsehood concerning Ayesha," says the Koran, "think it not to be an evil unto you; on the contrary, it is better for you [that is, for the Prophet, for Abu-bekr, and for Ayesha and Safwan, for God would make them amends in the next world, since he now was revealing himself to clear their good name]. Every man of them shall be punished according to the injustice of which he hath been guilty, and he among them who hath undertaken to aggravate the same shall suffer a grievous punishment. Did not the faithful men and the faithful women, when ye heard this, judge in their own minds for the best, and say: 'This is a manifest falsehood?' Have they produced four witnesses thereof? Wherefore, since they have not

produced the witnesses, they are surely liars in the sight of God. Had it not been for the indulgence of God toward you, and his mercy in this world, and in that which is to come, verily a grievous punishment had been inflicted on you for the calumny which ye have spread, when ye published that with your tongues, and spoke that with your mouths of which ye had no knowledge, and esteemed it to be light, whereas it was a matter of importance in the sight of God. When ye heard it, did ye say, 'It belongeth not unto us that we should talk of this matter; God forbid! This is a grievous calumny!' God warneth you that you return not to the like crime forever, if ye be true believers. And God declareth unto you his signs, for God is knowing and wise. Verily they who love to see scandal published regarding those who believe, shall receive a severe punishment both in this world and the next."

Four of the five persons concerned in spreading the scandal concerning Ayesha accordingly each received eighty stripes, pursuant to the law ordained in this chapter. It is said in the Moslem world that two of the offenders, Hassan and Mestah, became blind, and that Hassan also lost the use of both of his hands.

Al Beidawi, commentator on the Koran, observes concerning this chapter, that God cleared four persons by four extraordinary testimonies; for he exculpated Joseph by the testimony of a child in his mistress' family; Moses, by means of the stone that fled away from his garments; Mary, by the testimony of her infant, and Ayesha by these verses of the Koran.

It was a saying of Ebn Abbas that if the threats contained in the whole Koran be examined, there are none so severe as those occasioned by the false accusation of Ayesha; wherefore he thought even reprentance would stand her slanderers in no stead.

It had been Abu-bekr, the first man of influence, to whom Mohammed, coming with Khadijah, his first wife, out of the cave, imparted the secret of his prophetic powers, although a young man named Ali was really the first to hear it, and therefore styled himself "first of the believers," and set up claim to the successorship. When in the sixth year of his mission, Mohammed boldly proclaimed that he had made a night-journey from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence upward through seven heavens, several of his staunchest followers left him. At this crisis Abu-bekr declared that, if Mohammed affirmed the story to be true, he, Abu-bekr, thoroughly believed it. The known probity of Abu-bekr retrieved the waning fortunes of the Prophet, and, indeed, completed his success, for after that the Arabian world rapidly made way before him.

Thus it is plain to be seen that the daughter of Abu-bekr, herself accomplished and comely, stood in a highly advantageous position in the councils of the new religion. Khadijah had been the rich and elderly widow of a merchant, and all the other wives of the Prophet were also widows, while Ayesha was so much the junior of Mohammed that she was to outlive him by nearly half a century, and was only 18 years old when he died.

When Mohammed was about 60 years old a Jewess poisoned him with a roasted joint of mutton. When she was accused, she answered: "I thought, if you had been really a prophet, you would easily have discovered the poison; and if not, that it would have delivered us from your tyranny." The sickness following this crime was eventually the cause of Mohammed's death, and two of his wives, Hapsah and Ayesha, appear to have been especially faithful and affectionate in their service on the failing old man.

When the Prophet was finally attacked with the pois-

oning illness, he was in the apartment of Zeinab, one of his many wives. As soon as he despaired of his life, he sent for all his other wives and desired that they would allow Ayesha to take care of him in his sickness. To this they agreed, and he was at once carried to her apartment. Here he told Ayesha that the poison was again at work, yet he and Ayesha spoke together in a pleasant manner, which greatly alleviated his pain. Soon after he was in such pain that cold water was poured upon him in great volume. He was able, however, on the next day, to preach a sort of discourse from a pulpit in the mosque, in which he made his peace with the world and declared his accustomed humility, putting Abu-bekr and other high Moslems in tears and raising them to great heights of fanaticism.

Mohammed was now confined to Ayesha's apartment, while Abu-bekr was authorized to repeat the public prayers in the mosque. This led the people to expect that Mohammed would name Ayesha's father as the successor, but it seems he did not expressly do it, and it was the opinion of many that Ayesha did not wish that her father should be so advanced. The Prophet died with his head in her lap, without a successor.

When Abu-bekr came to offer two candidates, Omar and Abu Obeid, the assembly could agree on neither, and finally Omar took Abu-bekr by the hand and swore fealty to him, on seeing which all the rest did likewise.

This election then and there caused a schism in the church, which lasts to this day. Some hold that the succession was legitimate in Abu-bekr, and Omar who followed him, while others thought that Ali, who had been the first believer, and had married the daughter of Mohammed, should have been the first Caliph, or successor. "Of the former opinion," says Ockley, "are the Turks at

this day; of the latter, the Persians (the Shi-ites), which makes such a difference between these two nations that, notwithstanding their agreement in other points of their superstition, they do upon this account, treat one another as most damnable heretics."

Ayesha left a tradition that she had said that Ali did not come in until six months after the death of Mohammed, when the death of his wife, the daughter of Mohammed, had sensibly diminished the political value of his claims on the Caliphate.

Mohammed was buried in the apartment of Ayesha, at Medina, under her bed, and as the Prophet had himself decorated her with the title of "Mother of the Faithful," her position henceforth was one of unassailable religious power. She now entered on a long career of influence and authority which even defeat in battle could not utterly destroy.

When Omar was dissatisfied with the appointment of Saed as a general, Abu-bekr, the Caliph, was forced to seek Ayesha for advice, as he had done on many other great occasions. It was supposed that she, having been the best-beloved of the Prophet, could tell what he would have done had he been alive. In this case, Abu-bekr must either break with Omar or take back the commission of Saed—a great humiliation. Ayesha decided for Omar, and Saed patiently abided by the decision, declaring that he would fight under any orders for the propagation of Mohammed's faith.

As Ayesha charged on Ali the circulation of the scandal concerning her, it was always believed that she (temporarily at least) excluded him from the succession. She is represented as exceedingly well versed in the Arabic literature and the antiquities of her country, and her subsequent operations tend to support this claim. Abu-bekr

lived to enjoy the Caliphate but two years and four months, and Ayesha was authority for the statement that he died at 63 of a cold, though it was thought by some that he, too, was poisoned by a Jew. He held money in such contempt that he left little, and authorized Ayesha to bestow that on the Moslems. He was buried under her bed, along with Mohammed.

Omar was the second Caliph, and began his career as one of the great conquerors. He took Jerusalem, Tyre, Cairo, Alexandria, and burned the great library that had been accumulating for 700 years. He overran Persia. He was assassinated in the mosque at Medina after he had reigned nearly eleven years. He, too, was buried with Mohammed and Abu-bekr beneath the bed of Ayesha, on which the Prophet had died. With him, too, Ayesha must have had great influence, for he could not be induced to nominate Ali for his successor, alleging that he was not serious enough for a position that had now become the leading one in the world as it existed. Omar, therefore, named the five Companions of Mohammed to agree on one of their number, and Othman was chosen, Ali still feeling disappointed.

Othman followed the career of Omar as a conqueror, although he was a very old man (a companion of Mohammed) and finally (after ten years' reign) was assassinated by rebels at Medina, it being alleged on one side that Ali had winked at the deed, and on the other that Ayesha had intrigued to bring it about.

The rebels now compelled Ali to become Caliph, and that ambitious and designing person, at last, found himself unwilling to take the great office over which he had so long been unhappy. Ayesha, though detesting Ali no less, was also, from fear of massacre by the outsiders, compelled to favor the exaltation of Ali. But no sooner

was he placed in power than she aggravated the already distracted state of affairs by declaring that the assassins of Othman ought to be brought to judgment, which was just then politically impossible. Ali had had two rivals—Telha and Zobeir. These were the leaders on whom Ayesha now wrought, hoping to secure the ruin of Ali. She started on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and Telha and Zobeir followed her. No sooner had they arrived in Mecca than they recruited an army, while their partisans raised another in Syria. In changing governors of provinces at this critical time, Ali also lost other regions. Ayesha now boldly charged Ali with murdering Othman, and the bloody shirt of the slain Caliph was adopted as the standard of the Syrians and others who burned for vengeance on the murderers. A messenger reached Ali. "What news is stiring in Syria?" asked the Caliph. "There are no less than sixty thousand men in arms under Othman's shirt," answered the messenger, "which is erected as a standard under the pulpit at Damascus."

Ayesha now believed that it was best to march with the small army at Mecca directly on Medina, but other counsel finally prevailed, and Basra was chosen as a stronghold. Proclamation was made that the Mother of the Faithful, with Telha and Zobeir, was about departing for Basra, and therefore all who were desirous of supporting the true religion and avenging the death of Othman ought to join her expedition.

When Ayesha departed from Mecca she was at the head of a thousand camels with a thousand warriors, all fanatically determined to depose Ali from the Caliphate.

The camel on which Ayesha rode was called "The Army," and was of great value. Mounted on this camel, in a litter, she led her forces out of Mecca, and, by the time she had arrived at Basra, had three thousand soldiers.

But a peculiar incident marked her passage through Jowab, a village.

On Ayesha's approach all the dogs of Jowab met her in a body, and barked at her with great fury. This Ayesha took as a notification to make camp, for she declared that Mohammed, once on a journey with her, had remarked specifically that it was good to lodge within the noise of the barking of the dogs of Jowab, and therefore had predicted the present uncommon event. She at once recited a passage of the Koran, and struck her camel on the knee, preparing to dismount. But Telha and Zobeir, desiring a forced march, in order to reach Basra before Ali, got fifty persons to swear to Ayesha that this village went by another name than Jowab. Ayesha still determined to encamp. Thereupon the false cry was raised: "Make haste, make haste, Ali appears behind us!" Whereupon all, Ayesha included, marched on with speed.

This the Moslem writers own to have been a public lie, the first that had been allowed to go unpunished between the revelation to Mohammed and the defection of Ayesha. And it should also be noted that all the Caliphs before Ali had been men who did not seek the office nor leave it to their sons, being inspired with a high order of devotion to the new faith, which Mohammed had revealed.

At Basra the Syrians so greatly reinforced Ayesha that her army amounted to thirty thousand men. The Governor of Basra, summoned to surrender by the very Mother of the Faith herself, did not know what to do, and asked instructions from Ali, who returned word that, inasmuch as Ayesha, Telha and Zobeir had sworn fealty to him as Caliph, it was the Governor's duty to oppose them if they demanded a new Caliph. The Governor (named Othman) therefore resisted, was taken, insulted, shaven, confined and finally dismissed, beardless, to Ali, who received

him with great honor, and promised him adequate heavenly rewards for the afflictions that had befallen him.

At Medina, all was not well with Ali, and it was only after some time that two doctors of the law stood up and pronounced the following decision: "The Imam Othman, Master of the Two Testimonies, did not die by the Master of the Two Testimonies"—that is, "Ali is not guilty of the death of Othman." These are the "two testimonies" —namely, (1) "There is but one God; (2) Mohammed is the apostle of God."

Ali, now having Medina with him, set out with a small army to besiege Ayesha. His son Hassan made bold to censure him for not making peace with Ayesha, but Ali silenced the young man, declaring that the ambition of Ayesha was insatiable, and that the course he had pursued through all the troubles was the best.

Still, such was the power of the name of Ayesha in the Moslem world and over Ali himself, who had spent his life near her, that there was much parleying between the two armies, when they were drawn up together, and it is possible that, if the Mother of the Faithful had not been implacable, some kind of peace would have been made without battle. When Ali, therefore, saw that the thing was inevitable, he called down the vengeance of heaven on Telha and Zobeir, and hostilities began.

Ayesha was mounted on her great camel, in a well-defended pavilion, and moved with great resolution, from one part of her army to another in the heat of the action. Hence this battle of Khoraiba (near Basra) came to be called the Day of the Camel. Ali had twenty thousand veterans; Ayesha thirty thousand volunteers. The result could not remain doubtful, for Ali had long been a good general.

Telha was killed by an arow, and Ali soon had the

victory assured. Zobeir retreated to a rivulet, where he kneeled to pray. A soldier named Amru struck off Zobeir's head while Zobeir prayed, and carried it to Ali. But Ali revolted at the sight, saying: "Go carry the news to Ebn Safia, in hell!" Then answered the irate soldier: "Thou art the evil genius of the Moslems. If a person deliver thee from any of thine enemies, he is presently doomed to hell for such deliverance; but if he kill one of thy men, thou instantly pronouncest him one of the devil's companions!" Then the soldier drew his own sword and slew himself in the presence of Ali.

So long as the great camel of Ayesha stood on its feet, her troops fought about her standard with valor, and could not be dispersed. Seventy holders of one bridle had their hands cut off, and the pavilion in which she sat had its sides stuck so full of arrows and javelins that it looked like a porcupine. At last the camel was wounded and forced to fall, and Ayesha lay there until the engagement was over.

Ali sent the son of Abu-bekr to see if Ayesha remained alive, but she dismissed him with scornful language. When the defeated woman was brought before Ali, the triumphant Caliph received her with reverence, dismissed her courteously, and ordered his sons Hassan and Hosein to attend her a day's journey, with a splendid equipage, on her way home to Medina.

Afterward the Caliph confined her to her house, and commanded her from henceforth never to concern herself with state affairs, although he permitted her to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, because she was held in high veneration by all the Arabs.

She henceforth, for many years, and until her death, was engaged in construing the Koran, on which she was held to be the greatest earthly authority, and her sayings

are compiled in the book called the Sunna, which gives a name to the Sunnites as against the Shi-ites, or sects that reject the Sunna.

In the reign of Moawiyah I, a following Caliph, Ayesha unsuccessfully interceded to save the life of Hedjer, a man of piety and austerity of life, whom the Caliph suspected of fidelity to the house of Ali. Hedjer had been insubordinate to a governor, and the Caliph put the disaffected subject to death.

In the last public act of Ayesha that is recorded by the Arabian historians, the aged Mother of the Faithful cursed the Caliph for his cruelty in Hedjer's case, the next time she saw her sovereign at Medina.

It is written that this ruler made a present to Ayesha of a bracelet that cost 100,000 dinars, so that between the early and the late days of Ayesha there was an extraordinary growth of luxury.

In the year 677 A. D. Ayesha died at Medina, being then 67 years old. The Companions had lived to see others on the throne, but the old women of their circle exercised a dreadful tongue with a long memory behind it, if we may judge by some of the recitals. But the Caliph had only begun to adopt aristocratic manners and assume especial privileges, and Ayesha's moral empire, although disturbed by the part she had played in the Battle of the Camel, still remained till her death the most impressive phenomenon attending the progress of Islam in Asia and Africa. She was given the most sacred of burials, beside the Prophet and first two Caliphs.

The bodies of Mohammed and Abu-bekr, Omar, and Ayesha, three of the Companions, lie interred in Medina in a magnificent building, covered with a cupola, on the east and adjoining the great temple which stands in the midst of the city.

It is quite within the bounds of reason to believe that no other priestess of a religion has so long lived to receive the reverent attention of so many implicit believers in the especial sanctity of her sacerdotal acts, for, at the time she died, the Mohammed Caliphate, although it had passed to the Damascan general, was still the greatest throne east of China, and the organization and ecclesiastical polity of the empire were more thoroughly established than any other similar structures then on earth.

JOAN OF ARC

A. D. 1412-1431

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

The tragic chapter on which we enter is one that reflects eternal glory on womanhood and casts a profound shadow of disgrace on the age of chivalry.

The drama that was played in history, now to be again recorded in these pages, was only possible in an era of dense superstition, remorseless warfare, and rigid ecclesiastical rule. Inasmuch as knights and nobles spent their whole lives in deeds of slaughter, pillage, and devastation, it is not impossible that they looked upon it as a necessity, that, in return to the peaceable husbandmen who supported them, they should strive hard to kill each other and thus decrease the number of such enemies of mankind.

The literature contemporary with the exploits of Joan is meager, and, outside of the records of an ecclesiastical trial for witchcraft which closed the scene, is largely contained in nine very short chronicles of Monstrelet, whose annals begin where those of Froissart cease. But the literature of the period of her justification and national apotheosis is immense, and lovers of the good, the noble, and the heroic have labored with the enthusiasm of genius to supply a pompous appanage of detail concerning the early life and military achievements of the Maid of Orleans.

She should have been called the Maid of Domremy, or the Maid of Rouen. To understand her history, note

that she was born at Domremy, reached Charles VII at Chinon, went to Orleans, pursued his enemies to Gergau and the battle of Patay, went to Rheims, went outside Paris, went to Lagny-on-the-Marne, was captured at Compiègne, and was burned at Rouen. She could not read or write. She never looked inside of Paris.

Now, Domremy is a hamlet on the upper Meuse River at the northeastern borders of France, and the Meuse runs out of France into Belgium at Sedan, where Napoleon III surrendered to Bismarck.

Joan's first journey to Chinon was her longest, as Chinon is on the lower Loire River, not much over 150 miles from the Atlantic Ocean (southwest of Paris). Orleans, whither she next went, is up the River Loire 100 miles. Her operations thereafter are all in the northeast of France again, far nearer her home. Rheims and Compiègne are on or near streams which flow westward to the suburbs of Paris, and Rouen is on the Seine River, nearly at its mouth in the English Channel, a few miles upstream from Havre. These geographical statements will, we think, tend to make clearer the story of her short, sad and astonishing career.

Human existence, in every age, is made much more dramatic and interesting by the appearance of persons who, through rare or previously unheard-of gifts or faculties, arouse the wonder and admiration of their fellows. Joan was one of these. She saw apparitions and heard them speak, showing a double disturbance of her senses; for when the nerves of the eye thus betray their owner, it is not often that the brain cells of the ear are in a like state of interior excitement. She was young and as ignorant of the causes of her subjective sight-seeing as we remain to-day. She would not have acted logically, or even sanely, had she not believed that spirits had com-

manded her to hasten to the aid of her King. There was not, at that time, an honest man in the world, who, had he possessed the inborn courage of Joan, would not have proceeded on the lines that she followed, though it is doubtful if many would have displayed so much good sense and singleness of purpose as she evinced.

Joan of Arc is, arguing from these premises, one of the greatest heroines—or heroes—the world has produced, just as the succeeding century of almost equal barbarity of manners put forth, in Shakespeare, the strongest poetic genius to be found in the whole universe of letters. Now to the details of her career:

Charles VI, an insane or incapable monarch of France, was led to make a treaty with Henry V of England uniting the kingdoms, with Henry as Regent during the incapacity of Charles—Henry to marry the daughter of Charles. The dispossessed Dauphin, or Crown Prince of France, Charles (afterwards the Seventh), declared war on the parties to this treaty, and Scotland sent him 7,000 men. Castile sent more men, and Charles at last could reckon 20,000 soldiers, and held the banks of the lower Loire to the sea. The Duke of Burgundy was then a reigning prince, and he joined with England. The Duke of Bedford commanded the English in France.

Then both the King of England and Charles VI of France died suddenly.

The chief places of northern France were all held by the English, who had strengthened their party by keeping the French prelates in office and power, and these unhappy ecclesiastics, as we shall see, labored incessantly in the interest of their new patrons, the invaders. The Dauphin, Charles VII, could not be crowned at Rheims, which was held to be necessary by tradition. Such coronation as could be had took place at Poitiers, south of

the Loire, and to nullify its force the Duke of Bedford had the young, or infant, Henry VI, King of England, crowned King of England and France, at Paris, which, considering the treaty and the attitude of the most of the French church, gave to the English claims a strong appearance of validity. For four years the tide went gradually against Charles VII. He did not even control all the provinces south of the Loire. As for those to the north, the French common people had nearly abandoned hope of ever seeing another French King.

Yet the English felt the necessity of taking the great town of Orleans. If they could get that, Southern France would surrender. Therefore, in the autumn of 1428 Lord Salisbury, with 10,000 men, sat down to the siege of Orleans, building towers and works in due form, and making it appear that the capture of the city was only a matter of time. It may be imagined that the news of this, spread by the English in northwestern France, carried gloom into every village whose people had felt the weight of the foreign yoke. We may easily, in our minds, behold the peasant mother, with her child at her knee, in nearly every cottage, praying devoutly to the Saints and Mary for her own King.

At Domremy (now called Domremy-la-Pucelle—*pucelle* being the French word for *maid*) was Joan, 16 years old. Her hamlet lay in the parish of Creux, diocese of Toul, not far from Vaucouleurs, the nearest large town. She had been taught, by the priest, a few things deemed necessary to her very low station—the angelic salutation, the symbol of the apostles, and the Lord's prayer. She was of middle size, strong and well made, with open countenance, fine features, rather majestic than delicate, and black hair. When Monstrelet saw her, some time later, he thought her 20 years old. "She had

been," he says, "for some time hostler and chambermaid to an inn, and had shown much courage in riding horses to water, and in other feats unusual for young girls to do." In fact, it is fairly certain that she had become an expert rider, and had fought with false lances, imitating all the military movements, evolutions and maneuvers of that warlike day. She was no gentle maid, but a most stout and plucky girl to start with, and the very marvel of her case lies in the fact that with this hoidenish physical nature there was united the profound meditation which usually attaches to a life without hard physical exercise. She heard of the constant defeat of French arms with little resignation, and her recourse to religion was for the purpose of finding some means to aid her King.

At last St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine appeared to her, in vision, and commanded her to go the succor of her King, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to drive the oppressors from France. St. Catherine of Alexandria was a young woman who had confronted fifty pagan philosophers and suffered martydom. Her mystic marriage with the Infant Jesus was a painting to be seen in every cathedral, and she was doubtless, at this time, the most popular of the Saints.

Like Mohammed, Joan first kept secret her revelation. Then she communicated the facts to her family—for facts they undoubtedly were. That is, she had seen and heard. The apparitions and voices, so far as she knew, were in the objective, were outside of her. She also knew they were not human, for in these phenomena of a disordered brain there is a distinct difference between spectral and real things, easily to be noted by the same intellect—for seeing of visions is not insanity, as fever patients of these days can testify. She had a basis of

fact, so far as she knew, to go upon. All her religious teachings tended to support her own views.

But her parents doubted her sanity. When they heard her plans, they took her to Neuchâtel, in what manner is not known.

The journey only increased her distress. She continued to see the Saints and to hear their voices, imploring her to act. At last, in May, 1429, she persuaded Durant Lappart, her uncle, to accompany her to Governor Baudricourt, a knight, at Vaucouleurs. To the governor she communicated her designs, and commanded him that he should forewarn Charles VII not to attack his enemies at Orleans, because, toward mid-Lent, God would send him succor.

Baudricourt received her coldly. He rebuked her uncle for disturbing him with a maniac, and ordered that the girl should be taken at once to her parents. Yet the journey gave her some importance at Domremy, and a little circle increased whose members thought Baudricourt had erred. She now assumed male attire, and preached her mission as boldly as Mohammed. Her uncle again went with her to the governor, who was still obdurate. But the new cult spread, and, on her third mission, Baudricourt kept her for three weeks in Vaucouleurs and set the priest to the business of discovering what manner of woman she was. She duly confessed, and showed herself in all things an implicit believer, according to accepted standards.

One day the priest, in all the garments of his sacred office, entered her apartment with the governor, the two magnates making a most solemn and impressive appearance. The priest, proceeding to the business of exorcising evil spirits, cried out: "If thou hast any concern with the

Arch-enemy of Mankind, depart thou, instantly; but if thou comest on the part of God, thou shalt remain."

To this solemn admonition the girl spiritedly replied, maintaining that her mission was from God. She now told the governor of a defeat the French had sustained on Saturday, the 12th of February, under the walls of Orleans. This was the Battle of the Herrings, because it was in Lent, and the provender was largely of herrings. The English would spread the news of the victory. Joan might have told the news to the governor without alleging any divine attribute, and he might have believed she had it from heaven. It is not likely that Joan lied during her entire career.

Whether human beings give out X rays, or have other means of conveying or inferring thought, it is certain that there is no force more convincing than a pure belief, and the governor seems soon to have come to the opinion that, either as witch or prophetess, Joan could aid the King. She was no idle or passive character, but was every day preaching her mission, until the patriotic people of Vaucouleurs contributed money and fitted her with a suit of male attire and a horse. The governor gave her a sword, sanctioned the journey which the people were now willing she should make, and, so far as the only really responsible person could do, lent his aid to the unheard-of enterprise. He learned that Joan was of unspotted character, and then appointed two honorable guides to attend her on her highly daring adventure across France. These were gentlemen of Champagne—Bertrand de Polengi and John de Novellempont. Four servants went along, and Bertrand paid all the expenses of travel, which, of course, were not inconsiderable.

She took no leave of her parents, but set off with the good will of all Vaucouleurs. The dates are inextric-

ably confused by the historians and romancers, but it is said the journey was made at an unseasonable time in the early part of the year. The band traversed the provinces of Champagne, Burgundy, the Nivernois, Berri and Touraine, making great circuits to shun stations that were held by English troops. "Fear nothing!" she ever said; "we shall arrive safely at Chinon, and the Dauphin will receive us joyfully." Novellempont was impressed with the exhibitions of her piety and charity. Neither haste, dangers, nor difficulties caused her to neglect her devotions, and a share of her meal was ever offered to the poor. It is likely that she was with two knights, and readily joined their regular proceedings. She always proffered her personal aid to the distressed, and this, too, along with the knights, as they lived under a strict code, and had acknowledged her holy mission.

She now enters the chronicles of Monstrelet at the fifty-eighth chapter of his sixth volume, and becomes clearly historical. Monstrelet remembers it as happening "in the course of this year (1428)."

"She was dressed like a man," says he, "and called herself 'a maiden inspired by the Divine Grace,' and said she was sent to restore King Charles to his kingdom, whence he had been so unjustly driven, and was now reduced to so deplorable a state.

"She remained about two months in the King's household, frequently admonishing him to give her men and support, and that she would repulse his enemies, and exalt his name. The King and the Council, in the meantime, knew not how to act, for they put no great faith in what she said, considering her as one out of her senses. To such noble persons the expressions she used are dangerous to be believed, as well for fear of the anger of the Lord,

as for the blasphemous discourses they may occasion in the world.

"After some time, however, she was promised men-at-arms and support. A standard was also given to her, on which she caused to be painted a representation of our Creator. All her conversation was of God, on which account great numbers of those who heard her had faith in what she said, and believed her inspired, as she declared herself to be.

"She was many times examined by learned clerks (clergy) and other prudent persons of rank, to find out her real intentions. But she kept to her purpose, and always replied that, if the King would believe her, she would restore to him his kingdom. In the meantime she did several acts, which shall be hereafter related, that gained her great renown.

"When she alone sought out the person of the King, the Duke of Alençon, the King's marshal, and other captains, were with him, for he had held a great council relative to the siege of Orleans.

"From Chinon the King went to Poitiers, accompanied by the Maid." The Parliamentary University had been driven together by the fortunes of war, and it is possible the Council desired to deliberate further upon raising the fanatical standard they had made.

Monstrelet, whom we are citing in the quoted passages, was finally governor of Cambray, near the region of Joan's birth. What he relates he heard through the enemy's lines, as he was on the side of the Duke of Burgundy, against Charles. He never saw Joan till after she was captured, and then did not pay sufficient attention to what she said to remember her words.

Thus Joan is like Hannibal. The only trustworthy portion of her history comes to posterity from the pen of

her enemies. The flattering little details are doubtless the work of devout and patriotic but later hands, gathered out of the confused mists of tradition. The painters and romancers of France, in fact, have created a Joan of Arc without reference to the known facts, consulting the mock humanities and the conventionalities of their time rather than truth and common sense. Great painters, like Ingres, have depicted the Maid in complete steel, yet at the same time in feminine apparel. Such a picture now hangs in the Louvre, in one of the upper galleries—and yet Ingres was one of the best painters of his day. Nor is this the only example of the kind in the Louvre.

"Shortly after," continues Monstrelet, "the marshal was ordered to convey provisions and stores, under a strong escort, to the army within Orleans. Joan requested to accompany him, and that armor should be given to her, which was done. She then displayed her standard [probably a technical phrase, implying knightly ceremonials] and went to Blois, where the escort was to assemble, and thence to Orleans, always dressed in complete armor. On this expedition many warriors served under her; and when she arrived at Orleans great feasts were made for her, and the garrison and townsmen were delighted at her coming among them."

Thus it seems that Orleans was not completely invested, but rather that Salisbury had made a camp on the Roman pattern, at once threatening to Orleans and capable of strong defense.

Tradition asserts that at Chinon the Maid said to the King, taking him aside, "Does your Majesty recollect, that on All Saints' Day, when you were about to receive the communion, you asked of Jesus Christ, that if you were not the legitimate heir to the throne, to deprive you of the power, or the will, to defend yourself, and, if He

were still irritated against France, to let the chastisements which He reserved for your people, fall upon you alone?"

This, it was said, persuaded the King. Another tradition states that when Joan was asked why she always styled the King the Dauphin (Crown Prince), she replied that he would only be really King when he was crowned at Rheims, and after that his affairs would prosper. Also, he must act soon, as her mission would expire in a year.

Furthermore, writers of uncertain authority state that at Poitiers she resided in the house of the attorney-general, whose family became converts; that the Parliament all thought she was a mere visionary at first, but came away from the hearings all of a mind that she should be sent to war as she demanded, to see if God willed it as she said; that they asked for a miracle from her, but she answered them: "I was not sent to give signs at Poitiers, but at the siege of Orleans and at Rheims, where I will show all the world more signs of my mission."

The same line of authorities relate that at Blois, on the way to Orleans, she formed the clergy into a sacred battalion, and made them march at the head of the army under a banner, which was borne by her chaplain, and represented a crucifix. The air responded with their hymns, and the soldiers, filled with enthusiasm, joined in the song. All her soldiers had confessed. It is possible that Joan had heard of the methods of Mohammed, and, imitating him, had raised the standard of a holy war.

The people of America and England, between 1870 and 1880, all saw the power over the multitude of the Evangelist Moody, whose operations were carried on in a time of profound peace. It is therefore to be believed that there resides in human nature an immense store of religious fervor, which may, particularly in time of public danger, be released through the inspiration of persons

of extraordinary faith. Doubtless the holy war of Joan was now known to all, and indorsed by thousands or millions, for Moody, at Edinburgh, in one night, converted more unbelievers than could enter the largest public hall of the city.

Beautiful incidents regarding her life have been plentifully recorded by the apocryphal writers—as that, on hearing an English soldier apply an opprobrious epithet to her, she burst into tears. This story is improbable for several reasons.

The Bastard of Orleans, then twenty-five years old, who was near her, testified, when he was 55, that all she did bore a supernatural character, in his opinion.

It is stated, also, that she sent to the church at St. Catherine of Fier Bois, for a sword that would be found behind the altar, but it is also stated that she bore a sword from Vaucouleurs.

The arrival of so great a religious character as Joan had already become, was, of course, an event of vast import in Orleans. And in the lines of the enemy we may opine, too, that need was felt of answering holy war with holy war. Joan had unwittingly invaded the pale of the priesthood; she had arrogated to herself all of its sanctity. In all that part of the church which had seen fit to teach that God favored the cause of Henry VI as his anointed servant, Joan must figure as a very pestilent heretic. This was, in fact, the challenge which the logic of her position created. This challenge cost her her life when she fell into their hands; and this, too, very logically, for they argued if God had directed her course, he would have protected rather than overthrown her.

It is further said, on no very good authority, and still it may be true, that Joan dispatched by herald a letter to the King of England, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord

Salisbury, commanding the latter to leave Orleans and the former to restore France to her sovereign. The herald was thrown into prison by the enemy. Joan demanded his release, threatening reprisal, when he was released and sent to her with a letter full of reproaches. Then she fastened another letter to an arrow. "Englishmen," she said, "you have no right to this Kingdom of France. God commands you by me, Joan, the Maid, to abandon your forts and retire. I would send you my letter in a more civil way, did you not stop my heralds."

We may now again take up the actual historical account, remembering that it is written with a pen that was hostile.

The siege of Orleans had lasted seven months; the English had sixty towers. The convoy came up the River Loire with 7,000 men, Joan evidently in command. "The English attempted to cut off this convoy; but it was well defended by the Maid and those who were with her, and brought with safety to Orleans, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who made good cheer, and were rejoiced at its safe arrival and the coming of the Maid.

"On the morrow, which was a Thursday, Joan rose early, and, addressing herself to some of the principal captains, prevailed on them to arm and follow her—for she wished, as she said, to attack the enemy, being fully assured they would be vanquished. These captains and other warriors, surprised at her words, were induced to arm and make an assault on the tower of St. Loup, which was very strong, and garrisoned with three to four hundred Englishmen. They were, notwithstanding the strength of the blockhouse, soon defeated, and all killed or made prisoners, and the fortification was set on fire and demolished.

"The Maid, having accomplished her purpose, re-

turned with the nobles and knights who had followed her to the town of Orleans, where she was greatly feasted and honored by all ranks.

"The ensuing day she again made a sally, with a certain number of combatants, to attack another of the English forts, which was as well garrisoned as the former one, but which was in like manner destroyed by fire, and those within put to the sword. On her return to the town after this second exploit she was more honored and respected than ever.

"On the next day, Saturday, she ordered the tower at the head of the bridge to be attacked. This was strongly fortified, and had within it the flower of the English chivalry and men-at-arms, who defended themselves for a long time with the utmost courage; but it availed them nothing, for by dint of prowess they were overcome, and the greater part put to the sword. On this occasion were slain a valiant English captain named Classendach, the Lord Molins, the Bailiff of Evreux, and many more warriors of great and noble estate.

"The Maid, after this victory, returned to Orleans with the nobles who had accompanied her, and with but little loss of men. Notwithstanding that at these attacks, Joan was, according to common fame, supposed to have been the leader, she had with her all the most expert and gallant captains, who for the most part had daily served at this siege of Orleans. Each of these captains exerted himself manfully at these attacks, so that from six to eight thousand combatants were killed or taken, while the French did not lose more than a hundred men of all ranks."

On this, Monstrelet continues that the English marched out into open field and offered battle, which, being refused by Joan, they raised the siege. Joan was

now at once called the Maid of Orleans, because she had raised the siege, as she said God would aid her to do.

Here we have accurate and even ill-willed contemporary testimony that a girl, in the age of chivalry, clad in armor, on her horse, with sword, headed her troops into combat where great lords were slain, and was eager for the fray so long as the saintly direction she had received was in course of fulfillment. There is perhaps no other case of womanly courage well authenticated, that so well deserves the highest tribute of the panegyrist.

Tradition has her wounded in the throat at the bridge. A yearly celebration was ordered in the Cathedral of Orleans as long as France should exist. There is also account of a letter from Bedford to the King, who calls Joan "a disciple and limb of the fiend, called the Pucelle, who used false enchantments and sorcery, which not only lost a number of your people, but also withdrew the courage of the remainder."

The King, now himself advanced from Loches to Gien, on the river, and summoned Joan, who took a leading place in the Council. It was determined to follow up the success at Orleans, and the army of six or seven thousand men-at-arms, with Joan mentioned as the third leader, advanced to Gergeau, a castle which was soon taken, with other towers—"the French always," says Monstrelet specifically, "having the Maid with her standard in front. The whole report of the country now resounded with praises of the Maid, and no other warrior was noticed." The English captains sued for leave to retreat from other places on the Loire, because they observed that "the fame of this Maid had turned their good fortune."

But before the Loire was fully surrendered there was to be a battle in open field. The English again marched

southward from Paris, and the French put out a vanguard with a main body of nine thousand combatants behind it.

"The Maid was asked by some of the Princes, what she would advise to be done, or if she had any orders to give. She said that she knew full well their ancient enemies, the English, were on their march to fight with them, but, in God's name, advance boldly against them, and assuredly they should be conquered. Some present having asked where they should meet them, she replied: "Ride boldly forward, and you will be conducted to them."

The battle of Patay, near Yenville, was fought June 18, 1429. The English were soon defeated, and 1,800 of their soldiers were left dead on the field. The action was over at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

"All the French captains assembled together, and devoutly and humbly returned thanks to their Creator for the victory.

"On the morrow the French returned to Orleans, and the adjacent parts, with their prisoners. They were everywhere received with the utmost joy, but the Maid especially seemed to have acquired so great renown, it was believed that the King's enemies could not resist her, and by her means he would soon be acknowledged throughout his kingdom. She accompanied the other captains to the King, who was much rejoiced at their success, and gave them a gracious reception."

Monstrelet records the march of the increasing army of Charles VII toward Rheims. "He was always accompanied," says the chronicler, "by the Maid and a preaching friar of the order of St. Augustine, named Richard, who had lately been driven out of Paris for having in his sermons shown himself too favorable to the French party."

City after city opened its gates, and the terms were made very easy. At Châlons (after Troyes) the keys of

the city of Rheims were brought to the King, with the pledge of fealty.

"The King made his public entry into Rheims on Friday, the 6th day of July, attended by a noble chivalry; and on the following Sunday he was crowned by the archbishop in the Cathedral of Rheims, in presence of all his princes, barons, and knights then with him."

But Monstrelet does not say that Joan stood beside him, nor do we believe that the dates, as here recalled by Monstrelet, are accurate. The King created three knights. Joan is not mentioned at all in this sixty-fifth chapter.

In the next chapter of this, the only contemporary authority on Joan of Arc, we see presented the other side of the holy war that now progressed. The Duke of Bedford advanced with 10,000 soldiers to offer battle to Charles, and sent the following letter:

"We, John of Lancaster, Regent of France, and Duke of Bedford, make known to you, Charles de Valois, who were wont to style yourself Dauphin of Vienne, but at present, without cause, call yourself King, for wrongfully do you make attempts against the crown and dominion of the very high, most excellent and renowned Prince Henry, by the grace of God, true and natural lord of the kingdoms of France and England—deceiving the simple people by your telling them you come to give peace and security, which is not the fact, nor can it be done by the means you have pursued, and are now following to seduce and abuse ignorant people, with the aid of superstitions and damnable persons, and a woman of a disorderly and infamous life, and dissolute manners, dressed in the clothes of a man, together with an apostate and seditious mendicant friar, as we have been informed, both of whom are, according to Holy Scripture, abominable in the sight of God.

* * * As we most earnestly and heartily desire a final end to the war, we summon and require of you, if you be a Prince desirous of gaining honor, to take compassion on the poor people, who have, on your account, been so long and so grievously harassed, that an end may be put to their afflictions, by terminating this war. Choose, therefore, in this country of Brie, where we both are, and not very distant from each other, any competent place for us to meet, and, having fixed on a day, appear there with the abandoned woman, the apostate monk, and all your perjured allies, and such force as you may please to bring, when we will, with God's pleasure, personally meet you in the name and as the representative of my lord the King."*

The reader must not fail to note that, so far in the history of Joan of Arc, the only original authority outside of common tradition is Monstrelet; that he was an enemy at war with Joan; that the nearest writer this side of Monstrelet is a century away; that impostures were practiced on every side after her death; that given dates are certainly erroneous; that a great religious controversy arose, in which the Church finally took her side, perhaps because the English became Protestants; that the history of Pere Daniel builds up a structure of eulogy and heroic acts which has no authority, that was not common fame at the time, and how far that was due to hatred of the English cannot be known. Even Domremy is called Droimy by Monstrelet, Dompremy by others, and Dompre and Dom-re by still others.

It seems probable that Joan was treated as if she were a knight, her divine mission being acknowledged by all the French captains.

However, the French of that and succeeding genera-

* Monstrelet's Chronicles, Vol. 6, Chapter 66.

tions were exceedingly ungrateful. We find that Du Haillan, historiographer to Charles IX, speaks thus of her:* "The miracle of this Maid, whether it was invented and feigned, or true, raised the courage of the nobles, the people, and the King; such is the force of religion, and frequently of superstition. For some say that this Joan was a —— to John, Bastard of Orleans, others to the Sieur Baudricourt, others to Pothon, who, being politic and prudent, and seeing the King at his wits' end, and the people so discouraged by continual wars, bethought themselves of employing a miracle, made up of a false religion, which of all things in the world is most apt to raise and animate the courage of men, and to make even the most simple believe what is not. And the people were very much disposed to receive such superstitions. They who believe she was a Maid sent from God are not damned; neither are those who do not believe it. Many believe this last article a heresy, but I shall suspend my belief on either side. These lords, for some days together, instructed her in all she was to answer to the questions which should be put to her by the King and them, when she should come into his presence (for they themselves were to interrogate her); and that she might know the King (whom she had never seen) when she should be brought near him, they made her, every day, look several times on his picture. On the day appointed, in which she was to come to his chamber, it being by their own appointment, they failed not to be there. And when she came in, the first who asked her what she would have, were the Bastard of Orleans and Baudricourt, who asked her what she wanted. She answered, she desired to speak with the King. They showed her one of the other lords who was

* Bayle (article, Du Haillan) says Gabriel Naudé, librarian under Louis XIII, was of the same opinion.

there, saying that he was the King, but she, being before instructed in everything that was to be said and done to her, and in what she was to say and do, said that he was not the King, and that the King was hid behind the bed (where, indeed, he was), and going to him, she said to him what has been related (that she was Joan the Maid, sent by God, etc.). This feigned and counterfeit invention of religion was of such advantage to the Kingdom that it raised the drooping and dispirited courage of the people from despair. At last she was taken by the English before Compiègne, and carried to Rouen, where she was tried and burnt. Some have been, and will be, displeased at my saying this, and that I deprive our countrymen of an opinion which they have so long entertained of this as a sacred and miraculous thing, and that I thus turn it at present into a fable. But I resolved to say this, because it has been discovered to be so by time, which discovers all things. Besides, it is not a thing of that importance that it ought to be believed as an article of faith."*

It seems probable that these preposterous statements of the writers for the Valois and Bourbon Kings were made with a view of clearing the fame of Charles VII, an ancestor, from the charge of base ingratitude which lies against him. The knight, Baudricourt, we know from Monstrelet, who lived in Northeastern France, was at Vaucouleurs and could not easily reach the King. Joan, too, like the friar, Richard, or Whitefield, or Moody, was a powerful evangelist. The fact that she could not read or write signified nothing at all. It was unknightly to be learned. To act was everything. Only the clergy were allowed honorably to be men of contemplation. She,

* Du Haillan, The State and Success of the Affairs of France, book 2, p., 138. Paris, 1580.

by herself, raised the courage, first of Vaucouleurs, then of Chinon, then of Orleans; then, instantly, on fulfillment of her predictions, the gates of cities flew open and her King marched peacefully to Rheims. There, it seems probable, her mission as she viewed it, ended. The girl hostler knew not further what to do.

Charles VII set out with his army, receiving the keys of various towns on the way to Paris. The Bishops fled to Paris and sought protection with the English—particularly the prelate at Beauvais, named Cauchon. The two large armies met before Charles reached Senlis, at Mount Epiloy, near the town of Baron. The army of Charles was far the larger. "The Maid was also there," says Monstrelet, "but perpetually changing her resolutions. Sometimes she was eager for the combat; at other times not."

The two armies, for forty-eight hours, lay before each other, the soldiers of each side wrought to great heat, and giving no quarter in the skirmishes. About 300 were killed in the sporadic attacks, but the armies separated without coming together in a general engagement. The campaign, however, was still favoring Charles, and four strong castles came over to him. The town of Compiègne also sent in its submission, and Charles at once went eastward again, and lodged in the royal palace of that place. Compiègne is on the River Oise, near Soissons. The Oise runs into the Seine in the northern suburbs of (modern) Paris. Even Senlis, very near to Paris, and all the towns of the Oise, Marne, and upper Seine now came to terms. Charles, expecting that the Duke of Burgundy would soon make a treaty, as he already had made a truce, marched to St. Denis, a northern suburb of (modern) Paris, and quartered his men even on Montmartre, a high hill, within the walls of (modern) Paris.

The Paris of those days was mostly on the islands in the Seine, and in the Latin Quarter of to-day.

"The Maid," says Monstrelet, "was with him, and in high reputation, and daily pressed the King and Princes to make an attack on Paris."

On "the 12th day of the month" the French King drew up his army in battle array between Montmartre and Paris. His center was possibly where the Grand Opera now stands.

"His Princes, lords, and the Maid were with him." The van marched to the gate of St. Honoré, which would probably be near the intersection of the Rue Royale and the Rue St. Honoré, not far from the Place of Concord. Ladders, fascines, ditch-implements and all were provided, and a bloody fight of four hours set up. The lords and knights who led the attack on the gate are named. "Numbers were killed and wounded by the cannon and culverines from the ramparts. Among the last was the Maid, who was very dangerously hurt. She remained the whole of the day behind a small hillock, until vespers, when Guichard de Thiembronne came to seek her."

The King, who had perhaps thought the city of Paris might be betrayed into his hands, sorrowfully withdrew to Senlis, to care for his wounded, and thus the moral empire of the Maid, if she had really swayed the Council, was seriously impaired. Shortly afterward the King withdrew with his court to Tours, on the Loire, thus practically giving comfort to the English, who now made more and more of the Duke (practically the King) of Burgundy, and gradually repossessed themselves of many of the strong places that had recently fallen into French control. The year 1429 closes with a long series of events that betray the poor fighting qualities of Charles. Nevertheless, two or three very strong places were taken by

storm. It seems that Joan no longer remained in the King's Council, for, some time after Easter, in 1430, when Burgundy was again at war with France, according to truce, which had expired, we have the following paragraph, where for the first time Joan is named foremost among the captains:

"It happened on a certain day that those in Compiègne, namely, Joan the Maid, Sir James de Chabannes, Sir Theolde de Valperghue, Sir Regnault de Fontaines, Paton de Santrailles, and others of the French captains, accompanied by 2,000 combatants, came to Pont l'Évêque (Bishop's Bridge) between daybreak and sunrise." About thirty were killed on each side. The French retreated to Compiègne, whence they had come. Thus, twice it was seen that the Maid was not invincible.

At the beginning of the month of May (1430) a valiant man-at-arms named Franquet of Arras, attached to the Duke of Burgundy, was overthrown and taken. He had made an excursion with about 300 combatants toward Lagny-on-the-Marne, but, on his return, was met by Joan the Maid and 400 French. Franquet and his men attacked them valiantly several times, and, by means of his archers, whom he had dismounted, made so vigorous a resistance that the Maid, finding they gained nothing, sent hastily for succor from the garrisons of Lagny and other castles under the dominion of King Charles. They came in great numbers with culverines, cross-bows, and other war-like instruments, so that in the end the Burgundians, after doing great mischief to the enemy's cavalry, were conquered, and the better part of them put to the sword.

"The Maid even caused Franquet to be beheaded, whose death was exceedingly lamented by his party—for he was a man of most valiant conduct."

Père Daniel, of course, makes it out that Franquet was a robber, pure and simple, who was tried and hanged after the battle. Monstrelet's language—"by his party" —is cautious.

No doubt ought to remain in the mind of the reader, who is fairly conversant with the customs of those times, that Joan was a warrior, in mail, who gave and took. Tears, blushes, refusal to shed blood, and a general Paul-and-Virginia atmosphere have been foolishly assembled around her memory in order to comport with the sentimental needs of the French in the eighteenth century. At Lagny-on-the-Marne, through old Monstrelet's pen, we see her in the most heroic attitude of woman since Boadicea with her flaming eyes sent terror into the hearts of Roman legionaries.

The last military act of the great heroine is to be now recorded. We have here, possibly, the only authentic statement by any man remaining, that he ever saw her. It does not seem that Monstrelet himself credited her divine mission, as, indeed, he could not do so and respect his own priests, who daily anathematized her as a heretic:

"It happened that about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Ascension eve,* the Maid, Pothon, and other valiant French captains, having with them five to six hundred combatants, horse and foot, sallied out of Compiègne by the gate of the bridge leading to Mondidier, with the intent to attack the post of Sir Baudo de Noielle, at the end of the causeway of Marigny. * * *

"In this encounter the Lord de Crequi was dangerously wounded in the face. After some time the French, perceiving their enemies multiply so fast on them, retreated toward Compiègne, leaving the Maid, who had remained

*Ascension Thursday was and is a moveable feast, falling probably in May.

to cover the rear, being anxious to bring back the (common) men with little loss. But the Burgundians, knowing that reinforcements were coming to them from all quarters, pursued them with redoubled vigor, and charged them on the plain.

"In the conclusion, as I was told, the Maid was dragged from her horse by an archer, near to whom was the Bastard de Vendôme, and to him she surrendered and pledged her faith. He lost no time in carrying her to Marigny, and put her under a secure guard.

"The French re-entered Compiègne, doleful and vexed at their losses, more especially for the capture of Joan; while, on the contrary, the English (allies of Burgundy, encamped near by) were rejoiced, and more pleased than if they had taken 500 other combatants, for they dreaded no other leader or captain so much as they had hitherto feared the Maid.

"The Duke of Burgundy came soon after from Coudors to the meadows before Compiègne, where he drew up his army, together with the English, and the troops from their different quarters, making a handsome appearance, and with shoutings and huzzas expressed their joy at the capture of the Maid.

"After this, the Duke went to the lodgings where she was confined, and spoke some words to her; but what they were I do not now recollect, although I was present.

"The Duke and the army returned to their quarters, leaving the Maid under the guard of Sir John de Luxembourg (commander-in-chief), who shortly after sent her, under a strong escort, to the castle of Beaulieu, and thence, to that of Beaurevoir, where she remained, as you shall hear, a prisoner for a long time."

These castles stood between the Meuse and the Rhine, in the northeast of France.

We must now for a short time re-enter the uncertain field of tradition, trusting to Père Daniel, Du Haillan, and the later historians.

According to these, the King had ennobled Joan, her father, mother, and three brothers, giving them the name of Du Lys instead of D'Arc, and exempting their home from all taxes. It is certain that a medal was struck in her honor.

A *Te Deum* was sung in Paris on her capture. Three days later Friar Martin, Vicar General of the Inquisition, asked that the prisoner be surrendered to the Holy Office as one "vehemently suspected of many crimes savoring of heresy, crimes which could neither be concealed nor overlooked without good and proper reparation."

A letter was sent by the churchmen to John of Luxemburg (Earl of Ligny), which contained these words (in Latin): "You have employed your noble power in apprehending this woman, by whose means the honor of God has been offended beyond measure and the Church too greatly dishonored; for, through her, idolatry, errors, false doctrine, and other inestimable evils have taken root in this Kingdom. But the taking of her would be of little consequence, if she were not made to give satisfaction for the offense by her perpetrated against our gentle Creator, his Faith, and his Holy Church, and for her other innumerable misdeeds; and if this woman should be suffered to escape, the Divine Majesty would be intolerably offended."

The University of Paris (English, at Paris) demanded that Joan be delivered to Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese it was declared she was taken. The reader will recall how this prelate had once fled before her.

The Duke of Bedford purchased the prisoner from

Luxemburg for $50,000. An annuity of $1,500 a year was settled on the Bastard of Vendôme, who had received her surrender. A strong escort of English soldiers marched with her to Rouen, which is near Havre, not far from the English Channel.

Those appointed by the Church to try the cause were Cauchon and five other prelates of France, who had gone over to the Duke of Bedford, the Vicar General of the Inquisition, the Cardinal of Winchester, and about fifty Doctors of the Canon Law. The first session was held at Rouen, February 21, 1431.

The only notice Monstrelet takes of the Maid after her capture is made after her death, and, as the matter is authentic, it would be advisable that the reader should first peruse it. This document is valuable in showing the deep and verbose hypocrisy of the age. Let us premise it with a statement that an armed band of French set out from Beauvais, and "with them was a very young shepherd's boy, who was desirous to raise his name in the same way that the Maid had done:"

"Joan the Maid had sentence of death passed on her in the city of Rouen, information of which was sent by the King of England to the Duke of Burgundy, a copy of whose letter now follows:

"'MOST DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED UNCLE: The fervent love we know you bear, as a true Catholic, to our Holy Mother, the Church, and your zeal for the exaltation of the faith, induces us to signify to you by writing, that in honor of the above, an act has lately taken place at Rouen which will tend, as we hope, to the strengthening of the Catholic faith, and the extirpation of pestilential heresies.

"'It is well known, from common report and otherwise, that the woman, erroneously called the Maid, has,

for upward of two years, contrary to the divine law, and to the decency becoming her sex, worn the dress of a man, a thing abominable before God; and in this state she joined our adversary and yours (Charles), giving him, as well as those of his party, churchmen and nobles, to understand that she was sent as a messenger from Heaven, and presumptuously vaunting that she had personal and visible communication with St. Michael, and with a multitude of angels and saints in Paradise, such as St. Catherine and St. Margaret. By these falsehoods, and by promising future victories, she has estranged the minds of persons of both sexes from the truth, and induced them to the belief of dangerous errors.

" 'She clothed herself in armor, also, assisted by knights and esquires, and raised a banner on which, through excess of pride and presumption, she demanded to bear the noble and excellent arms of France, which in part she obtained. These she displayed at many conflicts and sieges, and they consisted of a shield having two fleurs-de-lis on a field azure, with a pointed sword surmounted with crown proper.

" 'In this state she took the field with large companies of men-at-arms and archers to exercise her inhuman cruelties by shedding Christian blood and stirring up seditions and rebellion of the common people. She encouraged perjuries, superstitions, and false doctrines, by permitting herself to be reverenced as a holy woman, and in various other manners that would be too long to detail, but which have greatly scandalized all Christendom, wherever they have been known.

" 'But Divine Mercy having taken pity on a loyal people, and being no longer willing to suffer them to remain under such vain errors and credulities, permitted that this woman should be made prisoner by your army, besieging

Compiègne, and through your affection she was transferred to our power.

" 'On this being known, she was claimed by the Bishop in whose diocese she had been taken; and as she had been guilty of the highest treason to the Divine Majesty, we delivered her up to be tried and punished by the usual ecclesiastical judges, not only from respect to our Holy Mother, the Church, whose ordinances we shall ever prefer to our own, but also for the exaltation of our faith.

" 'We were unwilling that the officers of our secular justice should take cognizance of the crime, although it was perfectly lawful for us so to do, considering the great mischiefs, murders, and detestable cruelties she has committed against our sovereignty and on a loyal and obedient people.

" 'The Bishop having called to his aid in this matter the Vicar of the Inquisitor of Errors and Heresies in the Faith, with many able doctors in theology and in the canon law, commenced with much solemnity and gravity the trial of the said Joan. After these judges had for several days interrogated her on her crimes, and had maturely considered her confessions and answers, they sent them for the opinion of our beloved daughter, the University of Paris, where they all determined that this Joan was superstitious, a sorceress of the devil, a blasphemer of God and of his saints, a schismatic, and guilty of many errors against the faith of Jesus Christ.

" 'To recall her to the universal faith of our Holy Church, to purge her from her pernicious errors and to save her soul from perpetual damnation, and to induce her to return to the way of truth, she was long and frequently charitably preached to; but that dangerous and obstinate spirit of pride and presumption, which is always endeavoring to prevent the unity and safety of Christians,

held the said Joan so fast bound that no arguments or exhortations could soften the hardness of her heart, so that she boasted that all she had done was meritorious, and that it had been done by the command of God and the aforesaid holy virgins, who had personally appeared to her. But what was worse, she refused to acknowledge any power on earth but God and his saints, denying the authority of our Holy Father the Pope, and of the General Councils of the Universal Church Militant.

" 'The ecclesiastical judges, witnessing her obstinacy and hardness of heart, had her brought forth before the people, who, with the clergy, were assembled in great numbers, when she was again preached to by an able divine. Having been plainly warned of the doctrines of our holy religion, and the consequences of heresies and erroneous opinions concerning it to the welfare of mankind, she was charitably admonished to make her peace with the Church, and renounce her errors, but she remained as obstinate as before.

" 'The judges, having considered her conduct, proceeded to pronounce sentence upon her, according to the heinousness of her crimes; but before it was read, her courage seemed to fail her, and she said she was willing to return to the Church. This was learned with pleasure by the judges, clergy, and spectators, who received her kindly, hoping by this means to preserve her soul from perdition.

" 'She now submitted herself to the ordinances of the Church, and publicly renounced and abjured her detestable crimes, signing with her own hand the schedule of her recantation and abjuration. Thus was our merciful Mother, the Church, rejoiced at the sinner doing penance, anxious to recover the lost sheep that had wandered in

the desert. Joan was ordered to perform her penance in close confinement.

" 'But these good dispositions did not last long, for her presumptuous pride seemed to have acquired greater force than before, and she relapsed with the utmost obstinacy into all those errors which she had publicly renounced. For this cause, and that she might not contaminate the sound members of our holy communion, she was again publicly preached to; and, proving obstinate, she was delivered over to the secular arm, who instantly condemned her to be burnt.

" 'Seeing her end approach, she fully acknowledged and confessed that the spirits which had appeared to her were often lying and wicked ones, that the promises they had made to set her at liberty were false, and that she had been deceived and mocked by them.

" 'She was publicly led to the Old Market-place in Rouen, and there burnt in the presence of the people.' "

"This notice of her sentence and execution," says Monstrelet—and it is all he ever says afterward—"was sent by the King of England to the Duke of Burgundy, that it might be published by him for the information of his subjects, that all may henceforward be advised not to put faith in such or similar errors as had governed the heart of the Maid."

This is the brief of the case made against Joan by a political (not a spiritual) branch of the French Church. It is probable that Charles, having carried on a holy war, did not dare to intervene when the Church offered this scapegoat to him. To have defied the Rouen tribunal would have been a religious step of the direst danger to his throne.

Let us now return to the Latin minutes of the trial, fragments of which have come down to us. These are

probably sufficiently true to be worthy of perusal. Joan is now before her accusers and judges.

This numerous body of men, in a warlike age, was too ignorant to be aware even of its essential cowardice. Before the judges, in iron chains, manacles, gyves, and bands, was a girl, a knight, who, but unloose her and arm all alike with swords, could slay this roomful as a butcher might slaughter his sheep. In her turn, this girl, holding within her heavy irons so much potential courage and heroism, was so devout that she believed (contrary to the statements of the English letter) that these fathers before her held not only some authority over her soul after death, but that she owed them duty and reverence in life. She believed what their priests had taught her; her mental experiences, peculiar and astonishing as they had been, were developed out of the ministrations of the Church.

Cauchon, the ousted Bishop of Beauvais, charged her to repeat the Lord's prayer.

Answer: I will do so if you will hear it in confession. (This would exclude him as a judge.)

She was charged not to escape.

A.—Were I to escape, you could not accuse me of breaking my word, since I never pledged it to you.

Q.—Do you swear to tell the truth about everything on which you shall be questioned? A.—I have not heard the questions. You might ask me to tell something I have sworn not to tell, thus I should be perjured, which you ought not to desire.

Q.—Do you swear? A.—You are too hard on me.

Q.—Swear, or be held guilty of the things imputed. A.—Go on to something else, then. I come on God's business, and I have naught to do here. Send me back to God, from whom I came.

Q.—Are you sure you are in God's grace? A.—If I

be not, please God to bring me to it; if I be, please God to keep me in it.

Q.—Has Charles had visions like yours? A.—Send to ask him.

Q.—Ought you to have attacked Paris on a festival day? A.—Certainly such solemn days should be respected, but for that error it is for my confessor to give absolution.

To Cauchon—You call yourself my judge, but beware how you discharge the heavy task you have imposed on yourself (sought so freely).

Q.—Did the saints, in their conversations with you, announce the descent of the English? A.—The English had come before I had any revelations.

Q.—Have you desired to fight the Burgundians? A.—I was always anxious to see my King recover his dominions.

Q.—Have these celestial spirits given you the hopes you seem to have of escape. A.—That has no concern with my trial.

Q.—Did you raise a child from the dead? A.—The child, being thought to be dead, was carried to church, where it was found to be still alive, and was baptized.

Q.—Did you change your banner often? Had it been consecrated? Why were the names Jesus and Mary embroidered upon it? Did you ascribe any good fortune to it? Did you so teach your soldiers? A.—I only changed my standard when it was torn. I never caused it to be consecrated with any particular ceremonies. It was by the priests that I was taught to place, not only on my standard, but on the letters that I sent, the names of our Savior and His Mother. I called to my troops to rush boldly into the midst of the English, and set them

the example myself—if that was good fortune in the banner.

Q.—Why did you have the standard in your hand at the coronation of Charles, at Rheims? A.—It was but just that, having gone with me into dangers, it should go also into a glorious place.

Q.—What is the difference between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant? A.—I shall be ready to submit to the church.

Friar Isambard (a judge).—Why do you not appeal to the Pope? A.—I do.

Cauchon: In the devil's name, be silent. (To the secretary): Erase all that.

Joan.—Ah, you write down all that tells against me; but you will suffer nothing that is in my favor to be written.

(Many fathers asking questions at once.) To them, Joan.—One at a time, good fathers, if you please.

Q.—Did the saints who appeared to you wear earrings or rings? A.—You took one ring from me. Pray return it.

Q.—Were these saints naked or dressed? A.—Do you suppose God has not wherewithal to clothe them?

Q.—Did you see any fairies? A.—I never saw any.

Q.—What do you think of them? A.—I have heard there are fairies, but I do not believe they exist.

William Marchon, one of the secretaries, made oath that he was deposed by Cauchon because he had refused to falsify the answers of the Maid.

A juror withdrew, declaring that the life of the prisoner was being made to depend on a grammatical distinction, since if the Maid, instead of affirming that she had believed the apparitions she had seen to be real, had

said that they *appeared* to be real, she never could have been condemned.

Luxemburg, the lord of Beaurevoir, who had sold her, came to see her trial. He told her he had come to treat for her ransom.

Joan.—You have neither the ability nor the inclination. These Englishmen will kill me, hoping to conquer France. But 100,000 more than are here now could not succeed.

The trial, discussions, and appeals to Paris dragged from February 21 to May 30, 1431.

On the 9th of May Joan was carried to the torture-chamber of Rouen castle.

Cauchon—The executioners are now prepared to fulfill their office, in order to bring you back into the ways of truth, in order to insure the salvation of your soul and body, so gravely endangered by inventions.

Joan—Verily, if you should tear me limb from limb, soul from body, I should tell you nothing more. If I should tell more, I would afterward still tell you that you had made me tell it by force.

She was not tortured, for fear of killing her before she could be publicly burned.

The jury found seventy charges true. These were reduced to twelve, which are named in the King's letter. The record of the trial was read to the prisoner, who pointed out many absolute falsehoods in the work of the secretaries. None of these falsifications were corrected.

The university sustained the jury, and on the 24th of May she was taken to a churchyard, and a defamatory sermon was preached against her. She was counseled to abjure, and, on the advice of her friends, put her mark to a Latin paper, which she supposed had regard wholly to her dress, and she willingly removed her male attire.

But even then she publicly rebuked a slight put on her King by the preacher, and thus angered the mob.

She was thereupon condemned "to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, in order that she might deplore the faults and errors she had committed, and relapse into them no more henceforth."

Stones were thrown at the judges, so eager was the mob to have Joan's life.

Joan—Come now, you churchmen amongst you, lead me to your own prisons, so I may escape the English.

Cauchon—Lead her to where you got her.

Joan was taken back to the English prison and told to dress as a woman, which she was glad to do. The soldiers, by patient persecution, compelled her to put on her man's dress again, which was considered a relapse.

Forty judges met again on the 29th. She was cited for the 30th on a charge of relapse, and to hear sentence of death at the stake.

Seeing that the soldiers had betrayed her, she gave way to grief and terror, and charged Cauchon that in a humane prison it could not have happened. Him she blamed alone.

"Ah," she cried, "I would seven times rather be beheaded than burned." Then later she said: "By the grace of God I shall be in Paradise to-night."

At 9 o'clock a. m., May 30, 1431, in woman's dress, on a car, with soldiers all about, Joan rode to the Old Market-place. A spy of Cauchon threw himself on the soldiers, hoping to reach her and obtain pardon for swearing away her life.

Joan wept on the car.

At the funeral pyre, which was built high, a long de-

famatory sermon was again preached. The soldiers cried: "How, now, priest, are you going to make us dine here?"

Joan knelt at the stake and begged for a cross. An attendant improvised one. She kissed it, and laid it on her breast. She begged her friend Isambard to fetch the crucifix from the church opposite, and hold it up, "in order that the cross whereon God hung might be continually in her sight, till the coming of death."

As the flames rose, she begged her confessor to go down off the scaffold, fearing he would be burned.

As he went down he heard her affirm that the voices she heard were heavenly, and she believed they had come from God. Her final demeanor dispirited the mob, and many went away fearing they had burned a saint. Her ashes were thrown into the Seine.

The monstrous moral wrong done to a French woman by ignoble Frenchmen at the command of foreigners, rested on France for twenty-four years. France was free, as she had foretold.

Pope Calixtus III, in the name of Isabel Romee, Joan's mother, and her family, and with consent of the King, ordered a new court at Rouen, to review the cause. At this court the testimonies of 112 witnesses favorable to the heroine were received. The sentence of 1431 was publicly burned and revoked.

A general procession and solemn sermons at the churchyard, where the first sentence was passed, and at the Old Market-place, were ordered, "where the said Maid had been cruelly and horridly burned." On the Old Market-place a cross of honor was planted, and official notice of the re-establishment of her memory was posted at all notable places in the realm.

The city of Orleans erected a monument, which has

had many vicissitudes (all patriotic), but stands at last higher and finer than ever.

The people believed that an early and unhappy death came upon all the judges who had declared against Joan of Arc. When the court of review was held at Rouen, the perfidious Cauchon had been dead for twelve years. Those few judges who survived were shunned as men who had slain a saint—as men over whom was suspended the most awful judgment of heaven.

On the ruins of the chapel where Joan heard the voices, Claude de Lys and others, nephews of Joan, were said to have built a chapel that bore her name. In the invasion of Gustavus Adolphus it was destroyed.

In 1880 the Bishop of Saint-Die began the erection of a considerable stone church on the site of the ruins of the chapel, which is some distance out of Domremy. As the church rose, its plans were enlarged and a steeple 185 feet high was built.

In the meantime, Pope Leo XIII beatified Joan of Arc, and she formally became an ecclesiastical saint, as she had long been a real saint in the hearts of the people. On the calendar of her church she now appears along with Saints Margaret and Catherine, whom she once trustingly adored.

The sculptor Allar executed a famous group, showing Joan in marble, surrounded and overtopped by the three figures in bronze of St. Michael and Saints Marguerite and Catherine. This group was dedicated on the porch of the church in 1894, and 30,000 pilgrims attended. Upon this the Pope raised the church to the rank of basilica.

This is a summary narration of matters pertaining authentically to Joan of Arc. In ages of faith her name must be written foremost in all earth's records. Through

ages of patriotism, her example has stirred nations to throes and agonies that brought liberty to slaves and death to tyrants. In ages of science, she will doubtless be viewed, through the clear medium of an intelligent admiration, as an honest human being whose lion-heart though held in the tender leashes of her gentle sex, was yet as strong as Richard's.

ISABELLA

A. D. 1451-1504

"THE MOTHER OF SPAIN"

The great woman upon whose history we now enter lived but a little later in an age of rigid ecclesiastical rule than Joan of Arc. While Joan was upon the extreme confines of the Church Militant, where the flames of rebellion were soonest to burst forth, Isabella was at that center, was in that citadel, of Roman faith, which stands firm today. There the deep and gloomy resentments of fanaticism had been wrought out of the hand-to-hand conflict with Mohammedanism. The general air of cant and hypocrisy which overshadowed and ended the career of Joan of Arc—that air, intensified in Spain, in the inner Cathay of Catholicism, surrounded, gave comfort, and offered powerful support to the supremely devout and to the devoutly intolerant. Thus lived and died Isabella; Torquemada, the Robespierre of the Church, was her early confessor. In her life and administration, therefore, many things will be found from which the encomiast must turn away, but these things should not be omitted by the historian. We shall, however, in the end, after considering her age and environment, contemplate the career of a very admirable and high-minded woman, who logically and perhaps successfully sought the welfare of the people whom she governed—for she was a real sovereign, like Elizabeth of England, not merely a consort Queen, like Marie Antoinette of France.

A moment as to the geography of this subject: On

the maps of the sixth century, the whole Spanish peninsula is marked "Kingdom of the Visigoths"; the Vandals hold Africa, south of Spain. In the tenth century, most of the peninsula is marked "Caliphate Cordova," with the "Kingdom of Leon" (Christian), north of the Douro River, in the northwest corner. The map of the triumphant Isabella, upon which we are now to look, finds Portugal, as at present, on the west, Leon spreading through to the Mediterranean Sea, and even to Sicily and Naples, and called "Leon and Castile," covering much the greater part of the peninsula; and having Catalonia at the northeast, small but owning the great city of Barcelona, which was to succeed Genoa, as Genoa had supplanted Venice, in the commercial primacy of the world. The whole peninsula, Moslem and Christian, had been called Spain from time immemorial, the Romans getting their word "Hispania" from the Phœnicians. Because Leon and Castile and Aragon covered nearly all the country, that consolidated monarchy became Spain, as the United States, to many foreigners, have become "America." The Spanish way of spelling the name is España (pronounced Espahnyah, with accent on the second syllable).

In 1450, over the mountains to the south of Castile, lay a long and narrow but fertile Mohammedan land named Granada, under rival Caliphs. The poets have vied with each other to exalt its beauties. Its principal city of Granada could alone furnish 20,000 fighting men. The other parts of Spain were Christian, but feudal and turbulent, unitedly looking on the Moors of Granada with steadfast hatred, yet expending their forces and shedding their blood in ceaseless attacks one on another.

As if called to forever change these conditions, Isabella the Catholic was born at Madrigal, in Burgos (north of Madrid, half way to the sea), April 22, 1451. Her his-

tory has been placed within the reach of English readers through the noble labors of William H. Prescott, a blind historian, who collated the unprinted manuscripts of the Spanish libraries, and gathered together the important parts of the recitals of Oviedo, Palencia and Enriquez, Llorente, Peter Martyr, the Academicians, and other less conspicuous scribes and actors in the scenes.

A strain of mental disorder ran through the stock out of which Isabella sprang. Her mother, her brother Henry, herself, her daughter Joan, her grandson Charles V, and the dark and gloomy Philip II, her great-grandson, all gave traces of this disorder. In Isabella its only manifestation was the melancholia in which she ended her days.

Four years after her birth, her father, John II, died, leaving his kingdom to his son by his first wife, and consigning Isabella, his daughter by a second wife, to the guardianship of the new King, who was styled Henry IV of Castile. When she was sixteen, her brother the King affianced her to old Don Pedro Giron, Grand Master of the Order of Calatrava, an infamous man, who had grossly wronged Isabella's own mother. The young woman had previously shown a great deal of spirit, and now it was concluded to use force. The King needed the aid of the powerful faction which Giron could control.

Isabella, on learning that she was to be sacrificed to a notorious wretch of inferior station, shut herself in her apartment and denied herself sleep and food for a day and night, praying to Heaven to spare her. As she was bewailing her fate to her life-long friend, Beatriz of Bobadilla, that valiant lady, says Palencia, drew a dagger and declared that it should go to the heart of Giron as soon as he appeared.

On his way to the wedding he fell ill and died, "with

imprecations on his lips," says Palencia, "because his life had not been spared some few weeks longer." Isabella considered the event an interposition of Providence.

This marriage having failed, the malcontents against Henry joined to exalt Isabella's own brother, Alfonso, and Isabella went with him. He was clearly a usurper. He died shortly after, and the seditious nobles then, in a large body, with the Archbishop of Toledo, primate of the Spanish Church, at their head, formally offered her the crown.

Isabella replied, to their astonishment, that while her "brother Henry lived, none other had a right to the crown; that the country had been divided long enough under the rule of two contending monarchs; and that the death of Alfonso might perhaps be interpreted into an indication from Heaven of its disapprobation of their cause." She advised reconciliation, and could not be moved from her purpose.

The King deemed himself unable to cope with his seditious subjects. They returned to him and exacted from the feeble-minded monarch a treaty which divorced his Queen and sent her back to her father, King of Portugal; that disinherited his own daughter, Joan; that declared Isabella Princess of Asturias and heir-apparent to the crowns of Leon and Castile; that the Cortes or Parliament should be convoked to sanction her title, and that she should not be compelled to marry against her consent; nor should she marry without Henry's consent. Upon this, brother and sister met publicly, and the treaty was ratified.

Isabella now appeared before the world as a great personage, and it may interest the reader to know that Prescott surmises that Richard III, the hunchback of England, sued unsuccessfully for her hand.

The young man whom she had long favored was

Prince Ferdinand of Aragon, a knight, a fine military captain, forehanded and thoughtful far past his years, a fellow-countryman and zealot—in fact, a companion and friend. When it became publicly known that Isabella and Ferdinand were lovers, and that the King of Castile had again attempted to provide his young sister with an aged husband—this time the King of Portugal, father-in-law of the Castilian King—boys paraded the streets of the great cities, singing verses prophetic of a happy marriage for Isabella, and mobs gathered at the royal palace to insult the prime minister of Henry. The people already felt that Isabella was to be their ruler, and union with Aragon was a pleasing prospect.

In the meantime, the old King of Aragon, Ferdinand's father, was busy advancing the interest of his son, whom he entitled King of Sicily and associated with himself on the little throne of Aragon. A commissioner was sent to operate on the mind of Isabella, and this commissioner carried cartes blanches signed by both Ferdinand and his father, to offer any terms whatever. It was not then believed that a Spanish woman could stand out against her husband in after years and protect her own rights.

Accordingly, on January 7, 1474, Isabella, at Cervera, signed articles of marriage with Ferdinand, in which he promised faithfully to respect the laws and usages of Castile; to fix his residence in Castile, and not to quit it without the consent of Isabella; to alienate no property belonging to the crown; to prefer no foreigners to municipal offices; indeed, to make no appointments of a civil or military nature without her consent; and to resign to her exclusively the right of nomination to ecclesiastical benefices. All ordinances of a public nature were to be subscribed by both. Ferdinand engaged to prosecute the war against

the Moors in Granada, and a large dowry was settled on Isabella.

Why did Ferdinand's people sign a document which gave so much and took so little? Because Louis XI of France was likely, otherwise, to seize Aragon; because Ferdinand would be commander of the Spanish armies against the Moors, and thus a European knight of the first order; because the Aragonese statesmen did not hesitate to believe that the lover could get more after he was married than before. In this the sordid young man was deceived.

King Henry had now gone into Andalusia. His statesmen, hearing of the forthcoming marriage, sent a force to Madrigal to capture Isabella; her partisans sent a swifter force and rescued her, taking her to friends in Valladolid. Meanwhile Isabella dispatched a deputation to the King of Aragon (Palencia, the chronicler of these affairs among the number), to beg for succor. The embassy found the King of Aragon in deep troubles, with less than 300 enriques (gold coins) in his treasury. He could spare neither men nor money. The distracted father appealed to his son and the council. It was determined that Ferdinand and a dozen attendants should go disguised as merchants to Isabella, while an embassy, as a diversion, should travel in state from Aragon to Henry IV. The family of Mendoza, strongly opposed to Aragon, occupied a line of castles which Ferdinand must pass. He went disguised as an attendant, took care of the mules, and served at table. Reaching a friendly castle at last, an apprehensive sentinel on the battlements let fly a huge stone, which glanced so near the lover's head that his romantic adventure had nearly ended there. At last he reached Leon, where the lovers met as royal equals, some-

what to the chagrin of the Castilians, for they thought Isabella ought to exact homage.

On the 15th of October, 1474, Ferdinand met Isabella again at Valladolid. The couple borrowed enough money to pay the expenses of a public marriage. The Archbishop of Toledo produced a fictitious bull of the Pope, empowering the cousins to marry, and Isabella, devoutly considering this last barrier removed, made ready for the wedding, which took place in the presence of 2,000 people on the 19th. A genuine bull was secured when Isabella was a powerful sovereign, some years later.

How did Isabella look? Her dress betrays the Moslem influence, making her figure to appear like one of the heroines of the Bible. She was a year older than her lover. In stature she was somewhat above the middle size. Her complexion was fair, and her hair strongly inclined to red. Her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility. "She was the handsomest lady whom I ever beheld," says Oviedo, "and the most gracious in her manners." "The portrait still existing of her in the royal palace," says Prescott, "is conspicuous for an open symmetry of features, indicative of a natural serenity of temper, and that beautiful harmony of intellectual and moral qualities which most distinguished her." She was dignified in her demeanor, and modest, even to a degree of reserve. She spoke the Castilian language with more than usual elegance; and early imbibed a relish for letters, in which the chroniclers all say she was superior to Ferdinand, who was a true knight in his contempt of learning. Isabella is the ideal Spanish woman; in dwelling on her graces and accomplishments, the Spanish historians, with one accord, pass at once into the realm of romance.

She was always a commanding woman. Determining to love and honor her husband, when she should get one, she

had sent emissaries to every court, and early reports on Ferdinand had pleased her best of all. She loved no other man all her life.

She was cold and calculating, except when stirred by religion. All the enthusiasm of which she was capable then burst forth.

Under the reign of these princely persons, who borrowed money to get married with, the Spanish monarchy was to rise to almost the summit of its grandeur, and was in fact to accomplish all the results which have redounded to its lasting credit.

The inner state of Spain could not well be worse, and the Moors threatened it on the south. Some of the feudal lords had 20,000 soldiers, and hatreds of an intense Castilian kind seemed too numerous for anyone to attempt to remove or placate them. King Henry repudiated the Valladolid marriage, and civil war broke forth with increased horrors. Fifteen hundred houses of the Ponce faction were burned at Seville. The harvests failed or could not be gathered, and the people began to see in comets, earthquakes, and unusual storms, the coming of the end of the world.

While things were at their worst, Henry and Isabella met at Segovia and made an ineffectual peace; the factions still fought, but Isabella gained a great noble, the husband of Beatriz of Bobadilla, and he was Governor of Segovia, and custodian of the royal treasury. Henry, later on, repudiated this latter agreement because he thought he had been poisoned at Segovia.

Meanwhile Ferdinand was in Aragon. His character is well brought forth in the following episode: A noble named Gordo had become the chief man of Saragossa. He was popular, powerful, and had committed crimes without number, declaring that he was the law. He was,

however, very obsequious to Ferdinand, and visited the palace, where he was received with every outward mark of favor. One day the Prince honored him with an invitation to an interview in a private apartment. It is said, on the authority of Palencia, Ferreras and Zurita, chroniclers, that when Gordo entered the chamber, he was appalled by the sight of the public hangman, a gibbet, and a confessor. He was seized and bound, lamenting his trust in Ferdinand. He appealed to Ferdinand, on the ground of brave deeds done for Ferdinand's father. These, Ferdinand assured him, should be gratefully remembered in the protection of his children. He was hanged. His body was exposed in the market-place, and those of his adherents who were found guilty of crime were punished in the regular tribunals without seditious outbreaks.

The civil war was greatly narrowed by the death of Isabella's brother, King Henry IV, December 12, 1474, which left only the King's daughter Joan to oppose the Cortes, the greater nobles, and Isabella and Ferdinand. Ferdinand, it is to be seen, was no mere carpet knight.

On December 13, at Segovia, the nobles, clergy and magistrates, in their robes of office, waited on Isabella at the castle, and, receiving her under a canopy of rich brocade, escorted her in solemn procession to the principal square of the city. Isabella, royally attired, rode on a Spanish jennet, whose bridle was held by two civic functionaries, while an officer on horseback bore before her a naked sword, the symbol of sovereignty. At the square Isabella ascended a throne on a high platform. A herald proclaimed: "Castile, Castile for the King Don Ferdinand and his consort Doña Isabella, Queen Proprietor of these Kingdoms!" The royal standards were then unfurled, the bells of the city pealed, and the cannons of the

castle announced that Isabella was Queen. Isabella received the homage of her subjects, and swore to maintain the liberties of the realm without encroachment. She then moved toward the cathedral, where a Te Deum was chanted. She prostrated herself before the great altar and returned thanks to the Almighty, dedicating herself to His service and to Castile. This vow she kept.

When Ferdinand arrived, he found that Isabella had preserved the ante-nuptial contract, and meant to defend it. On his side, he felt he had a clearer title as a male descendant of Isabella's house than she had, because, if a woman were eligible, Joan was the daughter of the King. The man who had hanged Gordo was, however, compelled to leave the disputed matter to the "arbitration" of the Archbishop of Toledo and the Cardinal of Spain, and these Castilians stood by the marriage contract. They decided that commanders of fortified places must render homage to Isabella alone; the money was all to be under her care. Justice was to be administered by both, sitting together, when they were in the same city; by either when in a city with the other person absent. Both were to sign proclamations; the coinage was to bear their images together.

Ferdinand agreed because he could do no better. The pair had an infant daughter (Joan, afterward mother of Charles V); to declare against female succession would debar her. Acquiescence would give him command of an army. Besides, Joan, the King's daughter, was not yet beaten. In fact, the very man who had exalted Isabella —the Archbishop of Toledo—now joined with Portugal to seat Joan on the throne of Castile. "I have raised Isabella from the distaff," said the prelate; "I will soon send her back to it again."*

* All the Chroniclers report this speech.

It is well to state that James in Spanish is Iago. The name that has been made by Shakespeare the synonym of all that is artfully treacherous, is in Spain the cognomen of the patron saint.

In the beginning of the ninth century a peasant of Galicia saw preternatural lights in a forest. Following them he found a marble sepulchre, containing the ashes of St. James (Santiago) the disciple of Jesus. The fathers at once established the advent of St. James into Spain as a historical fact. The Jesuit father Marina, a chronicler, doubts the genuineness of the body, and the advent of St. James, but concludes: "It is not expedient to disturb with such disputes the devotion of the people, so firmly settled as it is." Caro de Torres, a chronicler, states that St. James was incarnated in battle against the infidels down to a late period. Also in America, "he cheered on the squadrons of Cortes and Pizarro, with his sword flashing lightning in the eyes of the Indians." This is to acquaint the reader with the religious atmosphere of the time.

With the battle-cry of "St. James and St. Lazarus!" on his lips, Ferdinand now went forth against Joan and her uncle, the King of Portugal. In a word, the armies finally met near Toro, on the Douro River, at the boundaries of the provinces of Valadolid and Zamora. The battle lasted three hours. The standard of Portugal was borne by Edward of Almeyda. He lost his right arm, his left arm, and held the flagstaff in his teeth till he was cut down. Mariana, a chronicler, saw the armor of this knight at the cathedral of Toledo, where it was preserved as a trophy.

Isabella was at Tordesillas, a few miles behind. On hearing the news, she walked in procession barefoot to the church of St. Paul, and offered up thanksgiving to the

God of Battles. The nobles now all came over to Isabella; the crafty Louis XI of France found religious difficulties in the way of aiding Portugal any further, and only the problem of composing the kingdoms was left to Isabella's solution.

She now reorganized the Holy Brotherhood, a body of police, whose jurisdiction extended to robbery, burglary, theft, and resistance to the operations of justice. A junto met at Duenas and wrote a set of penalties in blood. Executions were conducted by shooting the culprit with arrows. The loss of a member, or several members, was denounced against ordinary crimes, while petty thefts might be punished by stripes. The nobles opposed the Holy Brotherhood, and Isabella set to work to make it respected.

The inhabitants of Segovia rose against Cabrera, husband of Beatriz, who was governor. The infanta or crown Princess Isabella was in Cabrera's keeping. Cabrera, with the royal child, was driven into the citadel and rigorously blockaded. Isabella, the Queen, and Beatriz were at Tordesillas. They took horse for Segovia. The mob met Isabella and requested her to leave Beatriz behind. She replied: "I am Queen of Castile; the city is mine, moreover, by the right of legal inheritance. I am not used to the receiving of conditions from rebellious subjects." She entered the beleaguered citadel with Beatriz at a friendly gate. The mob multiplied in numbers, crying: "Death to the Alcalde (Cabrera)! Attack the castle!" Isabella ordered the portals to be opened and the populace, pouring in, found her seated as a magistrate, to hear their complaint. "Tell me," she commanded, "what are your grievances, and I will do all in my power to redress them; for I am sure that what is for your interest must be also for mine, and for that of the whole city."

The complainants demanded that Cabrera should be deposed.

"He is deposed already," answered the royal judge, "and you have my authority to turn out such of his officers as are still in the castle, which I shall intrust to one of my own servants, on whom I can rely."

The people shouted, "Long live the Queen!" and proceeded to carry out her orders. They then attended her to the royal residence, where she admonished them to go home and become calm. On the morrow she would hear three or four of them in full.

The Queen, hearing the cause the next day, and tracing the riot to the jealousy of the Bishop of Segovia, restored Cabrera, and no riot followed.* Cabrera enjoyed her favor till her death.

Anarchy still prevailed in Estremadura and Andalusia, where the factions of Guzman and Ponce de Leon were at war. The Queen resolved to go far south. It was thought her tribunal would be scorned, and she would be killed. She answered: "It is true there are dangers and inconveniences to be encountered; but my fate is in God's hands. I feel confident he will guide to a prosperous issue such designs as are righteous in themselves and resolutely conducted."

Notwithstanding the alarms of Cardinal Mendoza, her prime minister, she was magnificently received at Seville. She erected her tribunal in the castle, and, after the fashion of earlier monarchs, proceeded to do justice. Every Friday she took her seat in her chair of state, on an elevated platform covered with cloth of gold, and surrounded by her council. The high court of criminal law sat every day. The Queen heard such suits as were brought to her,

*Carbajal, Zurita, Lebrija, Oviedo, Feneras.

saving to the parties expense and delay.* For two months this went on. Plundered property was restored and four thousand guilty persons were punished. The population of Seville began to diminish by flight, the burghers sued for an amnesty, and Isabella, to give the region a fair start on the road to good order, after demanding a restitution of all property illegally taken, passed an act of oblivion for all crimes except heresy.

The great Marquis of Cadiz (Ponce de Leon), head of one of the contending factions, and the one that had fought against her, now visited Isabella with only two attendants, and proffered his allegiance. This pacified Seville. The great contending lords were sent each to his estate, and were not compelled to fraternize in public.

The next year, 1478, Ferdinand and Isabella together inspected the Moorish frontier, and carried to Cordova the administration of justice that had succeeded at Seville. Two great warring lords were sent each to his estate, and the disaffected one swore fealty to his Queen.

In the far northwest, fifty feudal fortresses, the dens of robbers, were razed to the ground, and 1,500 perfidious knights fled from Leon. A wealthy knight named Alvaro Yañez de Lugo was sentenced to death for a hideous crime. His friends sought to pay to the Queen 40,000 doblas of gold for a commutation of sentence. Some of the ministers thought the money should be accepted and spent in the Moorish wars. But Isabella refused to intervene, and, furthermore, that no imputation might rest on the crown, allowed the malefactor's money to descend to his heirs. Thus, to the astonishment of Castilians, it was said that money would no longer corrupt justice in Spain. "The wretched inhabitants of the mountains, who had

* Marineo says no less than 8000 guilty fled out of the provinces of Sevilie and Cordova.

long since despaired of justice," says Pulgar, "blessed God for their deliverance, as it were, from a deplorable captivity."

"I well remember," says Oviedo, "to have seen the Queen, together with the Catholic King, her husband, sitting in judgment in the castle of Madrid, every Friday, dispensing justice to all such, great and small, as came to demand it. This was indeed the age of justice, and, since our sacred mistress has been taken from us, it has been more difficult, and far more costly, to transact business with a stripling of a secretary, than it was with the Queen and all her ministers."

"The law," says Sempere, "acquired an authority which caused a decree signed by two or three judges, to be more respected since that time, than an army before."

"Whereas," says Pulgar, "the kingdom was previously filled with banditti and malefactors of every description, who committed the most diabolical excesses, in open contempt of law, there was now such terror impressed on the hearts of all, that no one dared to lift his arm against another, or even to assail him with contumelious or discourteous language. The knight and the squire, who had before oppressed the laborer, were intimidated by the fear of that justice which was sure to be executed on them. The roads were swept of the banditti. The strongholds of violence were thrown open, and the whole nation, restored to tranquillity and order, sought no other redress than that afforded by the operation of the law."

Yet the grandees of the realm would have liked the old order better. An imposing body of these nobles waited on the royal pair, asking for the abolition of the police, and the restoration of the laws and customs of Henry IV, Isabella's deceased brother.

The monarchs answered: "You may follow the court,

or retire to your estates, but so long as Heaven permits us to retain the rank with which we have been intrusted, we shall take care not to imitate the example of Henry IV, in becoming a tool in the hands of our nobility." The nobles retired, abashed.

During Ferdinand's absence in Aragon, in 1481, a quarrel occurred in the palace at Valladolid between two young noblemen, Ramiro Nunez, lord of Toral, and Frederick Henriquez, son of the Admiral of Castile. The Queen, on hearing of it, granted a safe-conduct to the lord of Toral as the weaker party, until the affair should be adjusted between them. Don Frederick, however, disregarding the Queen's action, caused his enemy to be waylaid by three bullies, armed with bludgeons, and severely beaten, one evening in the streets of Valladolid.

Isabella, hearing this, mounted her horse in a severe storm and rode alone to the castle of Simancas, then in possession of the father of the offender. She traveled so swiftly in her anger that the officers of her guard could not overtake her till the castle was reached. She demanded of the Admiral his son. "He is not here," answered the Admiral. "Surrender the keys of your castle!" she commanded, and searched the place herself, but fruitlessly. The young man was not there. She returned to Valladolid, and was confined to her bed the next day with extreme fatigue.

"My body is lame," said she, "with the blows given to Don Frederick in contempt of my safe-conduct."

The Admiral took counsel with his friends, who were of opinion that it would be the best policy to deliver up his son. The young man was accordingly conducted to the palace by the constable of Haro, who represented to the irate Queen that his nephew was a lad scarce twenty years

of age, and begged her, in her action, to remember the disgrace a harsh penalty would bring on a great house.

Isabella ordered the young miscreant to be publicly conducted as a prisoner by one of her alcaldes through the great square of Valladolid to the fortress of Arevalo, where he was detained in close confinement, all privilege of communication with the world being cut off. At length, considering that he was closely related to the King, she released him, but banished him for a time to Sicily.

Having proved herself a sovereign entitled to obedience, Isabella's next struggle was with the Pope, Sixtus IV, who not only paid no attention to her wishes, but declared to her that "he was the head of the Church, and, as such, possessed an unlimited power in the distribution of benefices, and that he was not bound to consult the inclination of any potentate on earth, any further than might subserve the interests of religion." On this all Spaniards were ordered out of the papal states, and the Pope, in alarm, heard that Isabella meant to summon a council of potentates. A papal legate was hurriedly sent to Spain, but he was ordered out of the realm, when the Pope made a highly conciliatory move, and Isabella was left to exalt whomsoever she willed. She thereafter advanced only persons of exemplary piety and learning, and even the interests and desires of her husband counted for nothing when they ran opposite to this rule. The chronicler dwells on those good old times, when churchmen were to be found of such modesty as to be required to be urged to accept the dignities to which their merits entitled them.

The factions having been silenced, the thieves having been punished, and the arrogations of the Pope rebuked, the next step of Isabella was to restore the Holy Office of the Inquisition, chiefly for the purpose of destroying the Jews in Spain.

A Dominican monk named Thomas of Torquemada had been the early confessor of Isabella. "He won from her a promise," says Zurita, "that, should she ever come to the throne, she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy, for the glory of God, and the exaltation of the Catholic faith."

Nor did she have later confessors who were less dangerous. Siguenza says that when Brother Fernando of Talavera, afterward Archbishop of Granada, attended Isabella for the first time as confessor, he continued seated after she had knelt to make her confession, which drew from her the remark that it had been usual for both parties to kneel.

"No," replied the priest, "this is God's tribunal; I act here as His minister, and it is fitting that I should keep my seat while your Highness kneels before me."

Isabella complied, and afterward she said: "This is the confessor that I wanted." It will be seen, later, that Ximenes followed Talavera, as Talavera followed Torquemada.

In answer to the application of the potentates, Sixtus IV, November 1, 1478, issued a bull for the suppression of heresy, and the Jews of Castile were exhorted publicly to become Christians. The actual Court of the Inquisition opened at Seville on January 2, 1481, when an edict was published requiring all persons to accuse such others as they knew to be heretics. It was to be considered good evidence of heresy if the prisoner wore his best clothes on the Jewish Sabbath; if he had no fire the previous evening; if he ate with Jews; if he died with his face to the wall; if he gave Hebrew names to his children—(he was forbidden by law to give them Christian names).

To obtain evidence, the following instructions were given at Seville: "When the Inquisitor has opportunity,

he shall manage to introduce to the conversation of the prisoner some one of his acquaintances, or any other converted heretic, who shall feign that he still persists in his heresy, telling the prisoner that he abjured for the sole purpose of escaping punishment, thus deceiving the Inquisitors. Having thus gained the prisoner's confidence, he shall go into his cell some day after dinner, and, keeping up the conversation till night, shall remain with him under the pretext of the lateness of the hour. He shall then urge the prisoner to tell him all the particulars of his past life, having first told him the whole of his own; and in the meantime spies shall be kept in hearing at the door, as well as a notary, in order to certify what may be said within."

Now began the auto da fe at Seville—the Act of Faith —the burning of human beings for what they had believed. A spacious stone scaffold was erected in the suburbs. At each corner was the statue of a prophet, and this was the stake to which the wretched victim of priestly rancor was bound. "Here," says the Curate of Los Palencios, "heretics were burned, and ought to burn, as long as any can be found."

In the year 1481, in Andalusia alone, 2,000 persons were burned alive, a still greater number in effigy, and 17,000 "reconciled." Let us read the sentence by which a heretic named Roger Ponce was "reconciled." The penitent was commanded to be stripped of his clothes and beaten with rods by a priest, three Sundays in succession, from the gate of the city to the door of the church; not to eat any kind of animal food during his whole life; to keep three Lents a year without even eating fish; to abstain from fish, oil, and wine three days a week during life, except in case of illness or excessive labor; to wear a religious dress, with a small cross embroidered on each

side of the breast; to attend mass every day, if he had the means of so doing, and vespers on Sundays and festivals; to recite the service for the day and the night, and to repeat the Lord's Prayer seven times in the day, ten times in the evening, and twenty times at midnight. If Roger Ponce failed in any of the above requisites, he was to be burned as a relapsed heretic.

Nor did the hatred of the priests cease with the death of a heretic. The sepulchres were opened, and the bodies of the dead, in whatever state of decay, were tried and burned.

The Pope hesitated at these enormities, but later took on new courage, extolling the sovereigns, and appointing Torquemada Inquisitor General of Castile and Aragon. Torquemada organized thirteen courts.

The accused person disappeared mysteriously. He was carried to a secret dungeon. If he testified, and could be made to contradict himself, he was guilty; if, aware of his danger, he refused to testify, he was taken deep into the torture-chambers, where the cries of his anguish could never be heard. The rich were in especial danger, as confiscation of their wealth to Torquemada followed their conviction of heresy. It was to the interests of the judges to find their victims guilty.

On the day appointed, the convicted heretics came forth amid pompous priestly ceremonials. The convicts were clad in coarse woolen garments, of yellow color, on which was a scarlet cross; on the garment, also, were pictures of flames of fire, devils, and other symbols of the wearer's future fate. The sad spectacle which followed was held to typify the terrors of the Day of Judgment.

In eighteen years Torquemada thus burned 10,220 persons. The prisoners for life finally became so numer-

ous that they were assigned to their own houses for imprisonment.

Torquemada died quietly in bed at a good old age. Yet he did not live without fear of poison, though he possessed the horn of a unicorn on his table that had the power, in his belief, of detecting and materializing poisons. He also had fifty horse and 200 foot when he traveled. Divine vengeance did not reach him, and human vengeance could not, so well had Isabella established her government.

But not one act of Torquemada could have gone on without the consent and even the order of Isabella. She was as supreme above the priests as above the laymen. At Truxillo, in 1486, a man was put in prison by a civil judge. Certain priests, relatives of the offender, demanded his release on account of his connection with the religious profession. Agitating the populace, the priests declared an insult had been offered to the Church, and advised an attack on the prison, which, following, set free not only the offender, but all others in that jail. Isabella sent a force to Truxillo, captured the rioters, sentenced the lay leaders to death, and banished the priests out of the realm.

In 1481 Isabella began war on the Moors. Previous monarchs had been on easy terms with them. However, a fanatical Caliph arose, who gave the Catholic Queen every opportunity for a holy war, and himself sounded the knell of Moorish rule in Spain. It was no gentle clash of arms, for in one of the early campaigns, Ferdinand hung 110 Mohammedans on the walls of a captured town called Benemaquez, sold men, women and children into slavery, and finally razed the place to the ground.

When the great Moorish war was well under way, Isabella had gathered at Cordova, her base of operations,

an army of 80,000 men under Ferdinand. She herself had the quartermaster and commissary departments in charge. She moved along the frontier, establishing posts and receiving hourly intelligence. She visited the camps and not only inflamed the hearts of the soldiers with fanatical rage against the Mohammedans, but distributed clothes, medicines and money. She who re-established the Spanish Inquisition also was the first person in the world to establish camp hospitals, and at the large tents known then as "the Queen's hospitals" sick and wounded soldiers were served and tended at the charge of the crown. She was the soul of the war. When peace was talked of, she would make such bitter objections that the knights and grandees, says the learned Lebrija, "mortified at being surpassed in zeal for the holy war by a woman, eagerly collected their forces, which had been partly disbanded, and returned across the borders to renew hostilities."

Isabella was supported by a number of great Castilian nobles who were jealous to the last degree of each other, and none too respectful to Ferdinand. Isabella, herself a typical Castilian, dealt with these commanders as best she could. She reached past their pride to their self-interest by giving them the populous Moorish cities that they took, satisfying their cupidity while she gratified her own fanaticism.

The war was carried on with all the extravagant display of the age of chivalry. Before Moclin, in 1486, the Queen was asked to come to the council of war. When she reached the army with her daughter, a courtly train of damsels followed, all on richly caparisoned mules. The Queen was seated on a saddle-chair, embossed with gold and silver. The housings were of a crimson color, and the bridle was of satin, curiously wrought with letters of gold. The King was sheathed in complete mail. The banners,

gleaming lances, and glitter of the knightly appanage were all that the modern theaters have simulated, and were multiplied into an impressive spectacle.

Isabella herself frequently wore mail. Several suits of her armor hang in the Museum of the Armory at Madrid. Isabella was larger than Ferdinand, to judge by their suits of steel.

On August 18, 1487, the King and Queen, with all the panoply of Christian chivalry, entered the conquered city of Malaga. The royal alferez raised the standard of the Cross on the summit of the principal fortress, and all who beheld it prostrated themselves on their knees in silent worship of the Almighty, while the priests chanted Te Deum. "The ensign of St. James," says Marineo, "was then unfolded, and all invoked his blessed name. Lastly was displayed the banner of the sovereigns, at which the whole army shouted forth, as if with one voice, 'Castile! Castile!' " A prelate now led the way to the principal mosque, with bells, vases, missals, plate and other sacred furniture, where, after the rites of purification, the edifice was consecrated to the true faith. Bells began to ring in the city, "the celestial music of their chimes," says the glad Bernaldez, "sounding at every hour of the day and night, and causing perpetual torment to the ears of the infidel."

The entire population of Malaga was now ordered to repair to the great courtyard of the castle. The people, old and young, came, wringing their hands, raising their eyes to heaven, and uttering the most piteous lamentations.

The doom of slavery was proclaimed against the entire multitude. One-third were to go to Africa, in exchange for an equal number of Christian captives held there by Moslems. One-third were to be sold for a war indemnity. The remainder were to be reserved for royal present-making. One hundred warriors were sent to the Pope, "who

converted them in a year," says Bernaldez. Isabella presented fifty of the most beautiful Moorish girls to the Queen of Naples, thirty to the Queen of Portugal; others to the ladies of her court. The grandees of Spain, on the whole, were well stocked with fresh slaves.

Ferdinand was able to play upon the captives' hopes in a manner that redounded to his commercial fame. He fixed a ransom, and told the poor people to bring on their wealth, and see if they could not reach the sum. They obeyed. The sum could not be made up, so Ferdinand got both person and property, without fear that anything had been secreted.

When Malaga fell, Granada must follow. In the next campaign, of 1487-89, on the other side of Granada, when Ferdinand and Ponce de Leon would have retreated from before the fortress of Baza, it was Isabella's implorations, from the city of Jaen, the base of supplies, that again inspired the army. Let them persevere. She would get the supplies. Baza surrendered, El Zagel, the Caliph, was taken, and the silvery standard of the Cross reached the sea at the city of Almeria. The eighth year of the Moorish wars closed in 1490, with Isabella nearing the summit of Spanish glory. All acknowledged that blood and treasure would have gone for nothing but for her surprising fortitude in times of trouble and almost general despair. "The chivalrous heart of the Spaniard," says Prescott eloquently, "did homage to her as his tutelar saint; and she held a control over her people, such as no man could have acquired in any age—and probably no woman, in an age and country less romantic."

In order to take Granada, the stone-and-mortar camp of Santa Fe was built outside the Moorish capital—"the only city in Spain," says Estrada, "that has never been contaminated by the Moslem heresy." Inasmuch as Mal-

aga had been sold into slavery because it had resisted, Abdallah, the Caliph at Granada, set out to obtain better terms. The conquerors agreed to protect the Mohammedans in their religion, and to leave them their mosques. In fact, the terms, on paper, were nearly what a conqueror would grant to-day.

When, therefore, on the 2d of January, 1492, the great silvery Cross of Ferdinand was seen shining in the sunbeams, while the standard of St. James the Disciple waved from the red towers of Alhambra, the grandees of Spain, surrounding the Queen did homage to her as the Sovereign of Granada, and looked upon both her and her spouse, the King, as more than mortal, as beings sent by the Almighty for the deliverance of Spain.

This triumph, which caused a sensation so profound in Europe, ended a Moorish domination of 741 years.

While this eleven-year crusade had been going on, and Isabella had been draining every financial resource to secure funds, and resorting to every expedient to keep the proud nobles in some sort of league, there had followed her court, for most of the time, an elderly, high-browed, scholarly man, who drew upon himself the ridicule of the ignorant, but gradually acquired the respect of the great. On the theory that the earth was spherical, he desired to sail westward on the Spanish Ocean and reach the Kingdoms of Kublan Khan, which Marco Polo had gained only by an overland journey of three years through Tartary. Isabella had set the matter before her learned men, but they did not believe the doctrine of the Antipodes—of people with their feet upwards—was godly or reasonable. A confessor of the Queen, Juan Perez, had encouraged the theorist to hope on, and when from the camp of Santa Fe, the surrender of the Caliph was seen to be forthcoming, another appeal was made by Christopher Columbus, the

theorist, to the powerful Queen. Even the great Ponce de Leon, even the richest dukes, did not feel disposed to send men and ships over the abyss into which the Spanish sun sank every evening. As for Ferdinand, he ever looked upon the matter as the dream of a madman.

When, at last, the Queen heard the views of Columbus, that enough gold could be brought home from Asia to conquer Jerusalem and Constantinople, she was of a mind to treat, but the demand of Columbus, that he be made Admiral over his discoveries, did not seem possible to her, as he was a Genoese sailor, and such offices were only for old Castilian blood. When, at last, these compunctions were removed, and Isabella came to look at the matter in the light of a crusade, she became enthusiastic, and the cold views of Ferdinand could no longer restrain her. "I will assume the undertaking," cried she, "for my own crown of Castile, and I am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." The treasury of Aragon lent the money, and it was paid back to Ferdinand, who gilded his saloons at Saragossa with the first gold Columbus brought home. The agreement with Columbus was made at Santa Fe, near Granada, April 14, 1492.

By this act, which passed for so small an item in her administration, Isabella became one of the most spectacular characters in history, and she, whose career cannot be briefly told, because of the magnitude of her doings, is generally known among seventy millions of Americans for the single act of womanly faith and emotion which offered to Columbus the opportunity of doubling the area of the known world.

Almost at the same time that the parchments of Christopher Columbus lay on the council tables of the Queen at Santa Fe, outside of Granada, the edict for the

expulsion of the Jews from Spain was also under consideration, and it was the first signed. It would be thought that, as war had so softened the asperities of Christian triumph as to spare the Moslems, the Jews might have shared this charity, especially as they had been well taxed. On March 30, 1492, it was proclaimed that, after July 31, 1492, every unbaptized Jew must depart from Spain. Some chroniclers estimate the emigration at 160,000 souls; some at 800,000. Probabilities strongly favor the smaller figures. No person could take gold or silver out of Spain. The horrors of the emigration were shocking, and once more brought on the plague.

No theory can be evolved we think, that will excuse Isabella's action, or render it logical. Her declaration that, "when a college or corporation of any kind is convicted of any great or detestable crime, it is right that it should be disfranchised (enslaved), the less suffering with the greater, the innocent with the guilty," is tenable only when she applies it to all corporations alike, and she has but a few months before, granted religious freedom to the very Mohammedans that she spent so much blood and treasure to overthrow. In the Moslems, too, she had an enemy as intolerant as herself; one or the other must suffer in the end. But the Jews were clannish rather than propagative. The act of Isabella, following the treaty of Granada, is an example of cold-blooded Castilian cruelty and hypocrisy, without excuse or palliation in argument or state-craft.

Columbus made his first return the year after the conquest of Granada, when the affairs of Isabella were at their best. He came through Portugal to Barcelona, and made a triumphal entry in Roman fashion. Six Indians, parrots, stuffed birds and animals new to Spain, rare medicinal plants, and a display of golden ornaments were a part

of the pageant. Ferdinand and Isabella awaited Columbus, sitting on a public throne, and rose to their feet as he approached. They ordered him to be seated in their presence, a rare Castilian procedure. Everybody thought an ancient and wealthy civilization in Asia had been reached, and the vision of much-needed wealth rose in the Spanish mind with overpowering effect. The King and Queen, listening to his recital, fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God, and the people were quick to fall prostrate. The six Indians were at once baptized by the King, Queen and Crown Prince John, and twelve priests were sent to carry the church into the new world. Isabella's interest in this matter was very keen, while Ferdinand proceeded with expedition to reap the financial advantages that he supposed were at hand.

When Columbus arrived at Cadiz, in chains, in 1500, there was a cry of anger throughout Spain. Isabella was at Granada. She liberated him, sent him 2,000 ducats, and invited him to Granada to hear his side of the story. The Queen wept as Columbus approached, and that great and venerable man, finding at last a friendly heart, threw himself at her feet and was himself overcome with emotion. The fact that Ferdinand was still permitted to deal in smooth phrases and do wrong to the foremost of mariners and philosophers, puzzled the will of Columbus and darkened the remainder of his days. And although some measure of justice was done to him, yet it fell out that, as his troubles increased, the time of trouble had also come for his Queen, as we shall proceed to relate, and it is possible that the sorrows of the Sovereign destroyed the peace and ruined the fortunes of the discoverer.

Isabella was perpetually annoyed with the declarations of Joan, daughter of Henry IV, that she was Queen of Castile, and therefore was glad to marry her daughter

Isabella to Alonzo, Crown Prince of Portugal. Alonzo died and Isabella, a melancholy widow, returned to Castile. The King of Portugal himself died, and his successor sued for young Isabella's hand. She regretfully consented, but only on condition that the Jews should be expelled from Portugal, as they had been from Spain, and Emanuel with sorrow issued the cruel edict and obtained his Castilian bride.

Isabella had a son John, Crown Prince, and another daughter, Joan. By treaty with Austria, Prince John married Margaret, the daughter of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, and Joan married the Archduke Philip, heir of the Austrian monarchy and, by his mother, heir to the sovereignty of the Low Countries. Isabella had still a third daughter, Catalina, and she married the King of England, and became the unhappy Catherine of Aragon.

As France was estranged by these marriages, a great armada of 130 vessels sailed with Joan for Flanders, and was to return with the German Princess.

Isabella dreaded the sea, and parted from her daughter Joan (who was to be the mother of two Emperors), with deep melancholy, increased by the recent death of her own mother, who, long before her death, had sunk into mental infirmities. Joan reached Flanders after a bad journey. Her marriage was celebrated at Lisle.

The armada, in returning, brought the German Princess through the Bay of Biscay in midwinter storms. After awful perils she landed, and was married to Prince John at Burgos with a pomp previously unexampled in Spain.

While Ferdinand and Isabella were marrying their daughter Isabella to Emanuel of Portugal, at the Spanish town nearest to the Portuguese frontier from Segovia and Madrid—that is, at Valencia de Alcantara, close to the

Tagus River—news came that Prince John was dying at Salamanca. Only Ferdinand could post away. He sent back dispatches of hope to Isabella. John died October 4, 1497, aged 20. "Thus," says Peter Martyr, who was at the Prince's dying bed, "was laid low the hope of all Spain." He was a good young man, and the grief of the nation was profound.

Isabella received the news of the death of her son with meek and humble resignation. "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His name!" said she in low voice. She who had caused so many others to suffer had no disposition to escape from sufferings of her own.

The Queen of Portugal, Isabella the younger, was now Crown Princess. But news came that Duke Philip, Joan's husband, had assumed for himself and wife the title of Princes of Castile, implying their claims to the succession. Accordingly, Queen Isabella, the mother, sent for the King and Queen of Portugal to come to the sittings of the Spanish Parliament at Toledo. They reached Toledo in April, 1498. The oaths were taken, and the pair moved on to Aragon, where the matter was much more difficult. The Parliament at Saragossa would not swear fealty to a woman. The angry Queen cried out: "It would be better to reduce this country by arms at once, than to endure this insolence of the Parliament!" But the Knight Antonio de Fonseca replied: "The Aragonese have only acted as good and loyal subjects who, as they have been accustomed to mind their oaths, consider well before they take them. And we now must be most certainly excused if we move with caution in an affair that we find so difficult to justify by precedent in our history."

Matters were delayed, pending the birth of young Isabella's child, which, on August 23, 1498, proved to be a

son, thus disposing of a vexed question. But the young mother died one hour later.

The infant was named Miguel, in honor of St. Michael, on whose day it was born. Miguel was borne through the streets, in the arms of his nurse, in a magnificent litter, and, acording to the laws of Aragon, Ferdinand and Isabella were appointed guardians.

The Queen again testified her resignation, but could not leave her bed till the 2d of September, when she, with Ferdinand, in the Parliament of Saragossa, made oath. The Parliament of Castile followed in January, 1499, and of Portugal in March. Thus, for a time, the crown of all Spain was suspended over one head. The little Miguel died before he was two years old, and Joan was indeed Crown Princess. She loved her Austrian husband, but he had another charmer. The impetuous and half-mad Joan flew at the rival and tore her face with the nails of a jealous wife. This made a great scandal in Europe, and it was under circumstances so cruel that Charles V was born at Ghent to Joan. The Archduke and Joan at last came to Spain to receive the allegiance of the nation. The infant was more than a year old. He was destined to become King of Kings, sovereign over a larger territory than any potentate had previously ruled. Joan was recognized, even in Aragon, where Isabella the younger had been rejected. The Archduke Philip hurried away from Spain, leaving Joan, his passionately affectionate wife, in a condition that prevented her going with him. "From the hour of Philip's departure," says Peter Martyr, "she refused all consolation, thinking only of rejoining her absent lord, and equally regardless of herself, her future subjects, and her afflicted parents. Her second child, Ferdinand (afterward Emperor), was born in March, 1503. In November she announced her determination to

depart, which, in the state of things, war being imminent between France and Spain, was impracticable.

Joan was at Medina del Campo, west of Segovia. Isabella was at Segovia. One evening Joan left her apartment in the castle, and the Bishop of Burgos, in charge of the castle, was compelled to shut the gates in order to prevent the Princess from going forth scantily dressed. Thus thwarted, the mad Princess menaced the attendants with her vengeance, and stood on the barriers in the cold till morning, shivering and suffering very much, but growing more angry with each hour. The embarrassed Bishop, in this dreadful dilemma, not daring to lay violent hands on the great personage, sent in haste for the Queen, who was forty miles away.

The Queen was too feeble to come to the rescue at once, but sent on two of her greatest dignitaries, and followed as fast as she could. The best terms that the Queen's people could obtain from Joan were that she would retire to a humble kitchen outside for the nights, but as soon as it was light she again took her station on the barrier, and stood there immovable all day. When the Queen arrived, the habitual deference of Joan for her mother regained its sway, and the Princess, after much persuasion, returned to her apartment in the castle.

The French at this very time, were invading Spain, and the sick and bitterly disappointed Isabella once more, as in the glittering days of the crusades against the Moors, lighted the fires of patriotism in Spanish hearts. She passed her days, with her whole household, in fasting and continual prayer. She personally visited the religious houses of Segovia, distributed alms, and implored them to most humbly supplicate the Almighty to avert the impending calamity.

Ferdinand, as he had been fortunate at Naples, was

fortunate now. The French came and retreated. Ferdinand could have captured France to the Loire. This was as late as 1502.

It has not been necessary to speak of the Grand Cardinal Mendoza, for twenty years "the third King of Spain," but with his death, in 1495, there came upon the public scene a priest, in the person of Ximenes, who may be considered as having figured as one of the principals of all the political pontiffs of history. When Mendoza died, he recommended Ximenes, confessor of the Queen, to succeed him as Archbishop of Toledo and chief minister. Ximenes was 59. He had already had a remarkable history. He had been in prison for six years for strict obedience to orders and yet for contumacy. He was a prodigious scholar, and the polyglot Bible of Ximenes, with Hebrew, Chaldee, Septuagint Greek and Latin versions, is still a monument in the world of letters. He had been a successful treasurer of estates, and had secured an income of 2,000 golden ducats a year, when, to the chagrin of all his friends, he resigned his various employments and entered on a novitiate in a monastery at Toledo. He joined the Observantines in the Franciscan order. He slept on the ground, or on the hard floor, with a billet of wood for his pillow. He wore hair-cloth next to his skin. He exercised himself with fasts, vigils and stripes. But his deprivations made him famous, and multitudes came to confess to him. Accordingly, he retired to a mountain fastness, where he dwelt in a cabin scarce large enough to contain him. Here he prayed, studied the Sacred Volume, ate only the green herbs or chestnuts, and drank from the running brooks. His frame wasted with abstinence, and his brain grew ecstatic in the meditations of his solitude. This period he ever after considered the most satisfactory of his long life. Time went on, and though

events interfered with the austerities which Ximenes would gladly practice, it could not but be seen that he was a most unselfish and godly man.

By the time Talavera, confessor of Isabella, had been elevated to be Archbishop of Granada, the great and peculiar Queen had begun to lean so heavily on her confessor that Mendoza could think of but one man in the kingdom who would not abuse such a place. This was Ximenes. He was ordered to assume direction of the Queen's conscience. There came into court, says Peter Martyr, in effect, a confessor, in whose wasted frame and pallid, careworn countenance the nobles seemed to behold a father of the desert. He was famous throughout Spain for his piety, and Peter was sorry to think how soon Ximenes would become a crafty and designing politician. The priest reserved the right to remain in his own monastery, and, when he traveled, went on foot, begging alms. He was elected Provincial of his Order in Castile, and found the houses sadly luxurious and even licentious. To give him greater moral authority, Isabella visited the nunneries in person, and with her needle and distaff gave examples of industry and humility.

This had gone on some time when Mendoza died. Ferdinand wanted the vacant place for his own natural son, Alfonso, Archbishop of Saragossa. But Isabella nominated Ximenes. One day the Pope's bull of confirmation reached Isabella at Madrid. She summoned Ximenes. The anchorite entered. She placed the parcel in his hands. He devoutly kissed the communication of the Holy Father. He read the superscription: "To our venerable brother, Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop-elect of Toledo." He changed color, involuntarily dropped the packet from his hands, exclaimed, "There is

a mistake, it cannot be intended for me!" and left the apartment without leave. Nor did he return.

The Queen sent two grandees, whom he liked, to argue with him and persuade him. They found he had fled from his monastery. They overtook him in the noonday heat nine miles on his way to the Franciscan monastery at Ocaña. He at first refused to return. "I hope," he said, "to pass the remainder of my days in the quiet practice of my monastic duties. It is too late to call me into public life, to burden me with the responsibility for which I have neither capacity nor inclination." He, however, obeyed the positive order of his Queen to come back. At court he persisted for six months in refusing to be consecrated, when there arrived from Rome a second bull, ordering him to obey the Church and interpose no further objection. On this, he could no longer postpone action, and was advanced to the primacy in Spain.

They had caught a Tartar in Ximenes. The deceased Mendoza's brother held a great office. His friends came on with their "papers" to support him for the place again under Ximenes. They recalled the great Mendoza's former favor to Ximenes. Ximenes said the young Mendoza must go. "The sovereigns may send me back to the cloister, but they cannot make me appoint a man on personal considerations." The Queen would not interfere, although she was surprised and perhaps mortified. Ximenes triumphed, and Mendoza was lost. Then Ximenes met Mendoza on the street, and saluted him with the old title. Mendoza stared. Ximenes again saluted him by the title that had been refused. "Now that I am at full liberty to consult my own judgment, without the suspicion of sinister influence," said Ximenes, "I am happy to restore you to a station for which you are well qualified." Thus was established the axiom that if an

office-seeker applied to Ximenes, he must lack both merit and humility.

The Holy Father at Rome admonished Ximenes to live in state. So far as met the public eye, Ximenes complied. From a luxurious table he ate only his former kind and quantity of food. Under his silk or furs was the hair-cloth, which he mended with his own hands. Within the draperies of his luxurious couch was a pallet, on which he slept.

Ximenes now set out to entirely reform the Franciscan and Augustine orders. The outcry in Spain was thereupon so loud that it engaged the attention of Rome. The reform meant poverty instead of wealth, humility instead of arrogance. Ximenes boldly asked the Church of Christ in Spain to accept the example of Jesus as a sound working-theory of life. The general of all the Franciscans in Europe came to Isabella, possibly little considering the gloomy and fanatical tendencies of her own character. Thus he spoke to the great Queen:

"Why have you selected for a chief priest a man who is destitute of nearly every qualification, even that of birth; whose sanctity is a mere cloak to cover his ambition; whose morose temper makes him an enemy of even the common courtesies of life? It is not too late to rectify the evil which his intemperate measures have brought on our Church, and if your Highness value your own fame, or the interests of your soul, you will compel this man of yesterday to abdicate his office and return to his original obscurity."

"Art thou in thy senses, and knowest whom thou speakest to?" asked Isabella.

"Yes," cried the desperate friar, "I am in my senses, and know very well whom I am speaking to—to the Queen of Castile, a mere handful of dust like myself!"

With that he ran out of the room, shutting the door with all the noise he could make.

In brief the entire power of the European church was again leveled against Isabella, but she listened to Ximenes, and, after a prodigious ecclesiastical turmoil, the greatest she had yet experienced, Ximenes reformed the Orders, a feat that reflected eternal glory on the reign, and on the Spanish Church.

This Ximenes has been imposed on the attention of the reader because, thus backed by the devout Isabella, he was to go forth into the land of the infidels, and, all treaties to the contrary, was to convert the Mussulmans of Granada to the worship of the cross.

The court went to Granada in the autumn of 1499, and Ximenes came with it. Then the court went to Seville, but Ximenes stayed behind. He at once summoned the Mohammedan doctors, and, being an eloquent man, expounded the Christian doctrines in a manner that would give least offense to Moslem argument. He made liberal presents of costly dress, which the war-worn infidels accepted with delight, and many great teachers embraced the Cross. Seeing this, the populace of Granada came in for baptism in multitudes, so that the gratified Ximenes was compelled to baptize them by aspersion, scattering drops of holy water by an instrument, in order that all should be reached. The Moors who relied on the treaty, made protest against the strange "revival," and particularly a noble Moor named Zegri, stood well in the way, for neither gifts nor arguments would bring him away from Mohammed. Ximenes gave Zegri into the hands of Leon (lion), an officer—"a lion," says Gomez, the historian, "by nature as well as name." "Take such measures with the prisoner," ordered Ximenes, "as shall clear the film from his eyes." Down went Zegri deep into the vaults,

and after fasting, fetters, and, perhaps, torture, he came before Ximenes and humbly stated that "on the preceding night he had had a revelation from Allah, who had shown him the error of his ways, and commanded him to receive instant baptism. Your reverence," said he, "has only to turn this lion of yours loose among the people, and, my word for it, there will not be many days a Mussulman left within the walls of Granada!"

"Thus," exclaims the historian Ferreras, with a canting phrase which excites our wonder at his lack of the sardonic humor of the Arab—"thus did Providence avail itself of the darkness of the dungeon to pour on the benighted mind of the infidel the light of the true faith!"

In the end, Granada rebelled, and Ximenes stood in danger of his life. He confronted this peril with joy. When the riot was put down, Ferdinand was of a mind that at last he could ruin Ximenes. But Ximenes reached Seville, showed Isabella that now the Moors could either be baptized or exiled, and returned triumphantly to accept the baptism of 50,000 who did not wish to get into Africa. The fiercest of the Moors emigrated, and the Moors who were baptized were called Moriscoes. In the end it fell out, so well did the character of Ximenes accord with the humor of the Queen and the ideals of the Spaniards, that even the prelates who had been temperate for the first eight years at Granada, declared that, after all, God had clearly sent Ximenes, for while Isabella might gain the soil, Ximenes had gained the souls.

Finally, for the reason that the baptized might backslide if contaminated with the obstinate infidel, an edict or pragmatica, dated at Seville, February 12, 1502, ordered all unbaptized Moslems out of Spain by May, and Isabella might feel at last that she had not strained her conscience on either Jew or Moslem. There was not an

unbaptized human being in Spain—all were Christians—the bloody and fiery and ostracising work was fully done.

Thus, too, Ferdinand and Ximenes—like Abu-bekr, Omar, Ali and the others who were with the fanatical Mohammed—rose in the minds of the people to the deified rank of companions of the saintly Isabella, who now, weighted with the fatigues of state, and smitten with the death and distraction of her children, sank rapidly toward the grave. But we must not dismiss Ximenes from our attention without saying that he had Spain from Ferdinand to keep for Charles V; that he was supreme regent for at least twenty months; that he was coldly treated by Charles V, and died at 81, some said of chagrin, and some of poison—it might as well have been one as the other, considering what he had done for Charles V.

At the utter break-down of Isabella's health, in 1503, the Parliament, alarmed by existing conditions, petitioned her to make a will providing for a government in case of Joan's incapacity. Joan was now in Flanders, once more, where her troubles were increasing. In June of 1504, both Ferdinand and Isabella fell ill, at Medina del Campo, with the same malady. Ferdinand recovered. "The Queen's whole system," said Peter Martyr in a letter from her bedside, "is pervaded by a consuming fever. She loathes food of every kind, and is tormented with an incessant thirst, while the disorder has all the appearance of terminating in a dropsy."

All this while Columbus was himself ill and in disgrace, unable or unwilling to present himself to any other than his patron, who was dying.

On October 14, 1504, Peter Martyr writes: "We sit sorrowful in the palace all day long, tremblingly waiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. She so far transcends all human excellence that there

is scarcely anything of mortality about her. She can hardly be said to die, but to pass into a nobler existence, which should rather excite our envy than our sorrow. She leaves the world filled with her renown, and she goes to enjoy life eternal with her God in heaven. I write this between hope and fear, while the breath is still fluttering within her."

On the 12th of October she had executed her will. In that document she orders that her remains be transported to Granada, to the Franciscan monastery of Saint Isabella in Alhambra, and there placed in a humble sepulchre with a plain inscription. "But," she stipulates, "should the King, my lord, prefer a sepulchre in some other place, then my will is that my body be transported thither, and laid by his side; that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and, through the mercy of God, may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies on earth." She commands that her funeral shall be performed in the plainest and most unostentatious manner, and that the sum saved by this economy shall be given in alms to the poor. She calls to the attention of her successors the importance of retaining Gibraltar. She leaves the kingdom to Joan as Queen proprietor, and begs especial reverence for Ferdinand. She appoints Ferdinand Regent in case of need, and until the majority of Charles V. She remembers Beatriz, the surviving companion of her youth. She concludes: "I beseech the King my lord that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live the most justly and holily in this." She appoints Ferdinand and Ximenes the two principal executors.

After signing this document, she daily grew weaker for a month. She added a codicil November 23, in which she begged her successors "to quicken the good work of converting and civilizing the poor Indians of the new world."

Now she was dying. She saw around her bed a great number of the very friends of her youth, and was possibly more blessed in this regard than any other historical personage so illustrious. This speaks well both for her and for Castilian manners.

"Do not weep for me," she said, "but pray for the salvation of my soul." On receiving the extreme unction she refused to have her feet exposed, as is usual, and therein caused the Spanish historians to note that she had ever been one of the most modest women whom Spain had brought forth.

She gently expired a little before noon, November 26, 1504, at Medina del Campo, aged only 54, in the thirtieth year of her reign. She was not so old when she died as was Ximenes when he came to her.

"My hand," says Peter Martyr, "falls powerless by my side for very sorrow. The world has lost its noblest ornament, a loss to be deplored not only by Spain, which she has so long carried forward in the career of glory, but by every nation in Christendom; for she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know none of her sex, in ancient or modern times, who, in my judgment, is at all worthy to be named with this grand woman."

A body of ecclesiastics and cavaliers left Medina at once on a direct route southward through Arevalo, Toledo, and Jaen, to Granada, carrying the unembalmed body of the deceased Queen. A tremendous storm set in, and neither sun nor stars appeared during the whole journey.

"Never did I encounter such perils," exclaims Peter Martyr, "in the whole of my hazardous pilgrimage to Egypt." The tempest continued nearly unabated while the last rites at the mausoleum were being performed.

The tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella to-day is in the chapel of the Cathedral of Granada, where she willed it to be. The effigies of the royal pair are sculptured in white marble on a magnificent sepulcher. The altar is adorned with bas reliefs commemorative of the conquest of Granada.

A month or so after the death of the Queen, the feeble Columbus, rising from his bed of illness, reached the court at Segovia. He who had made the Roman-like entry into Barcelona, only a few years before, now arrived a stranger without consequence at the gates of an unwelcoming city. The day had gone by for saving souls. The monarch was now at liberty to gratify his strong propensity to save money. The venerable Columbus, again stricken with illness, wrote from his dying bed: "It appears to me that his majesty does not think fit to fulfill that which he, with the Queen, who is now in glory, promised me by word and seal. I have done all that I could do. I leave the rest to God."

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI

A. D. 1519-1589

"THE SCEPTERED SORCERESS OF ITALIA'S LAND"

We shall indite the long and gloomy career of Catherine de' Medici upon these pages, not only because she made a great figure in history, but for the reason that she was Italian in her origin, and it is desirable, in making a record of women that shall be worthy of their sex, to touch on the people of many regions. She was at first an Italian woman, with little influence, in a strange land. She did not carry with her the fashion of intrigue, the love of magic, the free play of treachery, that had spread from Italy into the French court. These things had gone before her. We cannot see that she was any worse than the people of her day, but they were nearly all bad. Poison, assassination, torture and civil war growing out of Luther's rebellion had rendered society so discordant that, in the rapidly shifting interests and creeds of political parties at that time, it is not always possible now to discern a logical procedure of events. Double-dealing was the fashion, and Catherine never took an important step without seeming to do the opposite thing at the same time, as a mask.

The clear but cruel light of Isabella's faith flickers and fades into a yellow and sickly beacon when we strive to peer through the religious atmosphere of France in Catherine's time. A half century had passed on the borders of the ancient church. The Reformation was come. Whether it were right or wrong was no longer the ques-

tion with French politicians. How many crossbows, archers, knights would the new church command? To this political problem it is clear that Catherine gave her best thought, and gave it for the interest of her sons. We shall endeavor to fairly quote ancient Catholic authorities that give her side of the questions involved.

Students desiring to form their own conclusions and investigate this exceedingly difficult subject to the end, will find in the Petitot (French) Collection of memoirs preceding the Revolution of 1789 the following books, which bear on the Queen-mother: The memoirs of Bouillon, Castelnau, Choisnin, Gamon, Hurault, La Noue, Margaret of Valois, Mergey, Montluc, Philippi, Saulx de Tavannes, and Gaspard and William Vielleville.

She was not the only woman in France who had three kingly sons, for royal lines ended three times in three brothers. Joan of Navarre was the mother of Louis X, Philip V and Charles IV. Maria Josepha of Saxony was the mother of Louis XVI, Louis XVIII and Charles X.

Characters in history are frequently marked indelibly by great events. The name of Catherine de' Medici is connected with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Accusers, apologists, encomiasts, must alike appear before this tribunal. Here, and nowhere else, can her cause be heard. Yet this was not all she did, nor was any party so strong in France that it need not fear, with the tolling of every bell, the fate that at last befell the one which proved the weaker numerically.

Catherine de' Medici was born at Florence, Italy, April 15, 1519. She was the daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, and Madelaine de la Tour d' Auvergne. She was styled Duchess of Urbino, and her uncle was Pope Clement VII. The great world-duel of Charles V, grandson of Isabella, and Francis I of France, was in

progress. In order to secure a little better hold on Italy, where his fortunes had waned, the French monarch asked the hand of Catherine, who was an insignificant princess, for his second son, Henry Duke of Orleans. Meanwhile Charles V had proposed a marriage of Catherine with the Duke of Milan. When, however, Charles learned that France had made such a proposal be advised the Pope to accept it, "thinking it impossible," says Guicciardini, the historian, "that the King of France should be in earnest, or ever intended to sink so low as such an alliance." But Charles was mistaken. The Pope, embarking at Genoa, landed at Marseilles on the 4th of October, 1533, and the marriage of Catherine and Henry was celebrated on the 28th with all the display for which Francis I was famous. It is thus seen that Catherine was but 14 years old when she entered the French court. "The Pope, a little before his death," says Guizot, "made France a fatal present" (referring to this union).

Nothing could have been more untoward than the entry of Catherine into the gay life at Paris. She was a despised Italian; she was of small title, and had not built up the interests of France with her dowry; for ten years she had no children. Her husband was under the rule of another woman, Diana of Poitiers. But, after ten years, Catherine began to have children, and gave birth to no less than ten, nearly all of whom lived to be of age. This altered and improved her destiny, for it gave her opportunities to act, and she was a very able woman.

Her husband, because of his elder brother's death, succeeded to the throne of France as Henry II, March 31, 1547, fifteen years after the wedding at Marseilles, and she was crowned Queen at St. Denis, June 10, 1549.

Henry was a handsome man, easily wrought on by women, and faithful to his male friends. He called the

constable Montmorency his compeer. The Guise brothers and St. André were his other intimates. The Duke of Guise was a great soldier. The other Guise was Cardinal of Lorraine, a crafty priest. St. André was a hail fellow, and boon companion of the King. He was generous and in debt.

For ten years after her accession the proud Italian Queen was forced to behold the King with Diana in public, ostentatiously exhibiting his desire to serve her. Catherine was supple and accommodating. She caressed Diana, whom she hated. She flattered Montmorency, who was wholly given over to Diana, and was certain to betray Catherine. She connived openly at the flagrant conduct of her husband, and with a bitterness that was thoroughly dissimulated she bided her time, which came anon.

"The Queen," wrote the Venetian Ambassador to the Council of Ten, "is younger than the King, but only thirteen days. She is not pretty, but she is possessed of extraordinary wisdom and prudence. No doubt of her being fit to govern. Nevertheless, she is not considered or consulted so much as she well might be."

Five years later, Queen Catherine was left in Paris as Regent of the realm. The French were defeated. The rich inhabitants were packing up, and leaving for the Loire, as their forefathers had done. The King was at Compiègne (where Joan of Arc was taken) trying to raise a fresh army. The Parliament was sitting at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, deliberating on the dire state of affairs in France. The Queen, of her own motion, went at the head of the cardinals and Princes then in the city, and before the Parliament she, in the most impressive language, set forth the urgent state of affairs at the moment. "She pointed out," says Brantôme, "that, in spite of the

enormous expenses into which the Most Christian King had found himself drawn in his late wars, he had shown the greatest care not to burden the towns. In the extreme pressure of requirements, her Majesty did not think that any further charge could be made on the people of the country places who, in ordinary times, always bear the heaviest burdens. With so much sentiment and eloquence that she touched the heart of everybody, the Queen then explained to the Parliament that the King had need of 300,000 livres, 25,000 to be paid every two months. And she added that she would retire from the place of session, so as not to interfere with liberty of discussion; and she accordingly retired to an adjoining room. A resolution to comply with the wishes of her Majesty was voted, and the Queen, having resumed her place, received a promise to that effect. A hundred notables of the city offered to give at once 3,000 francs apiece. The Queen thanked them in the sweetest form of words; and this session of Parliament terminated with so much applause for her Majesty and such lively marks of satisfaction at her behavior, that no idea can be given of them. Throughout the whole city nothing was spoken of but the Queen's prudence and the happy manner in which she proceeded in this enterprise."

From that day the position of Catherine was changed. The King went more often to see her. He added to his habits that of holding court at her apartments for about an hour every day after supper in the midst of the lords and ladies.

Meanwhile, Montmorency and St. André, having been captured in war, the position and authority of the Guise family increased, and Catherine had joined with them. There were six of the Guise brothers in all. They were uncles of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and no sooner

was Catherine's eldest son, Francis, the Crown Prince, of suitable age than they procured his marriage to Mary, thus intrenching themselves, as they supposed, impregnably in the French court. Henry II was a loyal Catholic. He burned Lutherans, and went to see them at the stake. But, while he asked for the institution of the Holy Office in France, and obtained the bull from the Pope, the nobles would not sanction it in Parliament, and thus the Catholics became seriously divided.

But the Guises were looked upon by the clergy as the champions of the old church, while other great nobles—Coligny, the Condés, Henry of Navarre, and others, were on the side of the reforms that Calvin and Luther had demanded. A large third party existed, that acted with the winning side.

There flourished in Paris an astrologer named Luke Gauric. Catherine de' Medici demanded of this magician a horoscope of her lord, the King. The astrologer foretold that Henry II would be killed in a duel by a wound received in his eye. It is said this prediction was derided, until it was verified by the event.

On June 29, 1559, in a square that, during the Revolution 240 years later, was called the Place des Vosges, very near the Bastille, a little north of the line of the Rue de Rivoli, the King held a knightly joust. In a tilt with Montgomery the sovereign was accidentally hurt, and lived only eleven days.

Francis II, aged 16, and Mary Stuart, were now King and Queen of France, and Catherine was Queen-mother, a title she was to bear longer and more significantly than any other woman.

King Francis said to the Parliament: "With the approbation of the Queen, my mother, I have chosen the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, my uncles,

to have the direction of the state—the former for war, the latter in the departments of finance and justice."

On the very day of Henry's death, Catherine went out to drive with Mary Stuart, who was now the reigning Queen: "Step in, Madame," she said to Mary. "It is now your turn to go first." Yet it is said she bitterly hated Mary, who had flattered Diana.

Catherine fitted a room with black, with no light burning save two candles on a black altar. She was so robed in black that she could be scarcely seen by her attendants, and, when they spoke to her, she replied in accents so weak and so broken with emotion that it was impossible to catch her words. This dealing with black clothes and dim lights was a characteristic method by which Catherine played on the sensibilities of those whom she wished to inspire with terror. The very emotions which she evoked with such art and care have colored both history and romance, until she has come to appear as more Mephistophelian than human. Her theatrical practices have cast such a glamour over the eyes of Protestant historians that their tirades, as we shall show, are more to be quoted for their eloquence than their truth.

Her broken accents ended with her domestics. Montmorency no sooner saw her face than he knew he was in disgrace, and begged to leave for his estates. He was the Catholic who used to fast and pray, stopping in his Ave and Credo to cry to the Savior: "Go hang that man for me!" "Tie that man to a tree!" and then on to his Lord's prayer.

"Diana," says the Venetian Ambassador, "was told by the King that for her evil influence over the King, his father, she ought to receive heavy chastisement; but in his royal clemency he did not wish to disquiet her any further. She must, nevertheless, restore to him the jewels

given to her by the king, his father." "To placate Catherine de' Medici," said De Thou, historian, "Diana was obliged to exchange her beautiful house at Chenonceaux-on-the-Cher for the castle of Chaumont-on-the-Loire." Still Diana was not visited with a malice such as Catherine would have shown had she been of the deeply diabolical character which is painted for her by the Protestants.

Meanwhile, Catherine reduced the power and enlarged the titles and emoluments of the Guises, but insufficiently to calm the excitement of the Bourbon Princes. They formed a plot to enter Blois, where the King was, to require the downfall of the Guises, and, if the King refused it, to attack the Guises with force. This plot led to the "tumult of Amboise," of which Condé was the pretended leader, and the Guises went forth to hang and drown the plotters in the Loire. Condé was lured to Paris, seized, tried, and sentenced to death, while Francis moodily noted the disaffection of the people from the crown. "Go away," he said to Guise, "and let us see which one of us it is they hate!" But Mary of Scotland, his Queen, persuaded him to change that order. Catherine was beginning to show her fear of the Guises, by warning their enemies of impending ruin, when Francis II suddenly died.

Charles IX, a child of 10 years, was now King of France. The Guises pressed on Catherine's attention the advantages of a union of her influence with theirs. Kill Condé and Navarre, and they could reign in peace, without fear of the Huguenots. But Catherine thought she could do still better. Charles IX was entirely in her hands. The child-King wrote to Parliament that, "confiding in the virtues and prudence of the Queen-mother, he had begged her to take a hand in the administration of

the kingdom." The States-General, somewhat more jealously, ratified this action and placed "the guardianship of the young King Charles IX in the hands of Catherine de' Medici, his mother, together with the principal direction of affairs, but without the title of Regent." Thus she was Regent for the second time.

She had married her daughter Elizabeth to the great Philip II of Spain. To her, Catherine writes: "Madame, my dear daughter, all I shall tell you is not to be the least anxious, and to rest assured that I shall spare no pains to so conduct myself that God and everybody may have occasion to be satisfied with me. * * * You have seen the time when I was as happy as you are, not dreaming of having any greater trouble than that of not being loved as I should have liked to be by the King your father. God took him from me, and is not content with that. He has taken from me your brother, whom I loved you well know how much, and has left me with three young children and in a kingdom where all is division, having therein not a single man in whom I can trust, and who has not some particular object of his own."

The Venetian Ambassador, a newcomer, now wrote home: "The Queen-mother is a woman of 43, of affable manners, great moderation, superior intelligence and ability in conducting all sorts of affairs, especially affairs of State. As mother, she has the personal management of the King. She allows no one else to sleep in his room; she is never away from him. As Regent and head of the government, she holds everything in her hands—public offices, benefices, graces, and the seal which bears the King's signature, called the cachet. In the Council she allows the others to speak; she replies to anyone who needs it; she decides according to the advice of the Council, or according to what she may have made up her mind to.

She opens the letters addressed to the King by his Ambassadors and by all the ministers. She has great designs, and does not allow them to be easily penetrated. As for her way of living, she is very fond of her ease and pleasure. She observes few rules; she eats and drinks a great deal. She considers that she makes up for it by taking a great deal of exercise on foot and horseback, for she goes hunting. She has an olive complexion, and is already very fat; accordingly the doctors have not a good opinion of her life." The ambassador notes that she now has plenty of money, where, in earlier days, she was much distressed for funds.

The Prince of Condé, instead of being executed, was freed and entered the Privy Council. Guise was compelled to make some amends to Condé, and when this had been done, Montmorency and St. André, of the middle or neutral party, went completely over to the Guises, and the Catholics were at last fairly well aligned against the Huguenots. It was Catherine's destiny to be first on one side, and then on the other, and she has inherited the odium of all their crimes.

When Soubise was making converts to Calvinism, the Queen-mother had been very near making a confession of the new faith herself, and Bayle says it suited her mind best of the two creeds. Could she have married either of her two younger sons to Elizabeth of England, this would have followed.

France was now hopelessly involved in a civil religious war, and it is not likely it could have been settled by even Isabella with a smaller effusion of blood than naturally ensued. In nine years under the let-alone policy of Catherine, there were eighteen or twenty massacres of Protestants, four or five of Catholics, and thirty or forty single murders of great celebrity. Four formal civil

wars were waged, ending in four treaties after battle, and all these efforts at settlement terminated with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572. Actors changed sides and opinions so rapidly with the current of events that no one was safe out of his own castle, and in the end the Protestant sovereign reigned, as the result of the assassination by a priest of a Catholic King.

Just as the Duke of Guise, after victories over the Huguenots, with prospective glory before him, was exciting the jealousy of Charles IX (that is, Catherine, for she ruled his mind), the Duke was assassinated by Poltrot. Catherine put Poltrot to the torture and he inculpated Coligny, who, though he was glad Guise was dead, was not inclined to ignoble deeds. Poltrot was torn limb from limb by horses, and died cursing the Catholics and exulting in his deed. Without Guise, Catherine did not consider the Catholics so strong, and she made peace, dealing out the Protestant religion as a privilege which the great might indulge if they wished, but barring "the religion" entirely out of Paris, and denying it to the poor, save at great inconvenience. Calvin cried out from Geneva against this peace, and the Catholics cried out against Coligny, who had been implicated in the assassination by the tortured Poltrot. Catherine solemnly declared him not guilty. The King moved further toward the Catholics, and war again came on. Again Catherine negotiated and stopped it. A third war and Condé, "enemy of the mass," was killed at the battle of Jarnac. The Protestants had now a Condé to mourn, while the Catholics lamented the death of Guise, and Henry of Navarre (The Great), a lad of 15, swore eternal fidelity to young Condé and the new faith. Now the Protestants had Coligny and Henry as leading figures. Catherine

outlawed Coligny and was at last, it was supposed, seriously in earnest against Protestantism, yet no one knew how treacherously she meant to wage her war. When she next treated for peace, she deceived even the Pope, Pius V, who wrote to her that there could be no compact between Catholics and heretics, as there could be no peace between Satan and the children of light.

To the astonishment of the Catholics, nothing would now do but a marriage of Catherine's daughter, Margaret, to Henry of Navarre. Coligny and Henry, even Henry's great mother, Jeanne of Albret, were lured to Paris. Coligny was addressed as "my dear uncle," and even as "my dear father," by Charles IX. Charles made Coligny believe that he was desirous of shaking off the influence of Catherine, his mother. "I see quite well you do not know my mother. She is the greatest meddler in all the world," whispered Charles to Coligny, when the twain had become familiar during Coligny's stay at Paris. In fact, Catherine appeared to be in a temper, and called Coligny "a second King." Catholics in alarm left Paris to join forces that were more openly loyal to the church. Yet Henry's mother, Jeanne, did not feel easy. To her there were suspicious appearances. The Queen-mother, Catherine, could not conceal her hostility, try as she might, and, to Jeanne, it seemed that all depended on the surprising air of independence that Charles IX had assumed. The Catholic courtiers, seeing Coligny at the head of the King's councils, declared it was extraordinary "that the vanquished should make laws for the victors." To them the trusting Coligny replied, in the presence of Charles, that whoever was not for war with Spain (which Coligny urged on) had the red cross inside him. The mother of Henry, Jeanne, she who had been ill-satisfied with proceedings, now died at Paris, and Catherine was afterward

accused of poisoning her. This event did not delay the wedding. Henry came to Paris with a force of 800 men. The wedding took place at Notre Dame Cathedral, and, when Margaret was asked for her consent, at the altar, Charles IX put his hand on her head and bowed it for her in assent. Then the Catholics in the party went to hear mass in the choir, while Henry, Coligny, and the other Protestants, walked about the nave. The guides pointed to Coligny the flags taken from the Protestants. "I hope," said the Admiral, fatuously, "we shall soon have others (Spanish flags) better suited for lodgment in this place." This was August 18, 1572.

"Let the Queen (Catherine) beware," said Tavannes, "of the King her son's secret counsels, designs, and sayings. If she do not look out, the Huguenots will have him. At any rate, before thinking of anything else, let her exert herself to regain the mother's authority, which Admiral Coligny has caused her to lose."

The Queen at once made this attack on the sentiments of her son. She wrought a great change in his feelings, and he no longer desired war with Spain. She played the part of an injured mother, and retired from court. The King followed her and obtained a reconciliation. At this moment came the Polanders, asking Catherine to give them Henry, her favorite son, for King. Henry did not wish to go. Coligny wanted him out of France. Charles IX had grown suspicious of the brother. The brother went to see the King, who was with Coligny. The King appeared, there and then, to be of a mind to stab Henry with a poniard he had in hand. Henry ran out, and he and Catherine, at once, resolved on the destruction of Coligny, as a matter of life and death with them. This was Henry's recital in Poland, afterward.

There was now a second Duke of Guise on the scene,

and there was the assassinated Duke's widow (now remarried and called the Duchess of Nemours) who thirsted for Coligny's blood, they believing Coligny had egged on Poltrot to his deed. When Coligny had come to court the Guise interests had withdrawn. They now returned, and Catherine, Henry, and the Guises at once plotted to kill Coligny. The plot that was brewing began to attract the notice of faithful Protestants. Protestant soldiers left Paris, when they could not persuade Coligny to leave with them. It was not believed that the Guises and Coligny could both live at court. Coligny received a letter, says the historian, reminding him "of the Queen-mother's devious ways, and the detestable education of the King, trained to every sort of violence and horrible sin. His Bible is Machiavelli. He has been prepared by the blood of beasts for the shedding of human blood. He has been persuaded that a Prince is not bound to observe an edict extorted by his subjects."

While Charles had promised the Guises (Lorraine Princes) that they need not make friends with Coligny, he said to Coligny: "You know, my dear father, the promise you made me not to insult any of the Guises." Charles went on to say that while he relied on Coligny, he could not trust the Guises so well, and as they had brought an armed force to Paris, and might take vengeance into their own hands at any time, the King thought it would be wise to bring his own regiment to town also. Coligny consented, only observing that whosoever accused him of the assassination was a calumniator.

On Friday, the 22d of August, 1572, Coligny was shot in the arm from a window by people in the interest of the young Duke of Guise. There was fear the bullet was poisoned, for the Admiral (Coligny) was a very sick man. At 2 p. m. Catherine, Charles, Henry and another son all

went to see him. He was anxious to speak to Charles alone. Catherine and Henry found themselves unprotected in a house with some 200 armed and irate Protestants, and feared their end had come. They broke in on the King's interview with Coligny, and hurried him away. Begging to know what Coligny had advised, the King at last, with oaths, let the mother know that Coligny had urged Charles, as if on his bed of death, to get rid of his mother. Catherine and Henry returned to the Louvre palace in the greatest alarm, feeling that the crisis was at last arrived, as the King must be turned now or never.

On the next day, Saturday, a council was held, in which the King alone represented the need of doing justice on young Guise. Then Catherine told Charles that she and Henry, his brother, were also in the plot against Coligny. Could he afford to move against them? The King held out well. The discussion on the general state of France ran all day. It seemed certain to Catherine that, by the course Charles was pursuing, he would be left entirely out of events with a big religious war on, and no one paying him allegiance. Toward midnight she began a very convincing line of argument. The Protestants had been lulled to sleep—a fearful blow could be struck. At last, as the King hesitated, Catherine cried: "Permit me, then, and your brother, to retire to another part of the kingdom!" On this Charles rose from his seat. "By God's death!" said he, "since you think proper to kill the Admiral, I consent; but all the Huguenots in Paris as well, in order that there remain not one to reproach me afterward. Give the orders at once."

It is said that Catherine had arranged for a massacre an hour before daybreak of Sunday, but now, on the King's consent, the bell of the church nearest the Louvre

was rung, and the Catholics began lighting their houses with candles at the windows. All "good Catholics" wore a badge. Into all darkened houses soldiers might enter and slay. So many people cannot be killed shortly by hand. In 1792 it required 100 hours to slaughter 1,089. The next night Charles sent for Henry of Navarre. "I mean for the future," the King said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom; the mass or death! Choose!" Catherine and Henry her son, King of Poland, were in the Louvre, and acted like the terrified spider, after he has enmeshed his fly. They even falsely sent word to spare Coligny. But Guise sent back word it was too late. To incite the people to murder was called "blooding" the mob, and after massacre and pillage were found to be legal, the lowest classes went at their labor with enthusiasm, and did not cease for eight days. The city of Paris paid for the sepulture of 1,100 bodies taken from the Seine River. After wavering until Guise took offense, the King, on Monday, with his entourage, held a bed-of-justice, or state assembly, at which he asserted that the Admiral had concocted a conspiracy against himself, his mother and his brothers. He had parried this fearful blow by another violent one, and he wished all the world to know it was done by his express commands.

The massacre was called "the Paris matins," and extended to many towns, though some were not disturbed. Davila, Catholic, thinks 10,000 people were killed; Sully, Huguenot, thought 70,000.

Philip II, son of Charles, son of Joan, daughter of Isabella, a fanatical despot of even deeper religious dye than Isabella, laughed for the first time in his life. He offered to Charles his felicitations, and "an army to kill the rest of the heretics, if need be."

Now Charles declared that he had been in the plot all

along. He was fond of repeating: "My big sister Margot (Margaret of Valois, by marrying Henry of Navarre) caught all those Huguenot rebels in the bird-catching style. What grieved me most was that I was obliged to dissemble so long."

It is common to relate that Charles pined and died of remorse. Again it is said he died of troubles similar to those of his deceased brother, Francis II. Yet again, Massion tells that Charles was of a mind to kill Gondi, to get his wife. On hearing this from Catherine, Gondi poisoned Charles, and then Catherine poisoned Gondi.

Charles died, leaving Catherine Queen-Regent for the third time, and news was sent to the King of Poland that he was King Henry III of France. The Queen-mother locked herself in the Louvre with her younger son, whom she suspected of kingly ambition, sent for Montgomery, who had accidentally killed her husband, tortured him, and beheaded him. A fourth religious war came to a close with the peace of Rochelle, and there were more Huguenots than ever before. Henry of Navarre regained his liberty.

We now enter upon the last stage of Catherine's career. The tortuous thread of the drama dismays even the most patient reader, and makes plain the fact that few other persons have lived who were compelled so often as she was to make friends of enemies and enemies of friends. There will now seem to be times when she is false to her own son, and we must see the younger son, the Duke of Alençon, at the head of an army, and a menace to her peace. Yet, at the same time, she was very near to marrying him to Elizabeth, Queen of England. King Henry, who went to Poland a chivalrous captain, came back a carpet-knight, with a harem of "minions," as they were called, and Catherine readily acquiesced in this procedure,

thus, for the sake of policy, further blackening her name. She had once tried to marry him, also, to Elizabeth of England.

The growing power of the Guises was now a matter of national comment, and it would seem that they made a strong attempt to secure Catherine to their ambitious interests. They desired to make Catherine's grandson, a prince of the house of Lorraine, the King of France, and it is probable that the younger son of Catherine, Alençon (now Anjou), fled from Paris and put himself at the head of an army of malcontents because he thought Catherine had proved false to her own house.

The Catholic parties in France, dissatisfied with Catherine's lack of religious fortitude, formed a League, which undertook for its members henceforth to obey but one head. This League, the planning of the Duke of Guise, was a destruction of all the work of Louis XI in consolidating the French monarchy. To preserve appearances, Henry III accepted its chieftainship, although this stultified him as King of the Protestants of France. For a time, he played the ridiculous part in public of an anchorite, and, in sharing his personal exposures, the old Cardinal of Lorraine (a Guise) caught cold and died from it. When Henry of Navarre had rejoined the Huguenots at Béarn and the Duke of Anjou (Queen's younger son) had also raised an insurgent army, protesting war against Guise but loyalty to Henry III, the Duke of Guise naturally grew in favor with the Catholics. People said that Catherine must be one or the other, and no Frenchman could believe she was merely insane with the passion to govern, but so the Venetian spies wrote home. She was now between 60 and 70 years old. She had been forty-three years a Queen, and for thirty years had lived in an atmosphere of intrigue, night and day. Now she

lent her services to her beleaguered royal son with a vigor that has astonished historians. It began to be felt that her children would all die without issue—who should have the crown, Bourbon or Lorraine? Guise (Lorraine) meant to seize it. To complicate matters, Catherine's insurgent son, the Duke of Anjou, died June 10, 1584. Henry of Navarre was now heir-apparent under the laws of succession. The League of Catholics at once made an alliance with Philip II of Spain, and Henry's uncle, Cardinal of Bourbon, a Catholic, was declared Crown Prince, and Pope Sixtus V outlawed Henry of Navarre as a relapsed heretic, relieving Catholics of any duty of serving him even as King of Navarre, and Henry went to war for his rights, and won brilliant victories.

Catherine now forced Henry to join with Guise and the League, and to adopt the Catholic faith as the only one legal in the Kingdom. When Henry of Navarre heard of this treaty of Nemours, it is said one-half of his moustache turned white. The Parisians, well pleased with Henry III, cried "Long live the King!" which Henry III replied to but coldly, so bitterly did he regret the pass to which he was come, of fighting with his natural successor on matters of religion, in which he had little interest, and his mother none, for we have seen that a holy war without fanaticism is but a bloody farce, that satisfies none and disgraces all alike. The "War of the Three Henries" was now on hand—Henry de Valois (Henry III), Henry de Bourbon (King of Navarre and heir apparent of France), and Henry de Guise, real head of the League. While Henry III was of necessity at war with Navarre, his real interests lay against Guise, for Henry of Navarre would, at least, in self-interest, support the French throne, on which he ought to succeed. Guise, however, urged on by devout Catholics, was fast becoming an aspirant for

kingly power. The Queen-mother now went to meet Henry of Navarre at Cognac, and asked him to turn Catholic, for his own sake, her daughter's sake (his wife's) and the King's sake. Henry refused, and the war went on. (That the reader may not blame Catherine overmuch, it must be noted that Henry did this very thing after he was King of France, when Catherine was dead, so it must have been a wiser thing to do when Catherine urged it.)

Guise went to Rome to promote his own claims to the throne of France. The League formally demanded of Henry III that he should be more zealous; that the Holy Inquisition should be established; that chiefs of the League should be given great fortresses to hold in trust; that it should be mass or death for captives, after the good Spanish style as understood by Philip II, who, because he feared Navarre, and because these resolutions coincided with his gloomy mind, gave animation to the hopes of the usurpers.

On the 8th of May, 1588, the Duke of Guise appeared alone in Paris, and was enthusiastically hailed by the masses as "the Pillar of the Church." He arrived in front of the palace of Catherine de' Medici, who grew pale at sight of him. "My dear cousin," said she, "I am very glad to see you, but I would have been better pleased at another time." A secretary hurried away to inform the King. At the Louvre the King asked Corso what he would do. "Is he friend or enemy?" asked Corso. Henry responded with his mother's shrug. Corso offered to kill Guise. Guise came on bare-headed through a vast multitude, walking by the side of Catherine's sedan chair. The King received Guise very coldly, which seemed to disquiet the young man. All Paris, however, was at his feet. The devotion that was ordinarily the monarch's was now offered to Guise. When Guise next approached

the King he had 400 armed men. On the 11th and 12th Paris rose in insurrection against the King, while Catherine made two visits to Guise to bring him to terms. Guise had the Louvre well invested. At the last interview Catherine appeared to yield the successorship, but, while she gained time, the King escaped. "Madame," said Guise, "whilst your Majesty has been amusing me here, the King is off from Paris to harry and destroy me."

All outside Europe blamed Catherine and Henry for not having taken advantages of Guise to kill him when he first entered Paris so rashly, and these views, of course, made their way rapidly into France.

Catherine and Henry fled to Chartres, where, strange as it may seem, he made a peace with Guise, granting him all that was demanded, and Te Deum was sung at Notre Dame to celebrate the exclusion of Henry of Navarre from the royal succession. In August, 1588, the King and Guise ate together. In October the States-General (Congress) met at Blois to settle the dispute. Guise appeared to have the Congress with him, but the King's speech was so full of resentment that it alarmed Guise, and he objected to its publication. Catherine, at this crisis, again urged her son to give way, and he followed her advice. The Duke of Guise wrote constantly of his success. "Stupid owl of a Lorrainer!" said a League captain, "has he so little sense as to believe that a King whose crown he by deception has been wanting to take away, is not dissimulating in turn, to take his life away?" Guise, as he advanced in his plan of curbing the power of the King, was urged the more to go away, for the time had not yet come, as in 1789, when a Legislature was popularly deemed safer or greater than a King. The King might do something—and he did.

Catherine gave a great wedding party at Blois. On

this night the assassination was planned, but in various ways. Catherine supported Guise's request for a body-guard—and thus, at every turn in this woman's career, she is found to have acted both ways at once, evidently to render her true purposes unfathomable. On the evening of the 22d of December, 1588, Guise found under his napkin a note: "The King means to kill you!"

The next morning when Guise, as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, went to the King's council chamber, he found Catherine indisposed. He was summoned to the King's closet, where he was killed by assassins, with poniards given to them by the King. Thus had father and son both perished at the hands of murderers. The Cardinal of Lorraine, brother of Guise, was killed by soldiers, and his body put beside the Duke's.

Catherine was ill of the gout. "How do you feel?" asked her son.

"Better."

"So do I. I am King of France again. The King of Paris is dead."

"God grant not that you become King of Nothing-at-all. I hope the cutting is right. Now for the sewing."

The ambitious Cardinal of Bourbon was also under arrest. Catherine went to him, to promise him liberation. "Ah! madame!" lamented the old man, "these are some of your tricks. You are death to us all." It is said that on this reception she retired in great anger, using harsh language.

She was, in fact, very near her own death in that great Castle of Blois, where France was so startled by Henry's firm but bloody act. After her visit on a litter to Cardinal Bourbon, she was "seized with greater catarrhs," and died in pain of an unusual order.

She died at a moment when the King must have needed

her counsel, for the tragedy of Blois had made a fearful turmoil in Europe. But he attended her affectionately, and bore to the end the part of her most affectionate son.

"I leave to you," said she to Henry, "my last advice, and I entreat that these dying words may be imprinted in your memory for the good of your realm. Love the princes of your own blood, and have them always about you, and more especially the King of Navarre. I have found them always faithful to the Crown, and they alone have any interest in the succession of the Kingdom. Remember, also, that if you would restore that peace which is so necessary to France, you must begin with granting liberty of conscience to your subjects."

At Paris, where indignation was rampant, following the death of the two Guises, there was public clamor that if the body of Catherine were brought to that city it should be cast in the common sewer, so well were all parties convinced that she was the adviser of the murders by the King. Moréri says her body was not carried to St. Denis (near Paris) until 1619, when it was interred in a beautiful chapel that she had herself begun to build.

The pasquinades of the time represent her as she seems to us—inexplicable—the most capricious woman who ever was seriously in earnest. And probably there has been in history no other environment so changeable and kaleidoscopical that has not thrown down its principal figure in the march of its events. But she rode on, at the head of anarchy for thirty years. One of the verses to which we refer says she was a devil and an angel; full of blame and worthy of all praise; she sustained the state and ruined it; she brought opponents together and rendered more angry the debate; she gave birth to three Kings and fifty civil wars; she made good laws and bad edicts; wish for her, dying, both hell and paradise.'

She was especially remarkable for the number and elegance of the ladies who resided with her, for the decorations of her palaces and equipages, and for the magnificence of the entertainments, ballets, and shows which she gave on ordinary, and on extraordinary occasions, as on the arrival of the ambassadors to announce her son Henry's election as King of Poland. Her liberality in life was so great that her heirs got but little out of her estate in the end.

De Thou and Bayle load her name with the most odious vices. Brantôme and Davila adorn her with many virtues, among which a mother's love, we think, shines out brightest of all. Moréri, with French naïveté, says her administration was not to the taste of all the world. We may see that, if a strong-willed man like Henry III hesitated till the last moment before he struck, her many efforts to evade on-coming issues, religious and political, were all in the interest of avoiding the very crimes that blacken her memory.

Our English literature is mainly Protestant, and, of course, our commonly-read accounts of Catherine de' Medici are remarkable for nothing save error and invective. Yet, on account of its eloquence, the reader will perhaps be willing to read Dr. Punshon's peroration on her character, which sounds as if it had been inspired by Dumas' thrilling novel of "Margaret of Valois:"

"It is humiliating to our common nature," says Punshon,* "to dwell upon the portraiture which, if history says sooth, must be drawn of this remarkable woman. Her character is a study. Remorseless without cruelty, and sensual without a passion; a diplomatist without a principle and a dreamer without faith; a wife without affection, and a mother without feeling, we look in vain

* The Huguenots, By Rev. William Morley Punshon.

for her parallel. See her in her oratory—devouter Catholic never told his beads! See her in the cabinet of Ruggieri the astrologer—never glared fiercer eye into elf-land's glamour and mystery, never were philter and potion (alas! not all for healing) mixed with firmer hand. See her in the Council room—royal caprice yielded to her commanding will. Soldiers faltered beneath her falcon glance who never cowered from sheen of spears or blanched at flashing steel, and hoary-headed statesmen, who had made politics their study, confessed that she outmatched them in her cool and crafty wisdom. See her in disaster—more philosophical resignation never mastered suffering, braver heroism never bared its breast to storm. Strange contradictions are presented by her, which the uninitiated cannot possibly unravel. Power was her early and her life-long idol, but when within her grasp she let it pass away, enamored rather of the intrigue than of the possession—a mighty huntress, who flung the game rather in largess to her followers, finding her own royal satisfactions in the excitement of the chase. Of scanty sensibilities and without natural affection, there were times when she labored to make young lives happy, episodes in her romantic life, during which the woman's nature leaped into the day. Toiling constantly for the advancement of her sons, she shed no tear at their departure, and sat intriguing in her cabinet, while an old blind bishop and two aged domestics were the only mourners who followed her son Francis to the tomb. Skeptical enough to disbelieve in immortality, she was prudent enough to provide, as she imagined, for any contingency, hence she had her penances to purchase heaven, and her magic to propitiate hell. Queenly in her bearing, she graced the masque or revel, smiling in cosmetics and perfumes. But daggers glittered in her boudoir, and she culled for those

who crossed her schemes flowers of the most exquisite fragrance, but their odor was death. Such was Catherine de' Medici, the sceptered sorceress of Italia's land, for whom there beats no pulse of tenderness, around whose name no clinging memories throng, on whom we gaze with a sort of constrained and awful admiration, as an embodiment of power—but power cold, crafty, passionless, cruel —the power of the serpent—which cannot fail to leave impressions on the mind, but impressions of basilisk eye and iron fang and deadly gripe and poisonous trail."

The Italian historical writers of that age are celebrated neither for their brevity nor their eloquence, yet they knew something of the matters of which they spoke, and, if we take Davila, whose folio volume is more than half filled with the affairs which Catherine directed, we shall probably read somewhere near the feelings which her career inspired among those of her own race, who admired greatness in a woman and measurably indorsed the enterprises which a religious revolution and social overturning forced constantly upon the throne of France. Davila says:

"The Queen-mother departed this life on the eve of the Epiphany of our Lord, a day which was wont to be celebrated with great joy by the court and the whole Kingdom of France. The qualities of this lady, conspicuous for the spacious course of thirty years, and famous through all Europe, may be comprehended by the context of things that have been related. Her prudence always abounded. With fitting determinations she remedied the sudden changes of fortune and opposed the machinations of human wickedness. In the minority of her sons she managed the weight of many civil wars, and contended at once with the effects of religion, the contumacy of subjects, the necessities of her treasury, the dissimulations of the Great Ones, and the dreadful engines raised by am-

bition. Her career as a ruler is rather to be admired distinctly in every particular action, than confusedly dead-colored in a draft of all her virtues. The constancy of courage wherewith she, a woman, and a foreigner, dared to aspire to the whole weight of government against so many competitors, and having aspired, compass it, and having compassed, maintain it, was much more like the courage of a man hardened in the affairs of the world than of a woman accustomed to the delicacies of the court, and kept so low during the life of her husband. But the patience, dexterity and moderation which she exercised when under the suspicion of her son (who had had so many proofs of her devotion) were so great, that she still maintained herself in the government to this extent, that the King dared not, without her counsel and consent, resolve on those very things wherein he was jealous of her.

"Banishing the frailties and imperfections of the female sex, she became always mistress of those passions which tempt the wisest from the right path of life. In her were a most elegant wit, royal magnificence, courtesy to the people, a powerful manner of speaking, an inclination toward the good, a most bitter hatred and perpetual ill-will to the bad, and a desire to advance and favor her dependants.

"Yet, being an Italian, she never could do so much that French pride did not despise her virtues, and those that had a desire to disturb the Kingdom hated her mortally, as contrary to their designs. The Huguenots in particular, both in her life-time and after her death, blasted and tore her name with poisonous libels and execrations."

Davila concludes that several historians, in the liveliness of their desire to darken her memory, have overlooked the fact that time and again she, by the acts for which she is condemned, prevented the immediate over-

throw of the government committed to her hands, and he thinks that many of the crimes imputed to her, appear to reasonable judges to have been rendered either necessary or excusable by the urgency and evil character of public affairs.*

At Blois, down the Loire River from Orleans, the tourist is shown the room where the Duke of Guise fell, and the observatory where Catherine, with her astrologer, consulted the stars. But she should be regarded herself as a philosopher, who, knowing the ignorance and superstition of the human mind, used the jargon and appurtenances of astrology as instruments with which to carry out her more practical designs. While she lived it was the enemies of her sons, not her sons, who were assassinated, and, if she treated with Henry of Navarre, so did Catholic France in time, thus carrying out the ideas which she recommended to her son when she died. If she be accused of duplicity the charge falls still heavier on Henry of Navarre, who had not a mother's love to sustain his conscience in his many changes of faith, who profited by nearly every step she took in life, and who yet preserved a glorious name in history, with orators themselves gathering fame by waving his white plume, while at the same time they retreat in terror before her basilisk eye.

For, barring Coligny, perhaps, it is hard to find a great character of the time who was not well acquainted with poison, the dagger, treachery, and dissimulation. The age of Joan of Arc had passed. The lesson of her fruitless sacrifice had been too clear. The cant and hypocrisy of the dark ages had become tiresome. Even the weight of etiquette and ceremonial rites bore heavily on the patience of many, and in this feudal effervescence the lives of prominent actors on the stage of public events were

*Davila: Civil Wars of France, book 9.

as much in peril in times of peace as in times of war. Catherine passed through two generations of Guises, Bourbons, and Condés—two sets of assassinations—and her own issue fell by the assassin only after her counsel had been stilled in death at three score years and ten.

ELIZABETH

A. D. 1533-1603

"THE VIRGIN QUEEN"

When the story of this great reigning woman is told it still remains that the most wonderful thing of all is left out. There lived among her subjects, as a play actor, probably unknown or at least little known by her, William Shakespeare, who bids fair to be hailed by a large part of the human race as its brightest intellectual ornament. In an age when coats of mail and knightly deeds still figured on the battle-field, he, with other players, in out-of-the-way places, and under the frowns of both the brave and the industrious, simulated the ardor and the acts of heroes and of kings. When he had gained some wealth he purchased a house in Stratford, rose out of the disgraces of his early livelihood, and died so respectable that, with proper interest in his person by courtly people, he might have appeared in the same room with Queen Elizabeth.

This, which is not in her proper biography, is so frequently thought of nowadays when she is considered, that it is here placed first, and before the account of an illustrious and withal a glorious career.

Elizabeth was the daughter of one of the basest Kings who have lived, Henry VIII of England. He married Isabella's daughter, Catherine of Aragon, and, growing apprehensive of his soul's safety, divorced her that he might wed Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth; he cut Anne's head off that he might be a widower and marry Jane Seymour; he lost Jane Seymour (mother of Ed-

ward) by death, wedded Anne of Cleves in January to divorce her in July, in order that he might join with Catherine Howard, and cut off her poor head when Catherine Parr had caught his royal eye. Thus, Elizabeth's father was Bluebeard himself. As Frederick the Great grew to be proud of the father who had come within a few minutes of cutting off Frederick's head, so Elizabeth was cast in a mould to be proud of her father. We shall therefore naturally find a deep-seated dissimulation in her character. Yet, while she was a miser, she was not so much of a hypocrite as her father.

Although it is impossible to summarize the career of Catherine de' Medici, her contemporary, it is not difficult to point to the salient facts of Elizabeth's life: She had a stormy girlhood; she ascended the throne at 25; she supported the French Huguenots and got Mary Stuart of Scotland in her power; she was excommunicated by the Pope, as her father had been; she was courted by Philip II of Spain; she came very near to marrying Catherine de' Medici's youngest son, the Duke of Anjou (Alençon), and was courted by Henry II; she twice refused the crown of the Low Countries, but sent them troops to fight against Spain; she was long and seriously threatened by assassins; she executed Mary Stuart; she escaped the Invincible Armada of Spain; she hated the Guises; she was deserted, in a sense, by Henry of Navarre, who owed all to her; she loved Leicester; she loved Essex, sent him to quiet Ireland, recalled him, killed him, grieved over him, sank into deep melancholy, and died, reigning forty-five years without a husband, and exhibiting many eccentricities. She was nearly always a popular Queen with the conservative Protestants, as Isabella had been with the Catholics, and perhaps took Isabella for a model. She probably felt that Ferdinand had obscured and thwarted

the best purposes of Isabella, so she herself was chary of inviting a consort to ascend the steps of the English throne.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, was born at the royal palace, Greenwich, on the Thames, September 7, 1533. The country, compared with Europe, was extremely barbaric. A noble lord paid $8 a year rent for his house. Erasmus, the great scholar and bookmaker, visited England and attributed the frequent plagues to the low habits of the people. "The floors," he writes, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and everything that is nasty." Erasmus was a very sensitive invalid, and probably a harsh critic. Holingshed, the chronicler, says there were no chimneys to the houses; the fire was kindled against the wall, and the smoke escaped as it now does in Esquimau huts; the houses were of watling (braided twigs) plastered with clay; the people slept on straw pallets, and had a log for pillow; furniture and utensils were nearly all of wood. People ate with their fingers. But "the religion" had taught the believers to read the Bible in English for themselves, and thus the spread of education was no longer impeded. The inhabitants learned European civilization with surprising rapidity in the sixteenth century, as the Japanese have done in the nineteenth century. Probably Elizabeth owned the first silk stockings that came to England, and a handsome pair of these are preserved in the Gunther collection at Chicago.

Elizabeth was not three years old when her mother was condemned to be "burnt or beheaded," as should be determined by the King, and Anne Boleyn was beheaded. An act was passed declaring Mary, daughter of Catherine

of Aragon and Elizabeth, daughter of Anne, both illegitimate. Then a son Edward was born to Jane Seymour, the third wife, and the King fixed the succession in Edward, Edward's issue, if any, next Mary, and lastly Elizabeth. Edward succeeded as the Sixth, and the education of Elizabeth progressed under various tutors. Her later triumphs as a scholar are thus enthusiastically described by Camden: "She had a happy memory, and was indefatigably given to the study of learning, insomuch that as before she was 17 years of age she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as became a princess, being able to sing sweetly and play handsomely on the lute. She read over Melanchthon's Commonplaces, all Cicero, a great part of the histories of Livy, certain select orations of Isocrates (turning two into Latin from the Greek) Sophocles' tragedies, and the New Testament in Greek, by which means she framed her tongue to a pure and elegant way of speaking, and informed her mind with apt documents and instructions, daily applying herself to the study of good letters, not for pomp and ostentation, but in order to use in her life and the practice of virtue. Insomuch that she was a kind of miracle and admiration for her learning among the princes of her time."

Anne Boleyn had held out the baby princess Elizabeth imploringly to Henry VIII and his terrible frown was the only thing the infant eyes rested on. The little child was sent to one of the King's houses at Hunsdon, thirty miles north of London, with a governess, Lady Bryan, a relative of Anne. Lady Bryan wrote, begging for clothing: "She (Elizabeth) hath neither gown nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor forsmocks (aprons), nor kerchiefs, nor rails, nor body stitchets, nor handker-

chiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggens (hoods)." The Lady Elizabeth's large teeth were cutting with much trouble. "They come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer Her Grace to have her will more than I would." After that Lady Bryan hoped to so control the child that the King's Grace should have great comfort in Her Grace." Yet it was "a promising and gentle child."

When Prince Edward was baptized, Mary, seventeen years older than Elizabeth, held the infant in her arms, and also led the 4-year Elizabeth to the font. Elizabeth and Edward, both motherless, played together, and were brought up alike, and ever remained friends. When their father died both shed tears, and Edward was King, though Mary ought to have been Queen.

The studies to which we have referred were carried forward systematically under William Grindal. Elizabeth translated a small book of prayers into Latin, French, and Italian. This MS., dedicated to her father, is in the Royal Library at Westminster. Grindal died of the plague.

When Elizabeth was 17 the young King, who loved her like a brother, made her a present of Hatfield house, north of London, now the seat of Lord Salisbury. Here she had a retinue of servants and was a great Princess. Grindal had looked up to Roger Ascham at Cambridge; now Elizabeth sent to the University for Ascham himself, and he resigned a professorship to become her tutor. Under his hands she became known as the most learned young woman in Europe, and Ascham's book, "The Schoolmaster," vaunts her acquirements as the result of his patient and slow system of instruction. At Oxford is a copy, in her hand-writing, of St. Paul's Epistles, with the binding ornamented by designs in her own hand, and

her thoughts written in Latin. Her script was clear and admirable.

Her household was called at 6, and all its members, perhaps sixty persons, high and low, repaired to the chapel, where prayers were said. At 7 the Princess and her ladies sat down to breakfast. Before each plate was a pewter pot of beer and another of wine. On fast days, salt fish was served; on other days a joint with bread. Coffee, tea, and chocolate were unheard of. Cabbages and turnips furnished the main supply of vegetables. There were no potatoes. It is probable that in houses like this there were chimneys, for the conservatives already bewailed the prevailing luxury. "When we built of willow," they said, "we had oaken men; now we build of oak, our men are willow, or altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration." The smoke had hardened the race; now people caught colds.

On the death of her generous brother Edward, Elizabeth showed her good will to Mary by coming to the coronation at the head of 500 horse. Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, set up the royal title of little Lady Jane Grey, granddaughter of the second sister of Henry VIII, and offered Elizabeth a large indemnity in money to resign her rights as heir, but Elizabeth refused. The rebellion of Lady Jane Grey's people followed, and Mary became wholly estranged from Elizabeth, going so far as to declare her birth illegitimate. Cardinal Pole and the other Romish advisers of Mary, counseled the destruction of Elizabeth, probably on account of her repute as a learned disciple of the Reformation. Mary married the terrible Philip II of Spain, and, while we would suppose this had ended Elizabeth at once, it was the cause of her deliverance, for Philip saved her, fearing Mary might die, and hoping to have Elizabeth also to marry.

Elizabeth obtained leave to live at her house, but Mary sent two officers to have her in charge. On the insurrection of Wyatt against the Spanish marriage, Elizabeth was suspected of complicity. Mary sent for her to come to court. Elizabeth pleaded illness. Members of the Privy Council were sent to fetch her. They presented themselves to her at her bedside at 10 o'clock in the night. She protested her loyalty to her sister, and called on them to witness her oaths of fealty. She left it to them to judge that she was certainly ill, but they replied that their orders were strict to bring her in the Queen's litter. A physician certified that it might be done without danger to her life, and she went to London next morning. She was so ill, however, that she rested four nights in a journey of only 29 miles—nowadays only an hour's ride out of London. Her household wept at her departure, and Protestants along the road mourned for her as one already dead, so surely did they believe "Bloody Mary" would kill her.

Elizabeth was detained at Whitehall and severely questioned by the Privy Council. When it was rumored Wyatt had implicated her, she was sent to Hampton Court. From thence a barge took her to the Tower of London, where it is likely she had been sent on the way to the block. She entered the Tower Palm Sunday, 1554, with officers and servants, and no great humiliation was put upon her. "Here landeth," said she, "as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before Thee, O God, I can speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone!"

Wyatt died declaring Elizabeth innocent. Mary ordered mass said in Elizabeth's apartments, and Elizabeth made no objection. At last, Philip, having advised it, Elizabeth was given over to two trustees. They took her

to Richmond Palace, where she was offered a marriage with the Duke of Savoy. She was, by this time, pretty sure of escape from death, for she refused the alliance. She was then taken to Ricot, in Oxfordshire, and thence to Woodstock, where she was kept under a strong military guard. Considering the extreme danger of civil war when the religious persecutions that Mary had set out on, the treatment of Elizabeth by Mary reflects honor upon her sisterly feelings.

As may be judged when we come to Elizabeth's conduct toward Mary Stuart, Elizabeth skillfully kept out of the way of religious persecution. Mary sent to her to ascertain her opinion whether or not Christ was really present in the sacrament. Her answer was in verse:

> "Christ was the word that spake it;
> He took the bread and brake it;
> And what the word did make it
> That I believe and take it."

The reason Philip favored Mary was because the Guises controlled Scotland in Mary Stuart, their niece, and if France acquired England also, Spain would be in great danger. Catholic or heretic, therefore, Philip wanted to see Elizabeth Queen rather than Mary Stuart, who already set up bold claims. Mary of England was hurt by her husband's fidelity to statecraft rather than to religion, and she died shortly after setting Elizabeth free.

When her approaching death was announced to Parliament there were cries from both houses: "Long live Queen Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth ascended the throne November 17, 1558, and the Protestants, who had suffered so many terrors under Bloody Mary, were wild with joy. The temper of England, which now desired to make progress in learning and the arts, was unquestionably in line with Elizabeth's feel-

ings. The people not only indorsed her religious views, but were proud of her attainments. She was one of the first of sovereigns to feel safe without a learned priest in her council chamber. Bishop Aylmer says: "She picked out such councilors to serve her as were neither of common wit nor common experience; of whom some by travel in foreign countries, some by learning, some by practice and like authority in other rulers' days, some by affliction either one way or other, for their gifts and graces which they had received at God's hands—were men meet to be called to such rooms." None were priests. Yet she kept several of Mary's advisers. Philip II at once offered to marry her—his deceased wife's sister. She led him to hope. Cecil she made Secretary of State. She recalled Protestant exiles, and opened the prisons to the martyrs who still lived. A clever saying is imputed to her at the time when the right of the people to read the Bible in English was a matter of life and death. One Rainsford, receiving the pardon of some prisoners, said he had a petition from other prisoners—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. "Consult those prisoners yourself," said the Queen, "and see if they desire all this liberty."

The Bishops, alarmed by her inclination toward the Reformation, refused to anoint her, and that ceremony was arranged with difficulty. She ordered the Lord's prayer, the ten commandments, the creed, the litany, the gospels and epistles to be read from the pulpits in English, and inhibited the elevation of the host in her presence. In many matters, however, she conformed to the Romish ritual, so that her real view was to seek public order rather than to sow the seeds of further controversy. She commanded the people to lay aside the terms "heretic," "schismatic," "papist," and to refrain from terms of reproach and provoking distinctions. There must not be

unlawful worship and superstition, neither must there be a contempt for holy things. Three religious parties thus formed—Romanists, who thought they were persecuted because they could not persecute; Church of England people, who followed Elizabeth in the expedient or opportune course; Puritans, who desired to persecute the Romanists for vengeance, or at least for even justice. Puritans settled New England; Romanists came with Lord Baltimore. The Lutherans were strong in Germany and the Netherlands; the Genevese doctrines of Calvin had spread into France, and we have dwelt on the advancement of the Huguenots in our review of the career of Catherine de' Medici. Elizabeth now began her lifelong task of inspiring these rebellious movements against the power of Rome. Hardly one of the northern and western schisms could have survived but for her money and soldiers, and this was by far her greatest achievement.

We have seen, on previous pages, that Mary Stuart married Francis II of France. The twain of France signed themselves King and Queen of England and Scotland as well. When Francis died, Catherine was glad to get Mary back to Scotland, where the Scotch Presbyterians rose against her, and soon she was accused of Darnley's murder, and became a prisoner, held by her rebellious subjects. Elizabeth arrogated the rights of an arbiter, and so mixed in with the Scottish troubles that she finally secured the person of Mary, who was now legal heir to the English throne in the event of Elizabeth leaving no issue. The Commons bore very heavily on the need of a Protestant successor, and probably touching the eccentric notes in the character of "the great Eliza," she became stubborn on this point, and vowed she would die a maid. She did not decree against Mary as her successor, nor would she admit Mary's rights. Meanwhile,

that unfortunate and ambitious woman was in custody no less than eighteen years. Her son James, by Darnley, had escaped from Elizabeth's clutches, and eventually, after a regency, reigned in Scotland (and England). There he ruled over clans of Scotch Puritans who acknowledged but little authority.

It may be that Catherine de' Medici took part in the vast plan on which the Catholics now set out to destroy their enemies, the Protestants. Pope Pius V issued a bull denouncing the Queen of England as a depraved woman, depriving her of the rights of sovereignty, absolving her subjects from their allegiance, excommunicating her, and pronouncing all persons who should abet her excommunicated and accursed. Mary, Queen of Scots, was to be Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The Pope sent Ridolfi, an emissary, disguised as a merchant, to operate to this end in England, and he confederated a great many nobles, with Norfolk at their head, to whom he promised the hand of Mary, if the plot should succeed. Meanwhile the Huguenots were lured to Paris, and the Duke of Anjou (Catherine de' Medici's son) urged his suit for Elizabeth's hand. Norfolk's conspiracy was disclosed, he was put in the tower, and after an insurrection of Mary's people in the north of England had been put down, about a thousand people were executed. Elizabeth set Norfolk free. Her advance on the Catholics and the Pope was now rapid. Laws were passed that made the importation of Catholic ecclesiastical furniture and utensils impossible, and rendered the person of the Queen more secure. There came a feeling over the Protestants that it was a matter of life and death between Elizabeth on the throne and Mary in the prison, which, after all, had long been an English way of looking at the relations of a monarch with his victim. To the Pope, Elizabeth

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LEAVING HOLYROOD

replied by sending Sir Walter Raleigh and 100 picked gentlemen to fight in Navarre and by lending money to Jeanne of Albret, Henry of Navarre's mother. The Duke of Alva now went from Spain to the Low Countries to devastate, slay, and depopulate. Elizabeth seized his treasure on the seas, and he made reprisals. Alva, Northumberland, Norfolk (now free) and Ridolfi again plotted for the assassination of Elizabeth, the plot was discovered, and Norfolk and Northumberland were executed, though Elizabeth affected to accede to Norfolk's sentence with reluctance. Elizabeth sent a communication to Mary, in prison, charging her with assuming the arms of England, intending to marry Norfolk without the Elizabethan consent, practising with Ridolfi to engage the King of Spain to invade England, procuring the Pope's bull of excommunication, and allowing herself to be called Queen of England. Parliament applied for the trial and execution of Mary.

News of St. Bartholomew's massacre horrified the Protestant world. When the French Ambassador, Fénelon, come to tell the facts officially to Elizabeth, he advanced into a hall of black cloth, through ranks of ladies dressed in black and weeping. The Queen listened to his pacific utterances, dissembling her wrath, and even allowed negotiations to open for her marriage with the younger of Catherine de' Medici's sons, for those with the second (afterward Henry II) had failed. Although Elizabeth had refused to accept the proffered title of Queen of the Netherlands from the Dutch, when she found that Don John of Austria, Philip's natural brother, thought to conquer Holland and espouse Mary Stuart, she accepted the protectorate of Holland and sent money and troops to the relief of the victims of Philip's oppression, still representing to Philip that in this way she kept

the Hollanders from joining with France against Spain. Meanwhile (1581) the most spirited of Elizabeth's royal matrimonial affairs or negotiations went forward with Catherine de' Medici's agents. She was 25 years older than the young Valois, but her interest in the Duke of Alençon, now Duke of Anjou, was so great that Leicester, her acknowledged favorite, grew jealous of Simier, Catherine's emissary. Simier thereon told Elizabeth that Leicester was secretly married. Leicester undertook the assassination of Simier, and while Simier and the Queen rowed in a barge, Simier descanting on the fine person of the young Duke, a shot, fired from the bank of the Thames River, wounded a bargeman. Elizabeth punished nobody for this crime. The marriage was agreed on. The French Prince came and saw his intended bride of 49. The English looked on with wry faces. The Queen made him a present of 100,000 crowns, and he raised an army and took the field against the Spanish. The States exalted him to be Governor, and he returned to England. The Queen publicly put a ring on his finger. Bonfires were built in Holland. A Puritan wrote a book—"The Gulf in which England will be swallowed by the French Marriage." Elizabeth cut off the hand he wrote it with. He waved his other hand and cried, "God save the Queen."

All the cronies of Elizabeth and all her ministers fiercely opposed this match. Elizabeth thought it over, retreated, and the French Prince, cursing women and islanders, went back to Holland, quarreled with the Dutch, and soon died. This is by all odds the nearest the Queen ever came to getting married.

Elizabeth pursued her studies all her life, and we find her at this age translating Plutarch, Boethius, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus. A Polish Ambassador addressed her

in Latin; she being offended, extemporized a good Latin reply in the irate Elizabethan style.

She had a dry wit that has always been celebrated where canons of taste were not too high. She found particular pleasure in varying the saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man. Eighteen tailors waited on her in a delegation. The Queen greeted them: "Gentlemen, both." She declared she had a regiment of cavalry that had in it neither horse nor man—it was recuited of tailors mounted on mares. Her best wit was therefore of that type which got its merit from the cruelty or sharpness of the jest, thus displaying the true parental instincts that she had inherited from bluff King Hal.

Castelnau, French Ambassador, writes of her: "She has prospered in all her affairs, and continues to do so. Not from possessing great wealth and granting large donations, for she has always been a great economist, but without exacting from her subjects in the manner of her predecessors. Her great desire has been the repose of her people; hence the nation has become exceedingly rich during her reign. But however unusual her ability, she has never undertaken great affairs on her own judgment, but has always conferred with her council. Careful to keep out of wars, she has thrown them on her neighbors rather than drawn them on herself. She has been unjustly taxed with avarice because she has refused to be free with her gifts."

For more than twenty years she had been on the throne. Her arrogations of power had been rapid and constant. The Lords and Commons, sitting in Parliament, strove within themselves to learn her will, and to appear to freely register in advance what she should wish. The Reformation had already split England, and while Elizabeth must protect herself against an angered Pope,

she was forced no less to terrify and subdue a large body of dissenters from her own religious establishment. These dissenters desired the state of things that had come about in Edinburgh, which will be noted anon.

The act of Henry III of France in assassinating the Guises seemed to usher an era of this order of crime, and there followed in time the assassinations of William of Orange, Henry III and Henry IV. These successful enterprises lend interest to the many abortive attempts that were made to kill Elizabeth, but one of which will here be detailed.

It will be important to know the need Elizabeth felt, in self-preservation, to end the life of her Catholic rival and prisoner, Mary Stuart, who was now doomed to see her own son a zealous Presbyterian King.

William Parry, a Catholic gentleman, pardoned for a capital offense—probably religious—as by this time Elizabeth had become a fairly cruel persecutor, burning or beheading fifty or one hundred people where Isabella had burned ten thousand—this Parry went to Milan, and there, consulting with Jesuit priests, concluded to go back to England and assassinate Elizabeth for the good of the true faith. The papal nuncios, both at Milan and Paris, gave him their encouragement, but, at Paris, some Catholic priests denounced the enterprise as a crime. Parry wrote a letter to the Pope through Cardinal Como, asking the absolution and apostolic benediction, and received a highly favorable reply from the Cardinal. Still, Parry thought perhaps he could melt the heart of the Queen, and thereby spare her life. Accordingly he went to London, sought her presence, and exhorted her, as she valued life itself, to grant more indulgence to the Catholics. He secured a seat in the Commons, and there made a speech that angered his colleagues, and consigned him

into custody. This fully convinced him that the Queen must die. He took an accomplice, Nevil. The twain agreed to shoot the Queen. But Nevil's worldly prospects suddenly changed by the death of a relative. He concluded he could do better than to become a martyr and assassin, and betrayed the plot. Parry was imprisoned, the Cardinal's letter was produced, Parry vaunted his criminal designs, and was beheaded. When he had argued with the Queen, he had left his dagger at home, for fear his zeal might overcome him.

The actual murder of the Prince of Orange at this time heightened the alarm of the Protestants. Elizabeth was now the head and front of the Reformation. Her money and men were in Navarre, at Rochefort, and she sent her lover and favorite, Leicester, to Holland. The States saluted Leicester as Governor, and treated him as a sovereign. But at this the eccentric Queen became jealous of her lover. She was, at all times, prompt to disconcert any attempt to reign in her name.

As military difficulties thickened, the Queen began to think of James, son of Mary Stuart, reigning over the quarrelsome Scotch Presbyterians at Edinburgh. He was her heir, in the event of Mary's death. But she desired to delay his marriage. She sent her wisest man, Wotton, to him. Wotton, she secretly told James, was a light-brained figurehead; when she had anything important, she would send word by some wiser man; but Wotton would amuse the King, and dispel some of the descending gloom of Scotch disputation. Wotton, in fact, designed to get the person of the King into Elizabeth's clutches. He played his part well, yet he failed even to break up a Scotch marriage with Denmark, for Elizabeth was bent on forcing James to marry the poor and elderly sister of Henry of Navarre. James got his own choice. The

Scotch preachers were bitterly stirred to see the Queen from Denmark anointed, and denounced the ceremony as "Popish." One Gibson declared James should die childless for it.

Thus, at the time the plots thickened about Elizabeth's life, it may be seen that Catholics and Episcopalians could not live together, and Episcopalians and Presbyterians were but little more at peace. The position of Mary Stuart was made more unfortunate by her feeling of resentment against her son James, who had usurped her throne and overthrown her religion.

We are now to enter upon the chapter in which Elizabeth killed Mary. It is the mood and habit of the world always to sympathize with the victim of a more powerful foe, whatever the circumstances may be. Henry III is not forgiven for killing the Guises; Napoleon for killing the Duke of Enghien; Elizabeth for killing Mary. Henry, alone, was candid; the others were basely hypocritical, both, however, possibly for sufficient state reasons.

While the Catholic assassins were preaching the doctrine that the Pope's bull against Elizabeth was dictated by the Holy Ghost, an association of Protestants formed in England, whose members, anticipating the violent death of Elizabeth, took oath that not only should her violent death be frightfully avenged, but no one should reign in England who could profit by the deeds of the Catholics. Now a priestly assassin named Ballard, taking the name of Captain Fortescue, came to England to head an insurrection. He engaged a rich young man named Babington, in Derby, who was introduced to Mary Stuart, by letter, as a friend, and Mary wrote him an epistle of encouragement and esteem. Mary was given over to the keeping of Sir Amias Paulet, who confined her more rigorously, and Babington desisted. Another desperate as-

sassin, John Savage, was now introduced to Babington, who, inspired by the determination of a daring zealot, offered to join Savage with five others, in killing Elizabeth and rescuing Mary. Babington undertook to free Mary with 100 horse. Meanwhile Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary of state, had secured Maud, an apostate Catholic priest, to accompany Ballard to Paris. Gifford, another of the same ilk, was soon let into the plot, and, with singular fatuity, the conspirators gave to Gifford the task of communicating the plans to Mary, to see if they had her approbation. Minister Walsingham now sought Paulet, the custodian, desiring leave to allow Gifford, the spy, to corrupt one of Paulet's servants, and thus get access to Mary, but Paulet did not approve so much villainy, even when practised on a Catholic captive. A brewer took the letters to Mary. They were thrust through a chink in the wall, and Mary placed answers in the same chink—that is, her two secretaries did so. The plotters, to try Gifford, gave blank missives at first; he returned to them genuine answers from Mary, so there remained, in Babington's mind, no doubt of Gifford's probity. Mary was now informed of the plan. She replied, in cipher, that the death of Elizabeth was necessary, as a preliminary. These letters, of course, passed through Minister Walsingham's hands. To one of them he attached, in the same cipher, a request putatively by Mary, to know the names of the conspirators. To this Babington responded, so that Walsingham now held in his fingers all the threads of the conspiracy. Meanwhile, to Walsingham Babington was making extraordinary professions of hostility to Catholics, but it was even known that he had bought good clothes for Savage, in which he might safely approach the Queen whom he was to strike down. All were easily enmeshed

when the time came, and fourteen were beheaded.* Thus the Protestant statesmen saw that the royal heir, Mary was a Catholic zealot. Should Elizabeth die, Mary would be Queen. All Protestants would be in peril. Means were now at hand to kill her legally. Elizabeth took no interest in the world after she should be dead, and delighted in the anxiety of her lords. She thought it tended to protect her own life. Leicester advised poison for Mary; others thought she would soon die of her own accord. At last, however, Elizabeth, knowing that she had the entire statecraft of England at her back, advanced savagely on Mary. For eighteen years she had feared and detested this Princess, whose charms of mind and person had also evoked the stern jealousy of the masculine Queen. Mary had not heard that the plot had failed. She was told while on horseback, on a hunt, and never was allowed to return to Paulet's house, but was conducted onward to Fotheringay Castle in Northampton, where she was to be killed. At Paulet's, sixty ciphers were discovered, and Mary's secretaries were arrested. Elizabeth appointed a commission of forty noblemen to try "Mary, late Queen of Scots." Mary, having no counsel, was at last persuaded to acknowledge this tribunal by answering its questions. It was shown she had instigated her adherents to capture her son, the usurping King, and deliver him to the Spaniard or the Pope. Mary denied that she had counseled the assassination of Elizabeth, but she also denied that she had had any communication whatever with Babington. She laid it all on her two secretaries, who, of course, to escape torture, would swear to anything necessary. She asked that she might confront the two secretaries, but this was not done, as it was not English practice. There were many

*See State Trials, Vol. I.

things that conspired to make it seemingly necessary to kill Mary, and the forty lords, meeting in the infamous Star Chamber at London, sentenced her to death for plotting Elizabeth's life, but specifically stated that this sentence did not derogate from the title and honor of James, King of Scotland. Now that Elizabeth had compassed the destruction of Mary, the eccentricity of her nature arose to also awaken within her the thoughts of her own honor before posterity. How would she herself figure before the ages, if she should violate the rights of hospitality, kindred, royal majesty, and sex? She therefore began to alarm her nearest adherents and favorites by protestations of clemency, which might end any moment in making Mary Queen, with ax to slay the forty nobles and all other foes of the old faith. Elizabeth, however, called the Parliament, and that body of course loudly bewailed her delay, and she published the finding of Parliament, which was received with public rejoicings. On this Mary's jailers removed the royal canopy, which had always been accorded to her as a born Queen. The Catholic Kings all protested against the execution, and King James made a dutiful, and it is believed a sincere, attempt to save his mother, although the people over whom he ruled did not sanction his filial course. The year 1586 was now closing. When the matter had died down a little, the Queen secretly sent for Davison and told him to privately draw the warrant for Mary's death, so she could have it by her; then she sent it signed by her to the Chancellor, to have the great seal affixed or appended; then, next day, she sent to Davison to let the matter rest; but it had passed the great seal; Davison now advised the privy council, and those noblemen, eager for Mary's death, persuaded Davison to send off the warrant, promising to take the blame, and probably hoping to anticipate the Queen's own wishes.

Mary was therefore executed at Fotheringay Castle February 7, 1587, in a large hall, on a black scaffold, in the presence of a great number of spectators. The Protestants did not chop off her head without first insulting her with long, defamatory sermons, copying the Catholic examples in the last days of Joan of Arc. Mary died (aged 45) with a splendid courage and dignity that cast only the greater obloquy on the hypocritical sorrow that Elizabeth now affected to show.

The privy council told Elizabeth that Mary had perished. Her countenance changed through her deep paint; her speech faltered; she stood stock still; she burst forth into loud wailings and lamentations; she got into deep mourning and poured out a flood of tears from eyes that usually were dry; she stayed among her women and chased her counsellors with fury and imprecations if they came near to her. She wrote a letter to appease James which should stand as an example of all that can be accomplished by feminine art in the line of falsehood and dissimulation. At last she cast Davison in jail, and fined him $50,000, which was all he had, and this impoverished him. By these arts, and others equally base, she escaped war with James, who, on his own account, was but poorly prepared for it, for he had not been able to even make his bitter-spirited pastors pray for poor Mary, his mother. Just before her death, in order to pay a decent respect to his unfortunate parent, even in his own kirk, he had desired a friendly prelate to officiate. Arriving in his pew, he found an interloping preacher, who intended to hold the pulpit against all comers. The King asked the preacher to come down, and had to send the captain of the guard to hale him out. When the irate divine was put out by force he called down a woe on Edinburgh for not letting

him insult Queen Mary in her misfortunes, now so soon to end in her murder.

Meanwhile English mariners, pirates, and captains had preyed well on Spanish commerce, at home and in America, and Philip prepared the Invincible Armada for a descent on the shores of Albion. The Armada sailed in a crescent about seven miles broad between its tips. The Spanish and Italian writers, of course, rise to their sublimest flights, in describing it. Bentivoglio says that though the ships advanced with every sail, the lofty masts, the swelling sheets, the towering prows came on with slow motion, "as if the ocean groaned with supporting, and the winds were tired with impelling a weight so enormous." The conduct of the Queen in this reign of terror was as brave as was the attitude of Isabella in urgent danger. Elizabeth gathered 23,000 soldiers at Tilbury. Before them she appeared, mounted on a charger, with a general's truncheon in her hand, a corselet of steel laced on over her Queen's apparel, a page bearing her white plumed helmet, and thus she rode, bare-headed, from rank to rank, evoking affectionate plaudits and inspiring military ardor. She made an eloquent speech: "Let tyrants fear. I am come among you at this time being resolved in the heart of the battle to live and die among you all. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a King, and a King of England, too. I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of virtue in the field."

The Armada left Lisbon May 29, 1588; after many mishaps it arrived in the English channel July 19. The English Admiral was Lord Effingham. The Armada anchored at Calais; Effingham sent in fire-ships and scattered the enemy, the Armada sailing northward, let it be noted, to go around Scotland and Ireland. At the Ork-

neys the Arctic storms befell the Spaniards, others came off Ireland, and not over half the ships got back to Spain. England and Scotland again resounded with the merry-making of the Protestants, and Philip the Spaniard laid the blame on those Moors who had escaped Isabella's persecution by dissimulation. At Tilbury Elizabeth became truly great, as she was always shrewd, discerning, tactful, and imperious.

In 1589 Henry of Navarre came to the French throne as heir, and Elizabeth sent him the largest sum of money he had ever seen—something over $100,000—and 4,000 men. One of her merchants, Whyte, captured a Spanish galleon with two million bulls from Rome granting indulgences. These the King of Spain had bought of the Pope for 300,000 florins, with the expectation of selling them in the Indies for 500,000,000 florins. Henry of Navarre found it to be politic to publicly embrace the Catholic religion, and thus, while he did not break with England, he weakened the Protestant power in Europe and saved France to the old church. Leicester never did well in Holland, and died—always a minister who had flourished because of his personal influence over the capricious Queen, and not because of his abilities. James of Scotland needed aid, but Elizabeth refused it, and even acted with bad faith, protecting his seditious nobles. By sea, all went well, and a new man, Essex, came on the scene, who will figure most prominently to the end. It was his desire that Britannia should sweep the seas, and his advice accorded well with the successful sovereign's private views. For seven or eight years after the Armada there is little to record of interest. Elizabeth tightened her grasp on the scepter of supreme power, and passed rigorous measures of all kinds, scolding her Parliaments with an increasing

acerbity of tongue, and eliciting a growing desire to obey her subserviently.

It was Elizabeth's fashion to quarrel oftenest with those she loved best. So with young Essex. He turned his back on her in anger. She advanced on him with imprecations and boxed him on the ear. He clapped his hand on his sword and ran away. No one could make him apologize, and he even wrote a letter, declaring he had received a mortal affront. This, which would have ruined anyone else, did Essex no harm, and he was reinstated in the Queen's favor.

She was now 65 years old. Philip II, her great enemy, was dead. Burleigh, her chief statesman or friend, was dead. Her vanity and eccentricity grew. She had 3,000 gowns in her wardrobe. A Dutch delegation came to see her. A handsome young Dutchman in the retinue descanted on her beauty to an Englishman, looking with admiring eyes on the Queen. Meanwhile the heavy Dutch burghers were making their big speeches. Instantly after the audience, she called the Englishman and made him translate the remarks. These were in the highest degree flattering. The Queen made each ambassador a present of a chain of 800 crowns, and to the gentlemen of the retinue she gave a chain of 100 crowns; but to the bold young attendant who had praised her so impudently she gave a chain of 1,600 crowns—double that of the ambassadors—and he wore it about his neck to the end of his life. This shows not only that Elizabeth was easily flattered, but that flattery profited this Dutchman to the end of his days.

On the other hand, a young wit, Buzenwall, mimicked Elizabeth's bad French at a banquet in Paris, and an Englishman who was present did not resent it. Both these men, afterward, were appointed to her court, but her re-

sentment had not abated with years, and she would receive neither. "Thus," says Du Maurier, "they did themselves and their master, Henry of Navarre, a great injury, which proves that the great are always to be spoken of with respect." It is generally said of Elizabeth that she was a patron of learning only so far as it would advance her own studies, and that she desired to shine as the most beautiful and most cultured person of either sex on the islands.

Young Essex had returned with glory from Cadiz. He was jealous of others, and very ambitious. A rebellion broke out in Ireland, and both Essex's friends and his enemies wanted Essex to go and put it down. His enemies knew that his haughty manners, at a distance, would arouse the anger of the old Queen, who now doted on him. Elizabeth readily gave him regal powers and sent him off with a good army. The campaign went badly. Elizabeth became furious, and promoted Cecil, Essex's rival, at London. She ordered Essex to stay in Ireland, but he, knowing her character, made all haste to London, rushed into court "besmeared with dirt and sweat," made his way madly to the presence-chamber, on to the privy chamber, and even thence to the Queen's bedchamber, where Elizabeth was newly risen and sitting with her hair about her face. He threw himself on his knees, kissed her hand, and evidently begged her favor, which he received, as he went out thanking God. But Elizabeth, on thinking it over, found her impatience rising once more, for Essex had disobeyed her time and again. She therefore received him coldly in the afternoon, and he, believing his rival triumphant, took sick and seemed to be dying. On this, to the intense alarm of Raleigh and Cecil, enemies of Essex, the Queen showed distress, and ordered eight of the best physicians of the realm to attend him. She sent him

broth, and a sweet message. He got well, and the Queen was told that the whole episode had been skillfully arranged to work upon her feelings. She sent another captain to Ireland, Mountjoy, who conquered. She tried Essex in the privy council. The court gave him a light sentence, leaving him in custody. The people, however, believing that the Queen had been falsely set against Essex, continued to pay him high honor, and Elizabeth was far from liking popularity in her subjects. Essex played a part of deep submission. His dignities had been taken away, and still he wrote the most humble letters. Now the Queen refused to grant anew his monopoly of the sweet wines. He at last, in utter despair, meditated a rebellion. He openly declared "the old woman was as crooked in mind as in body." He plotted a rebellion of Puritans, corresponded with James, and in other ways enmeshed himself thoroughly in the net which his adversaries and the Queen spread for him. At last he even entered London, cried aloud that England was sold to the Spanish Infanta, and exhorted the crowd to follow him. He then retired ingloriously to Essex House and surrendered without defense. He was tried for high treason before a jury of twenty-five peers, and sentenced to death. Of course, the attendants of the Queen, warned by Davison's fate at the time of Mary's death, viewed the proceedings and orders of the Queen, in signing the death-warrant, with extreme caution. She signed and recalled at pleasure, until finally she ordered the execution, which took place, the young man Essex dying with piety and submission.

The war in Ireland, with a Spanish invasion there, went on, and Mountjoy brought it to an end that reflected honor on British arms. Henry of Navarre was reconciled to James' coming succession on the English throne.

But these matters gave Elizabeth no peace. She lay, in rich dress, upon a splendid carpet, much after the manner depicted in the great painting by Paul Delaroche, "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," now in the Louvre, at Paris, and gradually faded away in a deep melancholy.

Du Maurier says that Prince Maurice had the story direct from Carleton, secretary of state, that once, when Essex was going to Cadiz, he complained how easy it would be for his rivals to undo him in the Queen's favor. On this Elizabeth put a ring on his finger and promised him, with oath, that if he would send it to her, whatever his peril might be, she would restore him to favor. Essex kept this gift to the last extremity, and, when he was under sentence of death, sent the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, begging she would carry it to the Queen. But the husband of the Countess was desirous that Essex should die, and commanded his wife not to do it. Afterward the Countess fell mortally ill, and sent for the Queen on a matter of grave importance. To the Queen the dying woman privately gave the ring of Essex, explaining that she had not dared sooner to do it. The Queen, seeing the ring, burst into a furious passion. She shook the dying Countess in her bed. She cried out repeatedly: "God may pardon you, but I never can!" She returned to the bedchamber and took to the carpet, refusing to go to bed. She gave vent to constant groans, and would not take food or medicine. Ten or fifteen days she lay thus, to the consternation of her household, who could not believe one could die of grief, and she had no disease that the doctors could name, nor was she due to die of old age. Yet she grew more feeble. At last the privy council sent to know her will about the succession. She answered, with a feeble voice, that she had held a regal scepter, she desired no other than a royal successor. But Cecil

desired a clearer mandate, whereat she more querulously explained that she would have a King to succeed her. Therefore, who could that be other than her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Her voice soon left her, her senses failed, she seemed to sleep, and after some hours of lethargy she was dead. She was 70 years old and had reigned nearly 45 years. It was toward evening of March 24, 1603.

So far in our volume she can be compared only with Isabella. The two women both founded great empires, the one by arms, the other by statecraft. Britain outlasted Spain, perhaps, because Isabella allowed too much importance to be given to Church organization, over which a foreign potentate held sway. Elizabeth was possibly the greater blessing to her people, but Isabella, it seems to us, was incomparably the greater and nobler woman—beautiful, yet not vain; charming yet not coquettish—the admirer of Ximenes, where Elizabeth chose Hatton, Leicester and Essex, inferior men. Isabella was a mother; Elizabeth knew but the single side of life. Isabella would have filled the world with monks and convents; Elizabeth had too much good English common sense to do that, and, except when her womanly vanity turned her head, she acted like the greatest of statesmen, and is one of the few monarchs or commanders who have desired the weight of counsel and followed a majority of her ministers rather than trust to the voices of emotion or the whisperings of affection.

It is the custom of the English-speaking races to praise her without stint till the subject of Mary Stuart obtrudes upon the field of thought. Then she is as generally condemned. But the death of Essex gave her more concern than the tragedy at Fotheringay Castle. Protestant historians, of the time and long after, in grateful mem-

ory of her steadfast battle with the Pope who had insulted her and planned her death, cover her with panegyric, and their encomiums, coming down to us, color our own views, and tempt us to consider her a saint and Catherine de' Medici a demon. She did not have so many difficulties as Catherine, and she enjoyed far greater power. In Catherine's position, the vanity of Elizabeth might have overwhelmed her. Yet, again, if Isabella had lived fifteen years longer, it is not impossible that the frailties of old age in woman might have revealed themselves in the Catholic Queen as they did in the eccentric English sovereign.

Yet, looking upon her from all sides, after reading the most malicious outpourings of her enemies, who were foreigners at war with her, it well behooves the capable historian to say that she did high honor to her sex, and, after Isabella, again awakened the astonishment and satisfaction of mankind, that a woman should rise to the very highest rank of statesmanship and patriotism.

CHRISTINA

A. D. 1626-1689

WHO RESIGNED A CROWN

When the great and self-sacrificing Gustavus Adolphus fell mortally wounded on the field of Lützen, where he conducted a knightly war of defense against the Catholics, he left as heir to the throne of Sweden, Christina, a Princess only seven years old. This child was destined to arouse the interest and evoke the astonishment of the world. The stricken nation committed the regency to the chiefs of the five colleges, and Oxenstiern, the chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus, remained at the head of affairs. When Christina was 23 years old peace had been established on a basis that was glorious for Sweden, and Christina had proved herself a diligent scholar, who promised to be a worthy daughter of the noble and valorous King who had died for a principle. Yet she had already exhibited many evidences of eccentricity. She early took to violent exercise, and discovered an invincible repugnance to both the employments and the conversation of women. She invited Descartes, Vossius, Grotius and other famous scholars to her court, and liberally rewarded them out of a treasury that had been sorely taxed by the wars. The jealous Swedes declared that she even made peace, so that she could give more hours to study. "I think I see the devil," she said, "when my secretary enters with his dispatches." Meanwhile she read the lives of Elizabeth and Isabella, and concluded that Elizabeth did wisely to keep free from a Ferdinand of her own. Like Eliza-

beth, Christina loved to study the ancient authors, and Polybius and Thucydides were her favorite authors. As she was an only daughter and child, the statesmen of Sweden, of course, were kept in anxiety regarding her successor, as their own estates might be swallowed up in a civil war should she die without an heir. All the eligible Princes of Europe offered their hands—the Prince of Denmark, the Elector Palatine, the Elector of Brandenburg, the King of Spain, the King of the Romans, Don John of Austria, Sigismund of Cassovia, the King of Poland, and John Casimir his brother, and, above all, her first cousin, son of her aunt, her father's sister, Charles Gustavus, generalissimo of the armies, who was her devoted flatterer and lover. While he had been absent in Germany he had obtained permission to correspond with the young Queen, and lost no opportunity to advance his own interests; indeed, those interests served to conspire with the needs of the state. Arckenholtz, the principal biographer of the Queen, says that the ardent lover declared, in one of his letters, that, if her Majesty persisted in her refusal to marry him, he on his side would decline the honor she proposed for him of reigning after her, and would banish himself forever from Sweden.

In February, 1650, Christina called her Senate together, announced her unwillingness to marry, and nominated Charles Gustavus to be her successor on the throne. To this the statesmen finally assented, and preparations for the coronation began. Custom demanded that the ceremony should take place at Upsala, but the desire for a magnificent spectacle carried it to Stockholm, whereat the superstitious foresaw evil. Moreover, Christina had constantly complained of the duties of office. She desired reflection and retirement, philosophical tranquillity, and affected an aversion for pomp, power, grandeur, and all

the dress and splendor of a court. She had a wide correspondence with scholars. She purchased Titian's paintings at a great price, yet cut the canvases to make them fit the panels of her walls. "She aspired," says Arckenholtz, "to become the sovereign of the learned; to dictate in the lyceum as she had done in the Senate." "Do not force me to marry," she would say to her ministers, "for, if I should have a son, it is not more probable that he should be an Augustus than a Nero."

While she was at the chapel of the Castle of Stockholm, assisting at divine service with the principal lords, an insane assassin made an attack on her life. He chose the moment in which the assembly was engaged in what in the Swedish Church was called an "act of recollection," a silent act of devotion, performed by each individual, who knelt and covered the face with the hand. Taking this opportunity, when no one would be looking, he rushed through the crowd and mounted a balustrade within which the Queen was on her knees. The Baron Braki (or Brahé) was alarmed, and cried out; the guards interposed with their pikes, but the assassin got past them, and aimed a blow at the Queen with a knife. The Queen avoided the blow, and pushed the captain of her guards, who threw himself on the assassin, and seized him by the hair. The man was known to be mad, and was locked up. The Queen proceeded with the service, without emotion.

At another time, some ships-of-war were finishing at Stockholm, and she went to inspect them. As Admiral Fleming was going on board, across a narrow plank, holding the Queen by the hand, his foot slipped and he fell in the sea, carrying her with him. Steinberg, the Queen's first equerry, threw himself in the water, laid hold of her robe, and, with assistance, pulled her ashore. The moment her lips were above water, she cried: "Take care of the

Admiral!" She was not violently agitated, and dined the same day in public, where she gave a humorous account of her adventure.

Christina's court soon became a veritable academy. There came Saumaise, Paschal, Bochart, Gassendi, Naudé, Heinsius, Meibom, Scudéri, Ménage, Lucas, Holstenius, Lambecius, Bayle (of Bayle's Dictionary or Encyclopedia), Madame Dacier, and many others. These people of genius all celebrate her in the works which they have left to the world, once more proving that it is profitable for a Prince to patronize the arts. Yet it may be clearly seen that she had enough literary material on hand for a big row, and it came when Saumaise (Salmasius) introduced the adventurer Michon, who called himself Bourdelot. He attempted the rôle of Aristophanes, and made sport of the scholars, thus amusing the Queen. The Count Magnus de la Gardie, son of the Constable of Sweden, was the favorite and lover of Christina, but he aroused her jealousy because he revealed a tendency to govern. Bourdelot, to the great scandal of the Swedes, supplanted Magnus, and gained such an ascendency over the Queen that public indignation compelled her to banish him. Soon after, she spoke of him with hatred and contempt. But the incident was painful, and awoke some resentment in her mind against the Swedes, who, all along, had detested her associates and regarded them with the aversion usually bestowed on foreigners.

Coupled with Christina's distaste for marriage came a contemplation of the nuns of the Catholic Church. She heard about them when she was but nine years old, and that the unmarried state was held to be meritorious. "Ah," cried the child, "how fine that is! That shall be my religion!" For such thoughts, of course, she was gravely reprimanded—no Catholic could rule in Sweden. Later

on, the same desire revealed itself in her conversation. She expressed the want of that gratification she would feel if she could believe as "so many noble spirits had believed for 1,600 years; if she could belong to a faith attested by millions of martyrs, confirmed by millions of miracles—above all," she would conclude, showing here her main thought, "which has produced so many admirable virgins, who have risen above the frailties of their sex, and consecrated their lives to God."

With these ideas uppermost in her mind she set out to study religion, and for this purpose was desirous of hearing the most eloquent advocates of each sect and faith. This may have been the ruling cause which brought scholars to the court. The arguments of any one sect against its adversary she turned back against itself. Thus she would compare the acts of Moses with those of Mohammed; she contemplated the thoughts of the ancients, the gentiles, and the atheists. She remained a natural believer in the existence of God, and thus returned ever and again to the thought that there must be some way of worshiping Him more becoming than another. At last she began to believe that the eternal safety of the soul was in question. At this stage in her contemplations she began to intrigue, it may be said, with the Catholic Church.

There was at the court a Portuguese Ambassador who could speak no Swedish; when he came into the royal presence, he was compelled to address the Queen through his confessor, a Jesuit named Father Macedo. While the Ambassador vainly imagined the Queen was talking on Portuguese relations, she was engaged in religious controversies with Macedo. Finally, in this manner, she confided to him the astounding intelligence that she desired to join the Catholic Church. On this Macedo disappeared. Christina proposed to pursue him with officers. But she

had secretly dispatched him to the general of the Jesuits at Rome, who was entreated to send to her some of the most trusted members of his order. She received answer that Malines and Casati, two highly trusted fathers, would arrive in Stockholm toward the end of February.

While the Queen was at supper, two gentlemen who had traveled complained of the cold, but General Wachmeister rallied them, and said the two Italians on the journey with them had not shown such fear of the cold. The Queen asked if the Italians were musicians; the general said they were two gentlemen traveling to see the country. The Queen said she would by all manner of means like to see them. The next day they were presented to Magnus, the favorite, who at once took them to her majesty. She, on her part, reckoning the time to be ripe for the Jesuits to come, took occasion to secretly say, "Perhaps you have letters for me!" To this Casati, without turning his head, said yes. "Do not mention them to anyone!" whispered Christina. Later she secretly received the letters. "When she was alone with us," says Casati, (writing to Alexander VII afterward and signing himself "the most humble and obedient son in Christ of your Holiness, Paolo Casati, of the Company of Jesus") "her Majesty began to thank us in the most courteous terms for the pains we had taken in making the voyage on her account. She assured us that whatever danger might arise to us from being discovered, we should not fear, since she would not suffer that evil should befall us. She charged us to be secret and not to confide in anyone, pointing out by name some of those to whom she feared we might give our confidence in process of time. She encouraged us to hope that if she should receive satisfaction, our journey should not have been made in vain."

The Jesuits thought to begin with the catechism, but

Christina set out on questions of the most recondite nature —namely, good and evil, Providence, immortality, external forms and their utility. The Jesuits were somewhat puzzled for arguments to uphold the invocation of the saints, and the veneration of images and saints, but Christina, being the better controvertist, supplied these missing defences, to the joy of the fathers, who at once decided that she was under the immediate direction of the Holy Ghost. Some days she would coquette with them. They would do well to go, she would tell them, she thought she would never be wholly reconciled. This the fathers would attribute to Satan. "What would you say," she would then ask suddenly, "if I were nearer to becoming a Catholic than you suppose?" "We seemed like men raised from the dead," says Casati. Could not the Pope grant permission to receive the Lord's supper once a year according to Luther's rite? The fathers said nay. "Then," said Christina, "there is no help. I must resign the crown."

The Jesuits departed for Rome, to acquaint the Church with its victory over a Queen of the heretics, and to prepare for her solemn and triumphant entry into the pale of the true faith. As early as October, 1651, when Father Macedo disappeared, Christina had mentioned officially the possibility of her abdication. It had been first talked of at Paris, the literary coterie having posted off the news. Christina told her Senate that, if she resigned, Gustavus, the heir, her cousin, could secure a more desirable marriage. The Senate pleaded, and Christina withdrew her resignation, but with the condition that she should not be pressed to marry. Yet Gustavus did not despair of winning her, and renewed his court without success. Two years later, the news spread over Sweden that the Queen still meant to abdicate. Because she was the daughter

of Gustavus Adolphus, and because her reign had been very prosperous, a change to the young generalissimo was regarded with gloomy apprehensions. Her religious state of mind was still a secret. The Senate met at Upsala and responded eloquently to her speech announcing abdication, that they had expected her promises to continue the government would have been of longer duration. The new Prince, Charles (Karl X), was put under obligations to pay her 200,000 rix-dollars a year, and several provinces were signed over to her to assure her pension. On the 21st of May she solemnly fixed on the 24th of June, 1654, as the day when she should cease to be Queen. Her oration drew tears from the eyes of the Senate. The day before the time when she would no more be Queen, she insulted the Portuguese minister-resident, ordering him by private letter to quit Sweden, but the Senate, on learning of her mad act, sent privately to the minister, and told him to be patient, for the Queen's power would endure but a few days longer, when amends should be made to him. It seems probable that this proceeding was merely a ruse, to shield the Portuguese people.

June 24, 1654, the last direct scion of the race of Väsa stood before her Senate. The aged Count Brahé refused to take the crown from her head which he had placed there a few years before. He considered the bond between Prince and subject to be indissoluble, and held the proceedings before him to be unlawful. It was in opposition to the will of God, to the common right of nations, and to the oath by which she was bound to the realm of Sweden and to her subjects—he was no honest man who had given her Majesty such counsel.* The Queen was on this account compelled to lift the crown from her own head, as this was the only way the aged statesman would re-

*Schlözer's Schwedische Biographie, article Peter Brahé.

ceive it. With crown and scepter laid aside, in a plain white dress, Christina then received the last homage of her estates, or houses. The speaker of the House of Peasants knelt before her, shook her hand and kissed it repeatedly, burst into tears, and thus departed from the daughter of his adored Gustavus Adolphus. This was the very moving sentimental side of the scene, but the machinations of the Jesuits were known to at least a few, and the operations of Christina were carefully watched, so that she feared her plans might yet miscarry. A fleet awaited her, but while she intrusted her property to the ships, she did not intend to so intrust her person. She was by this time almost a foe of her country, and the Swedes did well to be careful. The blunt warriors of the Northland had made a jest of Christina's dead languages; her disputes about vortices, innate ideas, etc.; her taste for medals, statues, pictures; her payments to the makers of books, like Salmasius. In this way she had come to despise her fellow-countrymen as barbarians. She took everything curious or valuable out of the royal palace, put it on ship, and then, giving everybody the slip, set out by carriage for Hamburg. When she came to a little brook that then separated Sweden from Denmark, she got out of her carriage, and, leaping to the other side, cried out: "At last I am free, and out of Sweden, whither, I hope, I shall never return." She dismissed her women and assumed the dress of a man, not an unusual thing to do when traveling in those times. "I would become a man," she said, "yet I do not love men because they are men, but because they are not women." She prepared to publicly embrace the ancient faith at Brussels, and solemnly renounced Lutheranism at Innspruck. Her act was the reigning sensation in France. At Brussels she met the great Condé, who made that city his asylum. "Cousin," said she, "who

would have thought, ten years ago, that we should have met at this distance from our countries?" "How great is the magnanimity of a Princess," said he, "who could so easily give up that for which the rest of mankind are continually destroying each other, and pursue throughout their whole lives without attaining." The venerable Pope Innocent, suspecting that a public reception at Rome would be expensive, saved his money and reserved the honor for his successor, Alexander VII, by suggesting delay. When Alexander invited her, promising his benediction, she hastened toward Rome, and offered her crown and scepter to the Virgin at Loretto. All the cities of the Roman states gave her a public reception, and the new Pope, whose ambition was gratified by this Catholic triumph over Protestantism, exhausted the apostolic treasury to celebrate with due solemnity the conversion of the learned daughter of the great heretic. It was at Rome, that, in honor of the Pope, she adopted the second name of Alexandra, which she afterward bore. She rode on horseback in Amazon costume and the vast crowds that Rome turns out were astir with exultation. Triumphal arches, illuminations, feasts, flags, and processions celebrated her act of homage to the Pope.

The principal mistake that Christina made, and the one that showed she was insane, was her failure to understand that she had resigned her rule, and was only a private person. We shall see her, to the end of her life, acting as a crowned head, therefore a pretender. She set up an expensive establishment at Rome, began the purchase of antiquities, curios, and paintings, and was soon robbed by servants of all her ready money. Then she pawned her jewels, and all the money so obtained was used or wasted. Contemplating a journey to Paris, she wrote to the Pope, begging that his Holiness would recommend some merchant to lend her money. The Pope, rather than to as-

sume the responsibility of the debts that might accrue, sent a confidential ecclesiastic with a present of 10,000 scudi, with certain medals of gold and silver that had been struck in honor of the Queen's entry, excusing the smallness of the sum by the exhaustion of the treasury. The Queen, in thanking him, wept more than once, both from motives of gratitude and mortification.

In 1656 she traveled in France, to Compiègne, Paris and Fontainebleau, as Queen Christine Alexandrie. The learned men of Europe who had been her guests and pensioners, prepared for her a brilliant reception, at least in the world of letters, and the women of fashion were on tip-toe to see her. She affected to disdain their good will. "What makes these women so fond of me?" she asked. "Is it because I am so like a man?" Upon this the women turned on her, almost with one accord. They criticised her high shoulder, her small figure, the negligence of her attire, and her miserable retinue. On her return toward Italy she visited the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos at her country seat, who was the only woman in France to whom Christina made any profession of warm esteem. France was conventional, and its women did not approve the manners or conversation of Christina.

When Christina met the poet Scarron and his wife in Paris* the following colloquy ensued:

"I permit you," Christina said to Scarron, "to fall in love with me. The Queen of France created you her patient; I will create you my Orlando."

"You do well to appoint me your lover," he replied, "for I should have usurped the office."

The Queen, looking at Madame Scarron (afterward Maintenon) who was pretty— "Nothing less than a Queen could make a man unfaithful to this lady. I am

* See Madame de Maintenon, in this Volume.

not surprised that, with the most amiable woman in Paris you are, in spite of your infirmities, the merriest man in France."

In the autumn of 1657 she returned to France, establishing her sorry court at Fontainebleau. Her arrival aroused no attention, as her affair was no longer a novelty. She wrote with eagerness to the heads of the Fronde faction, offering to arbitrate on the differences of princes who had been at war a hundred years. She began a course of political intrigue which warned the cabinets that she was likely to become a dangerous visitor in any land. She learned that Louis XIV, then very young, was in love with Mademoiselle de Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. She encouraged the affair of the lovers, and offered her services. "I would fain be your confidante," said she, "if you love, you must marry." While she was rude to the court ladies, and gave trouble to the ministry, she was oblivious of public opinion, and still often wore men's clothes. She seemed to the French like a Russian or barbarian potentate, and soon, to the horror of the court, performed an act of absolute sovereignty at Fontainebleau worthy of the son of Catherine de' Medici. She had always, when angry, threatened death to her offenders. When she sent her secretary to Stockholm to see about her delayed annuity payment, she said: "If you fail in your duty, not all the power of the King of Sweden shall save your life, though you take shelter in his very arms." A musician left her to perform for the Duke of Savoy. She wrote, in a high rage, "If he do not sing for me, he shall not sing long for anybody." Thus she was likely to gather about her people of unbridled passions and loose manners, and the quarrels of her household became the talk of Rome. When she established herself at Fontainebleau she learned that the Master of her Horse, the Mar-

quis Monaldeschi, her favorite, had been guilty of a breach of trust. This charge was made by Ludovico, on letters from his brother in Rome. Ludovico was a rival lover of Christina. The accused man was brought before the Queen, and confessed his deeds. She chose to interpret his act as high treason, sentenced him to death, appointed his rival as his executioner, told him to confess his soul to Father Lebel, and, in the presence of that terrified priest, the equerry was slain, his blood staining the walls and floor of the gallery. In one of the rooms of the palace to-day is an inscription pointing out the place where Monaldeschi fell. She held that it was beneath her dignity to place him before any tribunal, however high it might be. "To acknowledge no superior," she exclaimed, "is worth more than to govern the whole world." The French Government, while it made no inquiry into the murder, ordered her out of France, but she did not at once obey even this order, returning to Rome in the spring of 1658.

She had hopes of being elected Queen of Poland, where she could reign as a Catholic, but failed in the negotiations. The Swedes neglected the payment of her annuity, notwithstanding the extreme care with which she had provided for her financial future before abdication. And though she was by this time quarreling with the Pope, she was forced to accept from him an annuity of only 1,200 scudi. In 1660, when the short reign of Charles Gustavus (Karl X) ended in his death, she hastened to Stockholm to claim the throne, for several reasons, the main ones being pecuniary. But the throne belonged to the son of Charles, Charles XI, a minor. Christina was a Catholic, and the Swedes had been horrified by the license and vulgarity of her career, which had brought ill-repute on their race. In order to assure herself of her income, she was compelled to sign a more binding deed of abdica-

rion, which, while it might wound her pride, materially advanced her condition at Rome, for we hear no more of financial embarrassments. It seems that the Prince who owed his throne to her was meaner in his payments than the son who succeeded on the throne. The next seven or eight years she spent in the cities of Europe, where, after many rebuffs, she learned that she could not be received as a visiting sovereign, nor could she be permitted the public practice of her religion in countries where Protestant bigotry ran high in revenge for Catholic fanaticism elsewhere. She would have visited Cromwell, but that hard-hearted Puritan would not welcome her. At last, after she was convinced that she could not be Queen of Poland, she returned to reside permanently at Rome, where the Holy Father, regarding her as a spoiled child, allowed her many indulgences. She abhorred the direction of father-confessors, who at that time directed domestic life. She entered gaily into the amusements of the carnival, concerts, dramatic entertainments, or whatever else would amuse her. Yet by degrees her character grew milder, and she entered on the last twenty years of her life in a manner and with tranquil habits that have reflected no ordinary luster on her name. She became well pleased with the life of the Romans, and, in her advancing years, reaped the honor and distinction due to her attainments. She took a constantly increasing part in the splendor, the life, and the business of the Roman Curia or court, and believed she could live happily nowhere else.

The collections she had brought from Sweden she now arranged and enlarged with liberal purchases, showing so much good judgment that her palace surpassed in its treasures the houses of the ancient nobles, and the pursuit was raised at once out of the lines of curiosity into those of profound scholarship. Sante Bartolo described her

cameos. Havercamp has described her coins in his work, "Nummophylacium Reginæ Christinæ (in the Museum Odescaleum); Spanheim wrote on her coins and medals; and Schroder wrote his "Berichte über die Gemälde und Statuen der Königin Christine." Her collection of paintings by Correggio made her name forever famous among students of the old masters. Her collection of manuscripts and autographs is now in the Vatican Library. She spent nearly all of her working time in labors of this kind, which were vastly for the good of history, and built herself a solid and durable name, so that, after all, her early desire for a greater celebrity than could come to a small northern sovereign was answered more favorably than she could know.

When the learned Doctor Borelli was exiled because he had studied the mechanics of animal motion, he was compelled to teach in his extreme age. Not only did Christina come to his assistance with a pension, but she printed at her own cost his work, which instantly became renowned, and overturned some of the theories of the time.

Ranke, in his "Lives of the Popes," thinks that, when her character and intellect had been improved and matured, she exercised an efficient and enduring influence on Italian literature. "The labyrinth of perverted metaphor, inflated extravagance, labored conceit, and vapid triviality," says he, "into which Italian poetry had then wandered is well known. Christina was too highly cultivated and too solidly endowed to be ensnared by such a fashion—it was her utter aversion. In the year 1680 she founded an academy in her own residence for the discussion of literary and political subjects. The first rule of this institution was, that its members should carefully abstain from the turgid style, overloaded with false ornament, which prevailed at the time, and be guided only by sound sense.

From the Queen's academy proceeded such men as Alessandro Guido, who had been previously addicted to the style then used, but, after some time passed in the society of Christina, not only resolved to abandon it, but formed a league to abolish it altogether." The celebrated Arcadia at Rome grew out of Christina's labors.

In the politics of Rome she warmly attached herself to Cardinal Azzolini, chief of the Squadronisti party. She held that Azzolini was the most God-like and spiritual-minded man in the world—the only person she would exalt above her father's Chancellor, Oxenstiern. Ranke says she desired to do Azzolini justice in her memoirs, but that was accomplished only in part, yet sufficiently "to give proof of earnestness and uprightness of purpose in her dealings with herself, with a freedom and firmness of mind before which all calumny is silenced."

Arckenholtz has collected Christina's apothegms and leisure-hour thoughts. They betoken great knowledge of the world, and an acquaintance with the passions, such as could be attained by experience only, with the most subtle remarks on them. She had a vital conviction of the power of self-direction residing in the mind, and was a believer in the high nobility of the better order of human beings. She sought to follow only her own ideas of what would satisfy the Creator.

She died in high regard at Rome in 1689, aged 63, and was buried with pomp in St. Peter's, the Pope himself writing her epitaph. Her monument to-day may be seen in the Chapel of St. Colonna. It is decorated with a representation of her abjuration of Protestantism at Innspruck Cathedral in 1665. Her manuscripts went to the Vatican, and a part of her paintings and antiques was purchased by Odescalchi, nephew of Pope Innocent XI. The other part went to France, being purchased by the Regent Duke

of Orleans in the minority of Louis XV, and may now be found in the Louvre.

A Swedish historian, Fryxell, in accounting for the vagaries of Christina's earlier years, which almost disappeared in the end, traces the cause to a taint of insanity in the blood of the royal line of Sweden. Erik, the poet, before her, and Charles XII, after her, were worse afflicted with similar misfortunes.

We have here reviewed briefly the career of a woman who, when all is said, made a vast sacrifice in order to satisfy her conscience. Whatever the anger of Protestants, and however serious the imputations caused by her eccentricities, she gave an example of doing right according to her conscience that must remain as a bright example to the race. She had the mettle that Joan of Arc possessed in a darker age, and she was more soundly trained in art, thought and learning than any woman of these pages this side of Aspasia. She ought not to be ranked with the women of greatest literary genius, yet she probably was the most scholarly and meditative woman who has worn a crown in Christendom.

MADAME DE MAINTENON

A. D. 1635-1719

THE MOST ARTFUL OF HER SEX

We shall now proceed to relate the details of an episode in history which, it would seem, has not its like as an example of the power to be attained by the exercise of patience, skill, cajolery, hypocrisy, devotion, and statecraft. For thirty-two years an elderly woman, the daughter of a thief, the widow of a hunchback, absolutely ruled a capricious monarch, the chief sovereign in the world, and he never knew the facts, nor could the bitter enemies who surrounded the woman on every side, convey a knowledge of his true situation to the fascinated King. The King had worn out several other women before he met her, but though many scenes had also passed in the drama of her life, she, in turn, wore him out, and left him to die, as he well deserved, in solitude and neglect. The King was "The Grand Monarch," Louis XIV. It will be necessary to outline the earlier years of the wonderful woman who was a match for his god-like selfishness and anointed egotism.

D'Aubigné, the noble friend of Henry of Navarre, left a son, Constant, who was a scamp all the way through life. He should have been named Inconstant. The daughter of this scamp came well by the qualities which wrought her wonderful success. Constant obtained the post of Viceroy of some of the West Indian islands (like Martinique) and at once set out to turn the islands over to the English. This being detected, he was deposed, and his governorship

of Maillezais, at home, was taken away. At this low stage in his fortunes, a rich widow, Madame de Noailles, took pity and married him. She thought she could reform him—that he had sown his wild oats—that fast young men made staid husbands, etc. He repaid this service by neglect, but, growing jealous, it was charged that he killed both his wife and a man on whom his suspicions rested—a double murder. His estate was seized and he was cast into a cell of the Castle Trompette, at Bordeaux. Here the widower made love to the jailer's daughter, and, swearing eternal devotion to her, he prevailed on her to aid his escape. This was accomplished, and the pair fled to Martinique, an island not far from the coast of South America, in the Caribbean Sea. He raised tobacco, saved some money, and, against the advice of his wife, leaving wife and son, returned to France, where he was apprehended and cast again into Castle Trompette. His wife, learning of his fate, sailed for France with her child, although she was unfit for travel, and was so successful with her influence that she had her husband transferred to the prison at Niort, where his relatives might be of assistance to him.

While he was in prison at Niort, she who was afterward Madame de Maintenon was born. The child was baptized at Niort, in the diocese of Poitiers, near the Loire River, in the west of France. Her godfather was Francis de la Rochefoucauld, her godmother Madame de Neuillant, who gave the infant the name of Frances. The mother and wife played on the good will of Constant's first wife's relatives, who did not prosecute vindictively, and herself drew up a memorial on which the judges acquitted the husband. He was set at liberty to join a circle of wretches whose members, at last, were accused of counterfeiting and cast into Castle Trompette, he along with the lot.

The miserable wife and her two children were forced to seek shelter in the prison, and young Frances played with the jailer's daughter. The relatives of so worthless a character were filled with disgust, and listened with small patience to the entreaties of the faithful wife. At last Constant's sister, Madame de Villette, gave way to the inclinations of humanity and visited the cell. There lay her brother on the stone floor, starved and ill. The two children were wan and only half-clad with rags. The mother and wife was in a pitiful state, though bearing up with woman's fortitude under difficulties. The sister was deeply affected, and took away the children, placing Frances with the nurse of her own daughter. Thus encouraged, the wife made a journey to Paris, where Cardinal Richelieu told her with some truth, though with little charity, that the best thing that could happen to her would be to lose such a husband. A charitable Duke of Weimar gave her 100 pistoles, and with this money she was able to get her little Frances near her once more, and to bring influence for a pardon. It was at last agreed that Constant should be set free if he would become a Catholic, and this he readily assented to, as he was anything but a martyr. On his liberation he embarked for America once more, and, while the family were on board ship, the little girl Frances became so ill that she lay for some time without signs of life. The mother, frantic with grief, strove to reanimate the child by holding it to her warm bosom. The father, true to his inglorious record, stood by, anxious to snatch the child from her, in order that a sailor might cast it in the sea. The mother, recalling her own services to her lord, begged a last embrace, and, placing her hand on the child's heart, declared she felt it move. With this the ship's people restored the future Madame de Maintenon to life.

Arriving at Martinique the child was left alone on the seashore. When the mother returned the child was surrounded by serpents. The mother advanced undauntedly and snatched her daughter away. The little girl was proud to be the daughter of a scoundrel, because he was a noble. The children around her reproached her on account of her manifest poverty. "Yes, I am poor," she said; "but I am a noble lady, and you are not." Her mother read to her what a great man her father's father had been. "And what am I to be?" asked the child. "What do you wish to be?" "Queen of Navarre," replied she, not satisfied with the honors of her grandfather. The father did better in Martinique, to the extent that he kept out of jail, but while the little girl studied at her Plutarch, he fell ill, and died when she was twelve.

The widow with her children now returned to France, where she found her husband's debts standing against her own person. She became a hostage for their payment, but the daughter was sent by the Judge of the place to the mother's relatives, and the deceased father's sister, Madame de Villette, once more took pity on undeserved misfortune and assumed the care of young Frances, educating her in the Calvinistic faith. It will be seen in the sequel what a viper the Huguenots warmed in their bosoms. Yet she became a strong-minded Protestant. Her mother, visiting her, desired to take her to mass. She refused. "You do not love me, Frances." "I love God better!" was the reply. She was compelled to go, and made a jest of the mysteries she saw practised. Her mother, in anger and chagrin, struck her on the cheek. "Strike!" she cried, turning the other cheek, "it is glorious to suffer for my religion." On this, the religion of the young zealot became a matter of dispute among the relatives, and the Catholic side obtained an order of the court

giving Frances in charge of a good Catholic. Her Catholic conservator, Madame de Neuillant, now brought a priest to argue with Frances, but he was answered pertly, and the Madame decided to have recourse to harsh measures to humiliate her charge. She was set at the tasks of the lowest menial. She fed the turkeys. As she said grimly afterward, "she commanded in the poultry-yard." A peasant made love to her, and such was the need of getting the young girl to a convent that the generous Protestant aunt, Villette, consented to pay the pension, and she entered the Ursulines at Niort. Yet the Protestants encouraged her to hold out against conversion, as she was so highly connected in the Huguenot camp. At last, when she was about convinced by the nuns, "I will admit all," she said, "provided you will not ask me to believe my Aunt Villette will be damned." On this basis, terms were made, yet it may be this is a generous fable of her flatterers, for the Aunt Villette at once disowned her when the conversion was made known. Then the nuns, no longer receiving her pension money, turned her out.

The mother and Frances now went to Paris, where the widow strove vainly to secure sums due to the grandfather and unpaid by Henry of Navarre. There was a comic poet, or satirist named Scarron, a hunchback and cripple, alive only in his head, which, nevertheless, contained a merry and waggish brain. At his apartments many persons of influence gathered to enjoy his conversation. Here the widow, hoping to advance her cause, went with Frances, who was uncommonly good-looking. But the girl was proud and timid. She was growing so fast that her gown was too short, and made her appear ridiculous. Coming into a company of great people at this disadvantage, she burst into tears. Scarron, pitying the girl's confusion, cheered her up. She rewarded Scarron for his

kindness, it will be seen, and if anyone in the company laughed at her, no doubt the laugh cost dearly in after-days. It is the only mention we have of her tender feelings getting the better of her.

Madame d'Aubigné returned to Niort and died in despondency in 1652, leaving Frances seventeen years old. The girl is said to have shut herself up for three months in a room at Niort. The young man, Charles, her brother, was made a page in a great family, and the Catholic relative who had been so harsh again took Frances in her care. The girl was vain, and the old lady had a sharp tongue. Frances wrote to a young girl in Paris, and paid a compliment to Scarron. The letter, which had been carefully penned, was shown to Scarron. "Is it at Martinique she has learned to write thus elegantly?" cried the poet, in astonishment. He wrote her a complimentary epistle, and they became friends. The old Madame Neuillant, protectress of Frances, grew kinder, came to Paris, put the girl in a convent, and hired a dancing-master and teacher of grand airs to accustom the girl to the ways of polite society. The old and the young woman frequently visited Scarron, who lived in humble apartments up three flights of stairs, and Scarron fell in love with Frances. The old lady had no objection to a marriage, as she feared a worse fate for Frances, and the girl became Madame Scarron. Her husband was about 44 years of age. He was a comic poet, and played the part of a buffoon at court. Oliver Goldsmith translated his "Comic Romance" into English. Anne of Austria was Regent while Louis XIV was a minor, and Louis (it must be noted) was three years younger than Frances. At the Court of Anne, Scarron merrily implored an office, a post, a place. "Appoint me Sick Man to the Queen!" he cried, and the Queen thought it so good a joke that the office was created. His knees

were still bent with paralysis or rheumatism, his head hung low on his breast, and his entire body was contracted. Thus bent up, he wrote on a board fixed to the elbows of his chair. He had been a licentious ecclesiastic, and his marriage did not exalt him in anybody's opinion. He suffered principally because of early dissipation, yet he had the good sense to make a jest of it, and people liked to come to his apartments, because he attracted and invited only companions who were interesting. His wit, unhappily, depended for its point on personalities, and his "Mazarinade," or sally against the great Cardinal, cut off his pension. Yet he wrote, flattered, begged, laughed and kept the town talking of him, so that Madame Scarron daily saw the most notable people of France, heard the innermost gossip of the Court, noted the effects of reputation, conduct, and language, and withal made use of that instinctive skill, by which she was to make herself one of the most celebrated women of the world. "Madame," whispered her servant at table, "tell them another story, for we have no roast to serve to-day." It was life in Bohemia. People of all shades of reputation came thither. Ninon de l'Enclos was a welcome guest. From such precincts, of course, the best men kept their wives, or went with them only at rare intervals, so that it was not long before Madame Scarron affected a moral superiority, and sometimes stayed away. The life in Bohemia grew wearisome to the world, Scarron's jokes came to sound familiar and mechanical, want entered at the door, and Scarron died in indigence and neglect. Yet his widow had not lost reputation, and had gained greatly in beauty and worldly wisdom. It was 1640, and she was now twenty-five.

She is described by her friends as possessing regular and lovely features, a freshness of complexion, a sweet and

intelligent smile, an oval face, a nose delicately inclining to the aquiline, full, dark and brilliant eyes, regular teeth, finely turned hands and arms, and a modest way, which she advanced by means of plain yet neat apparel. She was a woman to whom men were drawn, and, in her turn, that instinct of falsity which in her father had led him into prison, in her was cultivated rather for her certain advancement. Fouquet, Superintendent of Finance, was the first great Lord to fall under her wiles. He made her a present of diamonds, which were piously returned, as diamonds did not play an important part in her life. The Count de la Gardie (probably Queen Christina's exiled favorite, now in Paris) was the next to be smitten, and made himself useful by advancing the widow's claims to Scarron's unpaid or suspended pension. The young Louis XIV had now come to the throne and married Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain. This Princess, naturally, desired to make herself popular in gossippy Bohemia. She heard the joke of "Sick Man to the Queen," and admired the constancy of the widow during Scarron's final sufferings. The Queen asked the Count how much the annuity was. He said it was 2,000 livres; it had been really only 1,500 livres. Upon this the handsome widow was enabled to go to Val de Grace to thank her Majesty. Everybody who remembered her was desirous of the widow's gratitude, and she, by her cold demeanor, quickly put them at odds with her. "Oh, well," said a spiteful dame, "if the Queen wishes to give a pension to the loveliest woman and the greatest coquette in Paris, she has made the best choice."

The remark angered Madame Scarron so that she became ill. "You are now," said her confessor, "fixing a penalty on yourself for the crimes of your enemy. She was enabled to live at the nunnery of the Hospitalers, in

the Rue St. Jacques, and gave the wicked fourth of her new pension to the poor in alms. This was doubtless at the priest's suggestion, an expiation being necessary. She in the meantime had not escaped some very undesirable connections.

She had visited an astrologer, who had foretold that the wife of a cripple was born to be a Queen. It agreed with the fancies of her childhood, and she again sought the astrologer. He continued to prophesy a throne for her. "A King shall love you," he said. There was but one King, of course, and Madame Scarron knew he could not raise her to his throne. A handsome young woman with 2,000 livres a year began to attract men who, as Scarron had done, were looking for wives. It is said a Marquis of great wealth offered Madame Scarron his hand, to be refused. Her fame as a devout and orderly young woman began to spread, notwithstanding some unpleasant facts. Anne of Austria died, and Madame Scarron made a display of grief. The pension was cut off, perhaps to advance the suit of the Marquis, but the Madame continued firm. She said Scarron had attracted desirable friends; the Marquis would drive them away. She knew the Princess Nemours, who was to become Queen of Portugal, and she was now forced to apply for a position as lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and to agree to depart for a foreign country, when she met at the Hotel d'Albret, one of the few houses to which she had admission, the notorious Madame de Montespan, who was generally known to be the King's mistress. This fine lady took an immediate liking for Madame Scarron, and, almost the next day, the matter of Madame Scarron's pension was brought before the King. The name, while a lucky one for a buffoon, was uncommonly harsh to the ear of Louis, and he would repeat: "The widow Scarron most humbly supplicates your

Majesty"—"Shall I," cried he, "hear nothing spoken of but the widow Scarron?" The guilty lovers quarreled over the widow Scarron, but the King finally gave way, and the widow, again supplied with means, refused the opportunity of exile which had mocked her hopes. She must have practiced her best arts on Montespan, to whom she appeared as one clearly devout and humble, mourning for Scarron. She had learned a lesson regarding pensions, and henceforth she saved her money.

The great Madame de Richelieu now opened her home, and Madame Scarron was given a humble footing in the Hotel de Richelieu. Here it was settled that she should be taken care of as governess of the King's children by Madame de Montespan—she had no less than seven in all. Madame Scarron's terms were high. It was a task for which she had little taste, and the King did not like either the terms or the frightful sibilant, guttural, trill, and nasal all combined in the buffoonish name of Scarron. Yet Montespan, with tears, threats and entreaties brought it about. A fine establishment was purchased at Vaugirard, a suburb, and Madame Scarron, with a large income, and a numerous staff of servants, was placed, at thirty-four, in charge of all the illegitimate children that the King might have. She was now well out of the world. All she could do was to wait and save money. She accumulated funds rapidly, having many means at hand. She already had in mind a property of her own and a renovation of the fortunes of the family d'Aubigné. Probably the expense and inconvenience of a separate nursery at Vaugirard led the King to direct that his illegitimate children be housed in the palace, and this, to the mortification of the poor Queen, was done at the end of four years. By this time Madame Scarron had saved enough money to be able to purchase

the estate of Maintenon, not far from Paris, on the high road to Brest.

The King had been prejudiced against Madame Scarron, but her careful ways soon interested him, and her extraordinary care in avoiding him piqued him. He railed at her scholarship. He called her "the wit," "the comic poet," "the learned lady." "Why do you talk to her so much?" he asked of Montespan. "Do you wish her to make you as pedantic as herself?"

Presently, however, the children began to praise their governess to the King, and at last Montespan saw her danger. "I dare not speak to the King alone," the governess said; "Madame Montespan would never forgive me." At this, the King began to invite Madame Scarron to his small parties, still taking little notice of her. With woman's instinct, Montespan strove to defend her own position by complaining of Scarron. "If she displeases you, why don't you send her away? Are you not the mistress?" This was the reply of the King, and it seems to have convinced Madame Scarron that her royal game could not be enmeshed. Her perquisites had been shut off with the removal of her establishment. She was ready to rebel against Montespan, and rebel she did, avowing her purpose of removing to Maintenon, rather than to submit to the tyranny of Montespan—she a granddaughter of Agrippa D'Aubigné, and so on. At last it was found that only a command of the monarch would keep her, and lo! this command—in fact, an apology—came. Henceforth she should take charge of the children, and report only to the King. The King solaced her with a gift, and this completed the payments on the estate of Maintenon. She was so elated with her restoration to a landed property that the King was pleased, and publicly called her Madame de Maintenon. This was instantly repeated by the courtiers,

who among themselves already divined the trend of things, and in whispers named her Madame de "Maintenant" ("Now").

The King now treated her with polite distinction, and she assumed a strong religious fervor. The Duchess of Richelieu, seeing Montespan falling in favor, correctly attributed the disaster to the poor widow whom she had befriended, and berated the governess, but her reply was haughty—"May she (Montespan) be the last to reign in so disgraceful a manner. I hope to convert her—and you also!" In Maintenon's opinion it was somebody else's turn at last to go to the convents. In fact, by this means, alone, could poor Montespan's irretrievable ruin be softened to the world. She could affect to see the error of her ways, and enter a college of nuns. This was the bold and successful plan by which Maintenon advanced on her friend, once her only protectress in France. The King continued to look with admiration on his wise, devout and good-looking governess. When she was forty-three he raised the estate of Maintenon to a Marquisate, and she was now a Marchioness. It was no longer comfortable or convenient for the rival women to be together, and, in 1680, when Maintenon was forty-five, he gave her a high place at court.

She at once advocated the dismissal of Montespan as an act necessary to the salvation of the King's soul. "Yet she loves me, and I love her still," he said. "Sire," argued Maintenon, "if you love her, would you cause her irreparable loss—her soul? Had she loved you, would she have seduced you into vice?" She told him that an extreme devotion to the female sex sullied the glory of a Prince. Madame de Montespan, meanwhile, was absent, seeking absolution from complaisant priests, and it is remarkable that Louis sent for her to come back. Thereupon Madame

de Maintenon also tried the effect of absence on him, and in her travels went by the Castle Trompette. When she returned, she found Montespan well on her guard, with all the court desirous of defeating Maintenon. It was the business of Maintenon to arrange the hair of the King's daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess—at least, nobody else could aid the ailing Princess without pain. It was now a whim of Louis to come often to the toilette. "One would scarcely conceive how my talents as a comber contributed to my elevation," confessed Maintenon afterward. Her brother was made Count d'Aubigné. We shall hear of him anon. At last the King grew weary of the sight of Montespan around the court. Her eldest son, the Duke of Maine, basely carried her the order of the King, and was elated to see her go. He was ever one of the staunchest supporters of his governess, and she did her best to make him King. Montespan went away in tears and fury, the victim of an ingratitude so base and designing that it has been the marvel of historians ever since.

At court Maintenon was called the "Amie," the female friend. She proceeded to teach the King the moralities. He now had two cast-off mistresses in convents, and she announced to him that, though his going to mass—he never missed but one in his life—might secure him absolution for past offenses, there must come a time when it would be necessary to begin a better life. On this account the poor Queen Maria Theresa, had a few years of peace, and died in the arms of Maintenon, in 1683. Soon afterward Maintenon was advanced to be first lady-in-waiting to the Crown Princess, now the leading place at court to be held by a subject not a scion of the blood, and, in the winter of 1685-6, she was privately married to the King by the Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of Père Lachaise, the King's confessor, after whom the famous cemetery in

Paris was named, and three other witnesses. The woman, born in a prison, the widow of a miserable cripple, had thus, through the power of religious persuasion, at an advanced age, won her way to the side of the principal King in the world, who was soon also to add the realm of Isabella to his family possessions. She did not doubt that time would soften the King's opposition to a public announcement of the marriage.

She hereupon enters into the bright light of St. Simon's Memoirs. She had been seven or eight years beside Louis XIV when the young Duke of St. Simon arrived at court, but we are henceforth to look on her without theory or perplexity. She was hated by St. Simon from the first, possibly because the King wished to take away his hereditary governorship of Blaye and give it to Charles, her brother. "Is there not a son?" the King asked of D'Aubigné.

Of all the persons who have secretly made notes and printed them, St. Simon ranks as the most authentic, entertaining, and instructive. He alone, in those days, looked on a great King and did not inwardly tremble. He alone studied the character of Maintenon, and saw beneath her affected modesty and devotion, the ambition, resentment, and almost irresistible purpose that resided in her heart. There was a great and undiscovered poisoner somewhere in the Court of Louis XIV. The King's wife, his minister, his deceased son's son and wife, and their eldest son, all fell suddenly. The deeds seem to have been done either by the Duke of Orleans and St. Simon or by Maintenon. Nobody ever charged her with the crimes, but she had the chief interest in all of them. St. Simon, by his constant expressions of "the fatal witch," "the fatal Madame de Maintenon," gives us sufficient hints that he wishes us to charge her with the crimes. As for Louis

XIV, he looked on them all with a stolidity that has puzzled the world.

The wars of the Dukes and Counts of France had settled themselves in King-worship. The only way to avoïd Leagues, Frondes and massacres was to let one man do as he pleased—this, at least, had seemed to bring an end of internecine war—and Louis was now the man, well-fitted, too, for the task of pleasing himself and being pleased. A woman of fifty-one years took her chair beside him, at his request, and knitted while he discussed the condition of France with his secretaries, who were called Ministers. The children had dubbed Maintenon "Madame Reason." Once in a while the King would turn to her: "Let us consult with Dame Reason," or "What thinks your Solidity of that idea?" And she would reply that such matters were far past the ken of a poor woman like her. But, still, if she gave an opinion, it was sure to be the King's, so that the Ministers soon became anxious to learn her views in advance. The obliviousness of the King to the feelings or rights of others was so monstrous that she must have despised him at the very commencement, for he was a man whom nobobdy could love; yet her love of power and attention was so keen that she filled her place with unalterable enthusiasm.

At first she busied herself with matters clearly within her province. She felt the need, from experience, of an institution which should provide for the indigent daughters of the nobility. Accordingly, at St. Cyr, near Versailles, 2,500 workmen erected, in one year, a magnificent building, which would give a home, an education, and a small dowry to 250 young women of needy families. Here, afterward, Eliza Bonaparte was educated. At St. Cyr Maintenon arranged a small theater, where Racine's tragedies of "Esther" and "Athalie" were first performed, and

many private entertainments for the King were given with a success that was the envy of other courts. Next, the King built for her the Grand Trianon at Versailles, which is to-day a national museum. The position of the King, thus enmeshed, it may be guessed, was not flattering to the Bourbon pride. How soon would he break away from it? No one could tell, and, least of all, Madame Maintenon. She had fortified herself with Maintenon against Montespan; now she had St. Cyr as a fortress against the King. There she was munificently provided for, for life. The Pope had appointed her Visitant of all French convents. More she could not do—let the worst come.

"She had her troubles," says St. Simon, with glee. "Her brother, who was called the Count of Aubigné, was of but little worth, yet always spoke as though no man were his equal. He complained because he had not been made a Marshal of France—sometimes said that he had taken his baton in money, and constantly bullied Madame de Maintenon because she did not make him a Duke and a peer. He spent his time running after girls in the Tuileries, always had several on his hands, and lived and spent his money with their families and friends of the same kidney. He was just fit for a waistcoat, but comical, full of wit, and unexpected repartees. A good, humorous fellow, and honest—polite and not too impertinent on account of his sister's fortune." It may be seen he was a more honest man than his father.

"Yet it was a pleasure to hear him talk," says St. Simon, rolling this morsel in his month—"to hear him talk of the time of Scarron and the Hôtel D'Albret, and of the gallantries and adventures of his sister, which he contrasted with her present position and devotion. He would talk in this manner, not before one or two, but in a compromising manner, quite openly in the Tuileries gardens,

or in the galleries of Versailles, before everybody, and would often drolly speak of the King as "the brother-in-law."

Maintenon finally haltered this fellow and sent him and his wife off to a place where they could be under the eyes of her agents. The wife was a poor creature, and Maintenon took their child, a daughter, to St. Cyr, and afterward made her heir to a vast fortune.

One bad Friday evening the great poet Racine was sent for to amuse the King. The three sat before the fire. The King asked why comedy was not more in vogue. Oh, for several reasons, Racine said; for one, there were no new comedies, and the actors gave old ones—those of Scarron, for instance, which were worth nothing, and found no favor with anybody. "At this," says St. Simon, "the poor widow blushed, not for the reputation of the cripple attacked, but at hearing the name mentioned in the presence of his successor." On seeing the slip he had made, Racine did not dare to speak further, nor to raise his eyes. After a long pause, the King said he was going to work. Neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon ever spoke to Racine again, or even looked at him, and he fell into a languor, dying two years later.

"What manner of person she was—this incredible enchantress—and how she governed all-powerfully for more than thirty years," says St. Simon, "it behooves me to explain. She made the King so afraid of the devil that she became what our eyes have seen her, but what posterity will never believe she was." In brief, St. Simon says she possessed much wit, and the many positions she had held rendered her flattering, insinuating and complaisant—always seeking to please. The King had given way to her incomparable grace, her easy manner, yet measured and respectful, which, in consequence of her long obscurity

had become natural to her, and marvelously aided her talents. She never liked St. Simon, and as long as the old King lived, the Duke received no honors. Probably she easily detected his taste for intrigue, also the great ability the celebrated writer was so desirous to conceal.

We catch frequent glimpses of this elderly woman, ever afterward in St. Simon's twelve volumes, sitting beside the King knitting, and modestly expressing her unwillingness to debate public affairs (which she had previously planned). How did it come that St. Simon could not win her favor? He was a Duke of ancient lineage, and in her hands might have become useful to her. But "her flightiness or inconstancy," says St. Simon, "was of the most dangerous kind. With the exception of some of her old friends, to whom she had good reason for remaining faithful, she favored people one moment only to cast them off the next. You were admitted to an audience with her, for instance, you pleased her in some manner, and forthwith she unbosomed herself to you as though she had known you from childhood. At the second audience you found her dry, laconic, cold. You racked your brains to discover the cause of this change; mere loss of time!—Flightiness was the sole cause of it." Possibly it was the sober second thought, that the Duke must not be trusted, or allowed to become intimate with the King. Devoutness was her strong point, and by this means she governed the King, who thought that he was an apostle, because he had always persecuted the Jansenists and listened to the praise of the Jesuits. It must not be imagined that the King was ruled so that he knew it himself. He was thoroughly imperious, allowing no one to disobey him, and for thirty-two years, while he was under this woman's influence, he was constantly on the lookout for the decep-

tions which she daily practised upon him without discovery.

The chief Minister, Louvois, was under her control. In the matter of appointments it was soon learned that the King scanned the lists perfunctorily, and struck out a name or two at a certain place in the list, merely to exercise his authority. After the name was eliminated, there was no use in attempting to secure a different judgment from the monarch, so long as he remembered the applicant, and to attempt a rehearing was only to impress the unfortunate name more deeply on his mind. When Maintenon, therefore, desired the appointment of a friend or retainer, the name was placed in that part of the list which experience had shown was comparatively safe.

Her anger, if incurred to the point of vengeance, was equally fatal to Prince or peasant—to the lowest officer or the highest minister in the realm, as we shall show in the terrible tragedy of Louvois. It was her ardent desire that her marriage should be proclaimed, and when Louvois boldly prevented the proclamation, after she had patiently planned until she had obtained the King's permission—then she set out to ruin Louvois. She had always favored the persecution of the Huguenots and the bloody acts of the throne, and Louvois probably thought to please her when he urged the King to add to the terrible executions in the Palatinate and to burn the city of Treves. To this the King would not consent. Louvois did not know his danger, and coming the next day to work with the King, with Madame de Maintenon sitting by as usual, he remarked that he had felt it to be his duty to burn the city of Treves, and had on his own responsibility sent a courier with orders to set fire to the place at once. At this the old King leaped from his chair, seized the tongs from the fireplace, and was making a run at Louvois, when Maintenon

seized him, crying: "Oh, Sire, what are you going to do?" Louvois ran out. The King called after him: "Dispatch a courier instantly with a counter order, and let him arrive in time; for, know this, that if a single house is burned your head shall answer for it."

"Of course," says St. Simon, "Louvois had sent off no courier to burn Treves."

From this time forward Louvois was lost. St. Simon says Louvois took two women out to drive in a small caleche. He mused profoundly, in a fit of perfect abstraction, repeating: "Will he! Will he be made to? No—not yet—no, he will not dare!" On this he nearly drove them all into the water, and was aroused, as if out of a deep sleep. Suddenly, Louvois died. He had been poisoned by Seron, his private physician, doubtless upon the order of the King, who allowed no one to speak of the affair, until the arrival of an officer sent by the King of England to condole with the King of France upon the loss of his minister premier. St. Simon heard the King reply: "Monsieur, say to the King and Queen of England that my affairs and theirs will go on none the worse for what has happened."

St. Simon believed, from the monologue of Louvois in the caleche, that the poisoning was deemed necessary, owing to the knowledge possessed by Louvois. The King let it be known that on the next day Louvois, had he survived, would have been sent to the Bastille. To displease the sovereign was a serious crime in those days, and Louvois had blasted the hopes of a terrible woman who swayed the King. "The power of Madame de Maintenon," says St. Simon, "was, as may be imagined, immense. Many people have been ruined by her, without having been able to discover the author of their ruin,

search as they might. All attempts to find a remedy were equally unsuccessful."

If Madame de Maintenon's life was a sham, a career so false and at the same time so influential should have brought ill-fortune to France, and so it did. She got one of the royal heirs out of the way when she persuaded Louis to undertake the Spanish succession, but those wars began the destruction of France. She appointed cowardly generals and dissipated civilians to command the armies at a time when men like Prince Eugene of Savoy were marching against France. But of all atrocious acts, only a few in modern times rank with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, whereby Henry of Navarre, on becoming a Catholic, had protected the people whom he had led and then deserted. "The revocation," says St. Simon, "and the proscriptions that followed it, were the fruit of a frightful plot, in which the new spouse was one of the chief conspirators"—and she a granddaughter of D'Aubigné and the recipient of Madame de Villette's act of salvation. By this edict of Louis XIV, 50,000 families of French silk-workers, glass-blowers, jewelers, and other cunning trades, generally unpractised in Protestant lands, were driven out of France, and established a great commerce in rival countries. At home, thousands were killed and thousands were condemned to the prison-ships. From the torture chamber victims who abjured were taken to the communion-table. Cities were burned, and whereas Isabella and Catherine had been upheld at Rome in their cruel hunt for heretics, a more enlightened Pope actually quarreled with Louis XIV for his inhumanity. What private purpose the resentful woman entertained in thus urging on this unpatriotic persecution has never been divulged, nor did the King, who said "The State?—Why, that is I! —I am the State," ever seem to hear from hu-

man lips any other than the declaration that he was daily grappling his loving subjects to his soul with hooks of steel.

As to her daily habits while she was thus in supreme power, she rose very early in the morning and gave audiences for charitable purposes or spiritual affairs. Nearly every beggar in France, it seemed, claimed he had given her a ladle of soup when she was herself a beggar. She saw the ministers as early as 8 o'clock in the morning, or sooner. She dealt principally with the departments of war and finance. She visited their offices—they did not call on her. She then went to St. Cyr, and ate alone, giving few audiences. She ruled the establishment, scanned the reports of converts, read the letters of her chief spies, and returned to Versailles just as the King was entering her rooms. When she got old, she lay down when she reached St. Cyr. Toward 9 in the evening, two waiting women came to undress her, and, after she was ready for bed, a light supper was brought to her. The King and his ministers were meanwhile at work, nor did they speak lower while this was going on. Then she was put in bed, and at 10 o'clock the King, saying good-night, went to his own supper.

Before her bed was her arm-chair; next was the table; beyond was the King's arm-chair; at the end of the table was the fire-place; at the other end was a stool for the Minister. By means of the arts secretly practiced on the King, she could obtain whatever she wished, but not at the moment she might wish. He was continually on the lookout, and if he knew she was advancing her own people, he would refuse the appointment. He frequently scolded her so terribly that she said to her brother that life was an intolerable burden. After she got Fagon for King's physician, she could play sick after such abuse by

the King, which would then moderate his wrath. But if he were going anywhere, she must go, too, sick or well; thus she was forced to make some journeys which came near being her last. She liked a warm room; he kept the windows open until 10 o'clock. If the King felt like hearing music, and she were in a high fever, there was music with the light and odor of a hundred wax candles at her sick-bed, the same as if she were well.

The pair grew old together, each the dupe of the other, for she loved power and revenge so well that she endured all things. Nearly all their early acquaintances were dead. In the gloom of their great age, the deaths by poisoning began. First the King's only son died of small-pox; then the Duke of Burgundy, Crown Prince, and his wife, the only person the King had loved in his latter years, fell before the unknown assassins, although there were plenty of warnings, one coming from the King of Spain. Other members of the royal line perished with the same disease —a poisoning that seemed to affect the body like measles —and the King was led to believe that he, too, would be refused the death from natural causes that was now so near at hand owing to his great age. Maintenon plotted to make the Duke of Maine, Montespan's oldest son, Regent during the minority of the little boy (Louis XV) who remained unpoisoned, and the King made a will to that effect.

On the 12th of August, 1715, the King was seriously ill; on the 25th no secret was made of his danger; on Wednesday, the 28th, gangrene attacked his feet, and Madame Maintenon, now seeing her time of revenge well come, went off to St. Cyr. On Thursday he asked for her, and it could not be hidden from him that she had deserted him. He sent for her, and she came back. At 5 o'clock of Friday afternoon, Madame de Maintenon,

leaving him again, gave away her furniture to the domestics, and went to St. Cyr, never to leave its walls alive. The King died on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock.

She upon whom he had looked as his guide to a better world, cast off her mask when he was weak, penitent and in fear of the fate he deserved. She, too, was old, and near her tomb. Her heart was dry as summer dust; the candle of her life burned low in the socket. She could spare no tears, even for the curious world to see. We hear that she gave audience only to Peter the Great and the Regent after she went home to St. Cyr. She was very rich, having 4,000 livres a month from the Regent, her estates, and almost no expense. When she saw the Duke of Maine arrested and her plans fail, she took a continuous fever and died on Saturday evening, April 15, 1719, aged 83. She left her wealth to the daughter of her brother, the Duchess of Noailles, and Maintenon still belongs to her descendants.

She was the first of the woman-despots, who, by their political rule over uxorious French monarchs, made the ancient regime so repugnant to human reason that the worst crimes of the Revolution seemed to have some warrant. There followed her at Versailles the frail Châteauroux, the flagrant Pompadour, the vain Du Barry, and then the high-born Marie Antoinette, beautiful daughter of Emperors, went to the scaffold and closed the long account which had been opened in sin and deceit by Madame de Maintenon.

MARY

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

A. D. 1714-1796

When, in any part of the earth, men's thoughts turn to the ideal subject of equal human rights under the law, and equal opportunities at birth, there rises, out of all the mists of democracy in the past, but one colossal figure—George Washington—cold, silent, immovable, yet a man the most generally admired of any the world has produced. As governmental systems pass on the scale from the American method onward through constitutional monarchy to the deepest shades of despotism, the fame of Washington advances, until those historians who are furthest away are most sensible of what he did that was godlike, and most enthusiastic in placing him foremost among the men who have been. He was in himself a Solon and a Cæsar and a Cincinnatus. "He was a Cromwell without ambition," says Alison, "a Sylla without proscription."

This powerful, terrible, inexorable, gentle, patient, just man, the Father of His Country of Seventy-five Million People, with many millions more lately added, inherited his remarkable personality from his mother Mary.

We have it directly and authentically from the pen of Lawrence Washington, a half-brother, who was himself father and friend to Pater Patriæ: "Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even now, when time

has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

In seeking for an American woman upon whom the eyes of past generations have been drawn, and on whom the admiration of coming ages is likely to rest, we have felt even more than a patriotic honor in choosing Mary, the mother of George Washington. Fortunately for the curiosity and instruction of the world, a man connected with her family but in no wise related to her, George W. P. Custis, grandson of the widow Custis, who married George Washington, gathering the records and traditions of the family before they were lost, prepared a sketch of the life of Mary Washington, which contains all or nearly all that is authentically known of her, and this sketch here follows:

"Mrs. Washington was descended from the respectable family of Ball, who settled, as English colonists, on the banks of the Potomac. Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son, those great and essential qualities, which gave lustre to the glories of his after-life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero,

destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

It was remarked by the ancients that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child; and we may be permitted to say that, since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavor to illustrate.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was only twelve years of age. He has been heard to say that he knew little of his father, except the remembrance of his person and of his paternal fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was always a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither repressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the springtime of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the Chief was taught the duty of moderation and obedience, which prepared him to command. Still, the mother held in reserve an authority a reverse which never departed from her, not when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say: "I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due to me." Nor did the Chief dissent from these truths; but, to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and im-

plicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect and the most enthusiastic attachment.

Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed; and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence and the character of his mother, his behavior toward her at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command in chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger and contiguous to her friends and relatives. It was there the matron remained during nearly the whole of the trying period of the Revolution. Directly in the way of the news as it passed from north to south, one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms; another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbed and flowed the fortunes of our cause, Providence preserved the even tenor of her life, affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man and the freedom and happiness of the world.

When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived of the passage of the Delaware (December, 1776), an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother with congratulations. She received them with calmness; observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services; and continued, in reply to the gratulating parties (most of whom held letters in their hands from which they read extracts): "But, my good sirs,

here is too much flattery—still, George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise."

Here let us remark upon the absurdity of an idea which, from some strange cause or other, has been suggested, though certainly never believed, that the mother was disposed to favor the Royal cause. Such a surmise has not the slightest foundation in truth. Like many others, whose days of enthusiasm were in the wane, the lady doubted the prospects of success in the beginning of the war; and long during its continuance feared that our means would be found inadequate to a successful contest with so formidable a power as Britain; and our soldiers, brave, but undisciplined and ill-provided, be unequal to cope with the veteran and well-appointed troops of the King. Doubts like these were by no means confined to a woman; but were both entertained and expressed by the staunchest of patriots and most determined of men. But when the mother, who had been removed to the county of Frederick, on the invasion of Virginia, in 1781, was informed by express of the surrender of Cornwallis, she raised her hands to heaven and exclaimed: "Thank God, war will now be ended, and peace, independence and happiness will bless our country."

During the war, and, indeed, during her useful life, up to the advanced age of 82, until within three years of her death (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion), the mother set a most valuable example, in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by that ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in no wise altered,

when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg who well remember the matron, as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise. She was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm, in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

Her great industry, with the well-regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charity to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while everything about her household bore marks of her attention and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease (cancer of the breast) thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was continually visited and solaced by her children and numerous grandchildren, particularly by her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. To the repeated and earnest solicitations of that lady, that she would remove to her house, and pass the remainder of her days; to the pressing treaties of her son, that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age, the matron replied: "I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." Her son-in-law, Colonel Fielding Lewis, proposed to relieve her of the direction of her affairs; she observed: "Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eyesight is better than mine; but leave the executive management to me."

One weakness alone attached to this lofty-minded and

intrepid woman, and that proceeded from a most affecting cause. She was afraid of lightning. In early life she had a female friend killed by her side, while sitting at table; the knife and fork, in the hands of the unfortunate girl, were melted by the electric current. The matron never recovered from the shock and fright occasioned by this distressing accident. On the approach of a thunder-cloud she would retire to her chamber, and not leave it again until the storm had passed away.

She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator in humiliation and prayer.

After an absence of seven years, it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot the Marshal of France, the General-in-Chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory

ever gave, nor by all the "pomp and circumstance" of power.

The mother was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victor Chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood. Inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—not one word!

Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry. The town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed that although her dancing days were "pretty well over," she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend. The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character, but, forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the matter that glare and show, which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the Old World. How were they all surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room. She was arrayed in the very plain yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden times. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation, and, at an early

hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observed that it was time for old people to be at home, and retired. The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, persevering in the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they observed that "if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious." It was on this festive occasion that General Washington danced a minuet with Mrs. Willis. It closed his dancing days. The minuet was much in vogue at that period, and was peculiarly calculated for the display of the splendid figure of the Chief, and his natural grace and elegance of air and manner. The gallant Frenchmen who were present, of which fine people it may be said that dancing forms one of the elements of their existence, so much admired the American performance as to admit that a Parisian education could not have improved it. As the evening advanced, the Commander-in-chief, yielding to the gaiety of the scene, went down some dozen couple, in the contra-dance, with great spirit and satisfaction.

The Marquis of Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure, for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing. Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house. The young man observed: "There, sir, is my grandmother!" Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered in a plain straw hat, the mother of "his hero." She saluted him kindly, observing: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of

changing my dress." The Marquis spoke to her of the happy effects of the Revolution and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son, and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him, and to the encomiums which he lavished upon his hero and paternal Chief, the matron replied in these words: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

In her person Mrs. Washington was of the middle size, and finely formed, her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer* to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. But the sister of the Chief he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her and place a military hat upon her head, and such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the Chief.

In her latter days the mother often spoke of her "own good boy," of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the Chief Magistrate of the Great Republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility or want of ambition? Oh, no; her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be good; that he became great when the opportunity presented was a consequence.

Thus lived and died this distinguished woman. Had she been a Roman dame, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capitol, and we should read in classic pages the story of her virtues. When another century

*George Washington Parke Custis, born 1781; died 1857.

shall have elapsed, and the nations of the earth, as well as our descendants, shall have learned the true value of liberty, the name of our hero will gather a glory it has never been invested with; and then will youth and age, maid and matron, aged and bearded men, with pilgrim step, repair to the grave of the Mother of Washington."

Here ends the memorial written by Custis when he was a young man. Through it breathes a respect for the manners and customs of the forefathers who handed us down liberty at the expense and risk of their lives, and a sensibility of the value of sound maternal instruction, frugality and simplicity, which cannot be flattered or too highly extolled. Some biographical facts may be added to this memorial. Mary Ball, daughter of a prosperous farmer, was born in 1714. On March 6, 1730, she became the second wife of Augustine Washington, who already had three sons and a daughter. She moved into a comfortable home in Westmoreland County, which gave a view of the Potomac River. The dwelling, though a considerable one in Colonial days, was of frame, with steep roof, four rooms, an enormous chimney at each end, and a large hall. Nearly two years later, the eldest child of these second nuptials was born. This was George Washington. The date was then February 11—it is now the 22d from the Gregorian correction of the calendar, which was not then acceptable in Protestant countries. The house, it is said, burned three years afterward and the family removed to what is now Stafford County, near the Rappahannock, and near Fredericksburg. The mother, from the first, held every member of the double family to continuous industry and frequent worship. Prayers were said morning and evening, with every soul present. In 1743, the husband died, and the mother was left with two sets of children, for George by this time had three brothers and

two sisters. So well was this office performed, and so high was the spirit of amity in the family, that George was afterward made the heir of Mount Vernon, which was left to him by his half-brother Lawrence. Her reading was chiefly devotional, her favorite book being Hale's "Moral and Divine Contemplations." She knew no language but her own, and her spelling was as uncertain as anybody's in that age of freedom. She was gifted with strong, good sense. She was provident, and exact in matters of business. She was an imperious woman, and brooked no opposition. She was, more than most people, dignified, silent, and little given to mirth. She was forced to work hard, but she believed work to be good for people, and that he who was an idler was a curse to any community. She had a way of impressing her views on the subjects of her small kingdom, a way that was certain and yet not unkind, perhaps kind, yet awesome. Happily, Washington, who could rebel against a King that expected to hang him on a scaffold, could not rise up against the rule which she more affectionately established, and he therefore accepted her doctrines as the chart for a new government in a new world. She died in 1796, and her grave at Fredericksburg was not more than ordinarily marked for nearly thirty-seven years.

Early in the 30's the Monument Committee of the State of Virginia was given charge of the work of erecting a monument over her resting-place, with Basset as chairman. The corner-stone was laid with ceremonies on May 7, 1833, by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, who was accompanied by the great officers of the Nation and a large concourse of people. The shaft is forty-five feet high, surmounted by a bust of George Washington. Still above the head of the bust an American eagle is in the attitude of lowering a civic wreath upon

the brow of the hero. The inscription on the monument is simply—

MARY,
THE MOTHER OF
WASHINGTON

The President, then at the height of his popularity on account of his successful stand against nullification, made an extended address, filled with the noblest sentiments of affection and admiration for the Father of his Country. We shall excerpt only those passages which bear directly upon the subject of this article:

"In the grave before us," said the President, "lie the remains of Washington's mother. Long has it been unmarked by any monumental tablet, but not unhonored. You have undertaken the pious duty of erecting a column to her memory, and of inscribing upon it the simple but affecting words, 'Mary, the Mother of Washington.' No eulogy could be higher, and it appeals to the heart of every American. The mother and son are beyond the reach of human applause; but the bright example of parental and filial excellence which their conduct furnishes, cannot but produce the most salutary effects upon our countrymen. Let their example be before us, from the first lesson which is taught the child, till the mother's duties yield to the course of preparation and action which nature prescribes for him.

"Tradition says that the character of Washington was aided and strengthened, if not formed, by the care and precepts of his mother, and in tracing the recollections that can be gathered of her principles and conduct, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that these were closely

interwoven with the destiny of her son. He possessed an unerring judgment (if that term can be applied to human nature), great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject; and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution which nothing could change but a conviction of error. Look back at the life and conduct of his mother—at her domestic government—as known to her contemporaries and described by them to the honorable Chairman to-day, and these will be found admirably adapted to form and develop the elements of such a character. The power of greatness was in Washington, but had it not been guided and directed by maternal solicitude and judgment, its possessor, instead of presenting to the world examples of virtue, patriotism and wisdom which will be precious in all succeeding ages, might have added to the number of those master-spirits, whose fame rests upon the faculties they have abused and the injuries they have committed.

"Happy for our mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters that they have before them this illustrious example of maternal devotion, and this bright reward of filial success. The mother of a family, who lives to witness the virtues of her children, who is known and honored because they are known and honored, should have no other wish on this side the grave to gratify. Upon the mother must frequently, if not generally, depend the fate of the son.

"I witnessed the public conduct and the private virtues of Washington, and I saw and participated in the confidence which he inspired, when probably the stability of our institutions depended on his personal influence. Many years have passed over me since, but they have increased

instead of diminished my reverence for his character, and my confidence in his principles.

"At your request and in your name, my fellow-citizens, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon the sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the Mother of Washington."

The poem of Mrs. Sigourney to Mary Washington was first read at these ceremonies. It is as follows:

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole,
In her soft minstrelsy around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews. She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his yellow coverlet
Down at thy feet—and stormy Winter speak
Hoarsely of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our Chief!—
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unawed by "pomp and circumstance"—in truth
Inflexible—and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer-wave,
Then flit, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshiped.

Of the might that clothed
The Pater Patriæ—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt—
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last,

What part was thine! What thanks to thee are due,
Who mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of god-like virtue in his infant mind,
We know not—Heaven can tell!

Rise, noble pile!
And show a race unborn who rests below;
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind!
Warn them to wake, at early dawn, and sow
Good seed, before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye who stand
With thrilling breast and kindly cheek this morn,
Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays
To the blest mother of her glorious chief;
Ye whose last thought upon your mighty couch,
Whose first at waking is your cradled son—
What though no dazzling hope aspire to rear
A second Washington—or leave your name
Wrought out in marble, with your country's tears
Of deathless gratitude—yet may ye raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to God!

Our parallel, as was said in the third article of this volume, lies logically between Mary and Cornelia. The Romans held in highest veneration that mother whose teachings led two statesmen on to unsuccessful rebellion for the right, and to death at the hands of the people's foes. But while the Romans would praise Cornelia, they would not profit by the martyrdom of her sons. Mary Washington was the mother of a modern Gracchus, who entirely overthrew the patricians, and cast their wicked exactions, thefts, and contumelies across the seas. Her son was a Confucius, a Manu, a Zoroaster, an Ur, a Menes, a Hercules, a Romulus, a Pharamond, a Barbarossa, who

at last brought true the dreams of poets of the Grecian isles and golden age; he at last conveyed to a continent the legacy of its liberty—the divine rights of kings clipped off, the hoary shackles of church and feudalism removed, the single and sufficient right assured to start as if the world were new created, and no angel yet stationed at the gates of Eden with flaming sword of evil. So much was Mary's son greater, or more potent, or more important, than Cornelia's twain.

Nor should we pass from the contemplation of this imperious, simple, industrious, moral American woman without contrasting her with Cleopatra, her antipodes. And though he who properly looks with interest on spectacles of sustained dramatic power, may not soon forget the scene of dying Antony going up on the pulley to his frantic Queen, yet must the noble heart ever dwell with finer, deeper feeling upon the return of the Father of his Country to the cabin of his mother, that she, in the maternal majesty which alone could daunt his heart might put her hand upon his brow and sanction him once more.

MARIA THERESA

A. D. 1717-1780

"THE MOTHER OF GERMANY"

The indulgent or studious reader who has followed this volume from its beginning, as we have come down the ages and passed across the nations, is now advised that we have reached the career of a woman who, in many great regards, can be compared only with Isabella; and each person who contemplates the life-work of the two monarchs should be left to decide which one of the twain is entitled to the primacy among all the illustrious characters depicted in this book.

To bring the main facts of the biography of Maria Theresa intelligently before the student and juror in this comparison, we must convey an approximate idea of the regions over which her ancestors held sway. In maps a little anterior to her time, a confederation of perhaps 300 states east of France, stretching from the North Sea to the Adriatic—from Brussels to Venice—will be found marked with the sounding style and title of "Holy Roman Empire." In this confederation the Archduchy of Austria had long held a preponderating influence, and reckoned the Kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia as its appanages. The Holy Roman Empire, by the votes of certain of its reigning Princes, conferred the title of Emperor of Germany on one of their number, and an almost unbroken custom had exalted the Austrian Archduke to be Emperor. Maria Theresa's father was Charles VI (Karl), Emperor of this Germany, or Holy Roman Empire.

Inasmuch as Maria Theresa had before her Isabella's grand example of patriotism, it might be well also to trace the line of royal blood down from the Castilian Queen, which runs thus: Isabella, then Joan, daughter of Isabella; then Emperor Ferdinand I, son of Joan; then Emperor Maximilian II, son of Ferdinand I; next his son, Archduke Charles; next his son, Emperor Ferdinand II; next his son, Emperor Ferdinand III; next his son, Emperor Leopold I; next his son, Emperor Charles VI; next his daughter, Maria Theresa, an eldest child. Women were not eligible to command over the Holy Roman Empire. Maria Theresa was the ninth generation away from her great ancestor, Isabella.

But we are by no means as yet sufficiently prepared to deal with the geography of Maria Theresa, and it cannot be amiss to outline the Austro-Hungarian Empire of to-day for the purpose of getting a better hold of our own subject. This Austro-Hungarian Empire is composed of a huge bund of realms called (in English) Austria-Hungary. His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, the sovereign, is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary and Bohemia. He has no title of Emperor of Austria-Hungary. It is a dual empire, each part in turn being a confederation of many tribes and states. Each little state has its Parliament, which was called in Maria Theresa's time the Estates. Each of the two great halves has its great Parliament. Each great half, again, sends a Delegation to Vienna, and the Delegations compose the real ultimate Imperial Parliament. To show the vast nature of the realms, let us name the principal factors: The Austrian Empire—Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, four Coast Districts, the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, Kingdom of Bohemia (Prague is the capital), Moravia, Silesia, Galicia, Bukowina, Dalmatia,

Bosnia, and Herzegovina. The Hungarian Kingdom (empire)—Kingdom of Hungary (Buda-Pesth is the capital, a wonderful city), Transylvania, Fiume, Croatia, and Slavonia.

Now let the reader imagine that his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty of to-day, were elected Emperor of Germany, or to the titular command of the ancient Holy Roman Empire of Maria's time, in which Austria-Hungary would be one item, and the proper idea of our true situation and geography will not be seriously disturbed. The imperial honor, however, had grown to be nearly a phantom. Nine Electors conferred the title—the sovereigns of Austria, Bohemia, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, being the leading ones. Let it be understood, there was then no "Emperor" in all Western Europe, save the Archduke, King, or Elector who might be chosen for life as sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire. Feudalism survived in Middle Europe. This title of Austrian ruler, too, ought not to go to a woman—time and again, women had been put to one side, following the Salic law. For instance, Maria Theresa's own father, Emperor Charles VI, had succeeded his brother, Emperor Joseph I, while Joseph I had a daughter who, it would seem, had a right to rule, if women were not to be forever debarred from the Austrian throne.

Once again to the geography of Maria Theresa. Her father, Emperor Charles VI, had made a bad reign of it, and had lost territory on nearly every side, but, even if he had not been elected Emperor, he would have been sovereign in his own right at the start over the following states: The Kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia; the Archduchies of Upper and Lower Austria, Milan, Parma, Placentia, the Low Countries, Carinthia, Carniola, Burgau, Bresgau, Suabia, Silesia, Styria, Friuli, and the Tyrol.

These countries, stretching from sea to sea, were usually denominated "the Austrian possessions." There is one other territorial feature of great interest to be noted—Lorraine. We have seen the importance of the Lorraines in the time of Catherine de' Medici. The father of Maria Theresa had reasons for desiring to marry her to Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, but this would dismember France, taking away the Duchy of Lorraine. Maria Theresa would marry nobody else, and the young man gave up Lorraine, and was made heir to the Grand Dukedom of Tuscany instead. But, of course, Maria Theresa's marriage to any landed prince whatever outside the Austrian possessions would have been a matter of serious import in disturbing the "balance" in Europe.

These necessary preliminaries stated, we are measurably prepared to enter on the life of the disputed heir of "the Austrian possessions," a woman who was to do fifteen years of battle with Frederick the Great, the foremost captain of his age, and one of the leading generals of all ages.

Walpurgia Amelia Christina Maria Theresa was born at Vienna, May 13, 1717. Her father, the sixth Charles of the Holy Roman Empire, was a man who was an amiable father and an incapable King. He was a stickler for etiquette, and a renowned boar-hunter. He led an imperial orchestra, and his two daughters danced in the ballet. He was a silent man, who seldom smiled, and, following the record of Philip II of Spain, laughed but once in his life. His wife was Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick, a woman with sweet and gracious manners. The imperial couple lived in perfect amity, and the court was famous for its good morals.

Maria Theresa and Maria Anne, the two Archduchesses, were the only children. They were brought up in seclusion by their mother. Both daughters were beau-

tiful, but Maria Theresa, the elder, was the superior in intellect. They were tenderly attached to each other. Maria Theresa learned music well. She studied Italian, because it was necessary. She got in the habit of spending many hours a day at her devotions, and kept this up all her life. She carefully studied the geography of her country, which was second in size only to Russia, and, with a tinge of the Castilian pride that had come down to her from Isabella, she soon came to believe that no one on earth was quite her born equal. This highly undesirable quality she cultivated, and, while at one time it stood her in good stead in place of armies, she transmitted it to a daughter, Marie Antoinette, whose downfall on account of it was commensurably awful.

At the age of fourteen, Maria Theresa was admitted to sit silent at the meetings of the Emperor's Council, but her father never spoke to her on affairs of state, nor did she receive instruction in the forms of business as then carried on. She considered the privilege of attendance a boon, and always stayed to the end, however prolonged the session. She soon was regarded in the court as a person of influence, and, because she brought so many petitions, she elicited from her father the protest: "You seem to think a sovereign has nothing to do but grant favors!" "I see nothing else that can make a crown supportable!" retorted his daughter.

But while the Emperor was not talking overmuch to Maria Theresa, he was no less busy in the midst of his misfortunes (losing Parma and Placentia to Spain and eastern territory to the Mohammedans), to secure the succession of his own crowns to his female issue. When Maria Theresa was only seven years old, he made his will, one of the celebrated Pragmatic Sanctions of history. The word "pragmatic"

means "pertaining to secular business," "the King's own business," etc. Carlyle defines it: "Unalterable ordinance in the Kaiser's imperial house." The Emperor published a document, "that failing heirs-male, the Emperor's daughters, or females ranking from their kinship to him, and not to any previous Emperor, should be as good as heirs-male of Charles would have been." This was to cut out the female heirs of his deceased elder brother, whose rights would seem to have been better. This document was ratified by the Diet or Parliament of the Holy Roman Empire, and was accepted as satisfactory by many other nations. Yet the probabilities in favor of peace on the basis of the Pragmatic Sanction were few, and Prince Eugene of Savoy told Charles VI that on such a point "a hundred thousand soldiers would be worth a hundred thousand treaties." Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, thought he was next male heir to the crown of Bohemia. The wife of August the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was the eldest daughter of the former Emperor, a deceased brother of Charles; her claim was like Maria Theresa's, and covered the entire Austrian possessions. Maximilian II's daughter had beeen left out the same way, and the King of Spain was her heir. The King of Sardinia claimed Milan. Louis XV was the only male heir of the eldest male branch of the House of Austria. To all these, Charles VI had only the answer, where was their Pragmatic Sanction, their civil service law? When boys say "Trade forever!" that is a Pragmatic Sanction. Nobody else had made a Pragmatic Sanction. Charles thought his case was clear. The King of England told him to hold to it. Still the Emperor, while he was boar-hunting, worried. He could not sleep. His physician died, and the surviving healers could not tell what ailed the afflicted monarch, unless it were Pragmatic Sanction.

Meantime he narrowly escaped new wars when the Duke of Lorraine was proposed for the hand of Maria Theresa; but, in 1735, young Lorraine was ousted from the Rhine and recognized as future Grand Duke of Tuscany (Florence, the capital). The next year the lovers were married, and the strong-willed girl of nineteen had her way, cost what it might. The next year Gian Gastone, last of the Medicis, died, and the pair had a realm over which to rule, with Francis the husband, an Elector in the Holy Roman Empire, which had by this time become little more than a moral Kingdom. They took up their ducal residence in Florence, and Maria Theresa's eldest child, a daughter, was born. In time, the wife bore no less than sixteen children, ten of whom survived her. Frederick's terrible father was on the throne of Prussia, and was very kind to Francis when that Grand Duke visited Berlin. The Grand Duke was an amiable young gentleman whom Frederick (Crown Prince, then) liked very well. The grandmother of Francis was the eldest sister of the Emperor, so he was his wife's cousin. They had played together from childhood. He could scarcely read or write, but he was handsome, brave, and accomplished in all the courtly exercises of the day. He was exactly the man Maria Theresa wanted, and she seems to have been more thoroughly attached to him than Isabella was to Ferdinand; on his part, too, he made her a much better husband, and endured fully as many expressions of his wife's determination to have her own way rather than his. The pair were naturally mated.

The year 1740 was deadly to monarchs. There died Pope Clement XII; Frederick's kingly father; the Empress Anne of Russia; the Queen Dowager of Spain, and on the 13th of October, the Emperor himself fell ill at the Favorita Palace in Vienna. He was sure he would die.

The doctors annoyed him with their professional encouragements. "Look me in the eyes, pack of fools! You will have to dissect me. Then you can tell me. If Gasseli were here, I should know now." The Grand Duke Francis assiduously attended the sick man, and talked long on the future. Maria Theresa would have a son soon (Emperor Joseph II). She was ill in bed, and her father would not allow her to enter the death-room. A few days later, October 20, the Emperor died, thus closing the 500 years' record of the males of the House of Hapsburg.

At dawn Maria Theresa was proclaimed by her heralds all over Vienna, by virtue of Pragmatic Sanction, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, etc., etc. At 7 the generals and judges took the oath, the Queen bathed in tears. There soon arrived a protest from the Elector of Bavaria, declaring that he would contest the titles now assumed by Maria Theresa. France was behind him. There was in the treasury only the sum of $50,000. Almost instantly, young Frederick of Prussia marched his splendid army into Maria Theresa's province of Silesia, and Europe was set on fire.

In a word, Maria Theresa tried for fifteen years to get that fine duchy back. Frederick became Frederick the Great because he kept Silesia—at last, against all Europe armed, and he only with Spartan Prussia at his back.

Maria Theresa hastened into Hungary and took the oath according to the Hungarian desire, which many a haughty Archduke had refused to do. She swore she would respect the rights and privileges of the Hungarians, and, if not, they should not be adjudged rebels if they rose. She received the homage of the Italians. She had help from England—not by money privately subscribed, as erroneously written in many histories, but voted by Parliament at London. She set out to get King George of

England and Empress Anne of Russia to partition Prussia. She said she would fight the devil with fire. But Frederick and the French were also very clever. The cry of "Distaff" was raised, as we heard it in Spain. Although eleven great Powers had signed the Pragmatic Sanction, all fell away save England, and on Frederick's first victory, the battle of Mollwitz, the way was made easy for the Elector of Bavaria, Charles Albert, to be declared Emperor of "the Holy Romish Reich Teutsch by Nation" as Charles VII, and thus he goes into the record. It was a grievous blow to the pride of Austria, and the most pompous title that Maria Theresa could now obtain was Queen of Hungary. The French came on with an army. The Queen had been sadly defeated at Mollwitz. Now the allies marched rapidly toward Vienna. The ministry, accustomed to the idle policies of the deceased Emperor, expected to surrender and throw themselves on the mercy of Europe. But Maria Theresa, with her little son Joseph (Emperor) retreated to Presburg, capital of Hungary, and there a very great scene was enacted, which the iconoclasts, though they have long charged upon its truth, have not deprived of its essential details. A young and beautiful mother, with a male heir in her arms, appeared on the throne before the brave knights of Hungary in their Parliament. She spoke in Latin, the common language. She was afire with her wrongs. A robber on the north—a miscreant whom her own father had saved when *his* own father was about to kill him—this robber had most ungratefully stolen her finest duchy and now offered her peace if she would indorse his theft. The other nations on the west, whose people Hungary had long protected from the brave Mohammedans, basely purposed to dismember the possessions of the House of Austria, because, till this little boy could come of age, there would be no

male heir, and a young woman could easily be robbed by aged and experienced thieves. She would soon give birth to another royal prince, and, as her enemies gained and multiplied on every side, she would not have a city left in which to bear her child. She stood before them seeking their protection like a hunted doe, panting from the chase. She was young; her figure was tall and formed with perfect elegance; her march was graceful and majestic; her features were regular; her gray eyes flashed with the fires of royal indignation or filled with tears, as waves of pride or humiliation would sweep over her; her mouth and smile were beautiful; her complexion was transparent; she had a profusion of fine hair; her voice was musical, pleading and moving. She was as beautiful as Cleopatra; she was as noble as Isabella; she was as eloquent as Joan of Arc. Her robes of mourning spoke forth her filial piety. Scarce could those nobles wait to hear her pleas. Her beauty and her distress—her great wrongs and her courageous posture—set them, as well, on fire. They clashed their swords with furious clamor—they shouted, with one accord, in Latin: "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa! Our swords and our blood for your Majesty!" She burst into passionate tears. The nobles rushed out of the great hall to vote supplies of men and money, and at last took to their hearts an Austrian ruler. The great iron crown of St. Stephen, that founder of 400 abbeys whose order once ruled Europe, was placed upon her small head; the saint's tattered robe was thrown over her; a scimitar was girded at her side. Seated on a superb charger she rode up the royal hill, called the Mount of Defiance, and, following the rites of antiquity, cut the air in the four quarters and gladly swore to defend the crown. This heavy diadem had been lined with cushions to accommodate so small a head, and, when she sat down to the feast, it seemed de-

sirable to lay aside the burden. As it was removed from her brow, her hair escaping from its meshes, fell in abundance about her neck and shoulders, completing a picture of womanly loveliness so rare and felicitous that chivalrous Hungary set up a shout of admiration and applause. With this story of her popularity spreading to the utmost confines of the polyglot nation, the Hussars, tribes of Croats, Pandours, Sclavonians, Tolpatches, Warasdins—both Huns and Aryans—terrible men who needed no tents and despised personal comfort—poured northward to punish the invaders. The Hungarians made Francis co-Regent, and the young man surprised Europe by showing that an affectionate husband could exhibit heroic instincts in time of imminent danger. Vienna was spared. The Queen soon had 100,000 men on the march. But though Vienna were rescued, Prague fell, and the usurping Bavarian Emperor was also crowned King of Bohemia. Here his fortune ended. The Queen's forces retook Upper Austria, entered Bavaria, captured his capital, Munich, and the Emperor was without an empire. Frederick, after a quick campaign, made a treacherous peace with Maria Theresa, she giving up Silesia, and the Elector of Saxony withdrew his claims on Bohemia. The betrayed French were shut up in Prague. France sent a rescuing army, which was turned back. The French army escaped from Prague and made a safe march into Alsace. But Maria Theresa had war, also, in the south, and held Spain and France in check, the King of England keeping every engagement with astonishing fidelity to the Pragmatic Sanction. She pressed the "Emperor" so hard, and threatened so earnestly to indemnify herself for Silesia with Bavaria, that Frederick, in 1744, feeling he would lose Silesia if he did not see the Woman defeated, "sent an army to aid the Kaiser," pretending that he was only doing what all

nine of the Electors must do. This was a sore disappointment to the victorious Queen. She had reckoned on an addition (from France) of Alsace to the Empire, with Francis, her husband, to be elected Emperor; Lorraine for the twain. She cried that the northern robber, who had made her give up Silesia, was the evil genius of her house. She prayed her five hours a day. She went again to the loyal castle at Presburg, in Hungary. There the proud captains again cried in Latin: "Live, Maria! To arms! To arms!" There was more tumult of war than ever before, and Maria Theresa retrieved Prague and Bohemia without a battle, and to her infinite delight marched on to Silesia, her stolen province. On the 20th of January, the unfortunate Emperor Charles VII, who had so fatuously seized a lofty title, died of grief at Munich, his own city, which he would not be able to hold against Maria Theresa.

England, at this, wanted peace. So did Frederick. The English Ambassador told the Queen the money was out at London—six million dollars they had sent to her. "Give me only till October!" she pleaded. "Bon Dieu! Give me only till October!" "A battle, madam, will not get back Silesia." "Had I to agree with him (Frederick) tomorrow, I would fight him a battle this evening," she expostulated.

Carlyle says of this: "Much of this Austrian obstinacy, think impartial persons, was of female nature." Yet Frederick was merely Frederick to the original owner of Silesia. Why should she wish peace in victory, when she was still a victim of robbery? Frederick is Frederick the Great to us, only because he hung to his pelf against the odds she finally arrayed on her side.

September 13, 1745, the Grand Duke Francis Stephen of Tuscany, co-Regent of Bohemia, Maria Theresa's husband, was elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire

as Francis I, by seven Electors, Prussia and Pfalz only protesting. His proud wife came on to Frankfurt, determined that, at last, the man who had given up Lorraine for her should have a magnificent coronation. Her Prussian enemies declare that at this time the High Lady was too high. Not only was she overbearing toward the princes who had done her will, but she trod heavily, and mentioned her own personal power too often, like Napoleon after Tilsit. She clapped a protesting herald into jail. She at once assumed the title of Empress-Queen. She spoke of Frederick as a good captain—she was willing to say it—but a bad character, a heretic or worse, a neighbor dreadful to have, indeed, "ein böser Mann," and that term can mean merely wicked or absolutely infernal. But her Pandours, meanwhile, were driving Frederick to thoughts of suicide. Europe broke out into universal war, with France and England particularly desirous for battle. There was fighting from Genoa to Flanders. Just when the sky was brightest for Maria Theresa, her generals lost enough battles to alarm the continent, and Frederick went home in peace with Silesia as his trophy. The rest of the nations kept at war for two years more, when the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle ended what is called the War of the Austrian Succession, and the Pragmatic Sanction, clipped of Silesia and the Italian duchies, was signed by all the nations. The Queen's father had lost the provinces in Italy, so the only King who profited by the war was the one who had acted dishonestly—Frederick. More than 500,000 men had been killed.

One of Macaulay's famous tirades applies at this moment: "The evils produced by Frederick's wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast

of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

Maria Theresa was now Empress-Queen in Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Prague, Brussels, and many other proud cities, a continuous line across Europe from north to south. She had an army of 108,000 men. She had annual revenues $6,000,000 larger than her father. She was already the mother of eight children. Her husband was beloved in court and family; there he was foremost. He was contented to see his wife, consort, and sovereign shine through Europe. She had long been the toast of English people. "Queen of Hungary" was a magic name to give to vendable goods, and her portrait on signboards drew custom the world over, except in Prussia, which had made its foray on her. She was busy nearly every moment in her cabinet, or at prayer, and thus could spare scarcely any attention to her babies. "The only time I lose," she said, "is when I sleep." The court physician, Van Sweitar, waited on her each morning at her levee, and brought her a minute report of the health of the children. If one of them was indisposed, the mother, laying aside all other cares, went to their apartment. As the Princes and Princesses grew up, they were taught Italian, but it cannot be said that their education was enthusiastically pursued, or that Maria Theresa had a good opinion of learning. Fighting was better. The young ones were committed to the care of governesses who were directed to stamp out all indications of pride or personal caprice; to drill the scholars sedulously in "The Lives of the Saints," and in all the rites and ceremonies which the lay devotee of the Catholic Church is permitted to celebrate or perform. It is certain that the ten surviving Archdukes and Archduchesses were successfully impressed with family pride and devotion to the house of Lorraine.

Austria. Their ruling passion was a loyalty to their mother, the Empress, as the head of that house. But as to the rest of their education, even including the pious moralities that were deemed all-essential by Maria Theresa, the mother secured as governess no bigot sufficiently beyond the reach of ulterior financial motives to carry out her orders, and instead of preparing for a future life by five diurnal hours of prayer, religion was greatly and education altogether neglected, except that the scholars could speak French well and write it with the average skill of the upper classes. The drawings that were represented as Marie Antoinette's, Maria Theresa's daughter's, were in no case hers, according to Madam Campan. These children went abroad as incurable Austrians, and several of them were on this account but ill-received, at least, in foreign lands, whither they had been at first invited with acclamation.

Maria Theresa lived in her private apartments with simplicity. She breakfasted on a cup of milk coffee; then dressed and heard a long mass. On every Tuesday she received the ministers of the various departments. Other days were set apart for foreigners and strangers. There were stated days when the public was admitted indiscriminately, save that each subject, however poor or mean, must have business with her Majesty. They might whisper to her or see her alone if their matter was important. She was sure of her own popularity, and felt secure in the protection which the love of her people threw around her. She read memorials herself, dictated dispatches, and signed letters. Her dinner was brought in, and she ate alone, to save time. After dinner she returned to deskwork until 6. After supper her children were expected to join her in evening prayer. If any were absent she called

the physician to inquire if there was illness. If not, the child would receive a severe reprimand next morning.

What was she doing in her cabinet, to which her spies from St. Petersburg, Rome, Madrid, Versailles, Berlin, and London were hourly entering? She was planning, plotting, to get back her rich Silesia. She hated that Frederick so, with his impish Voltaire. They had said such foul and cruel things of her, personally, too, and both, she thought, were more beasts than men. They were atheists. Her Catholic Silesia had been given to the atheist. Ought she not to urge a holy war? Let this wretched insane man, the son of an insane father, write his scoffing verses about her—and, better yet, about women in general—all the better! He would now have three women on his heels. A woman, Elizabeth, ruled in Russia. A good woman, Maria Theresa, ruled at Vienna. A woman ruled at Versailles—ah! let us see about that! Hard, indeed, but let us consider it. Pompadour, the daughter of the butcher Poisson; the wife of the tavern-keeper d'Étioles; "the kidnapper of young girls for the Park aux Cerfs of the bad old King"—this Pompadour was ruler of France —whatever she said should be done was law and precedent. Had any consort-Empress of the Holy Roman Empire in half a millennium acknowledged such a friend? Ah no! But Frederick was emptying his bitter verses on her—Frederick said, truly, that France was "hag-ridden"—the hag would like revenge; and Maria Theresa would get Silesia back. But was not this Pompadour also a wicked enemy of that noble monarch, the King of England, who, all alone, and because he was a German, had upheld Pragmatic Sanction against the Lutheran inclinations of his subjects? Yes, yes, it was all hard. Yet Kaunitz, Maria Theresa's prime minister, that man running all over Europe, the most dreadful of Frederick's foes—Kaunitz

thought it could be done. France and Austria could be brought together if, at this crisis of Frederick's verse-writing and scoffing at priests—if now Maria Theresa would only write "Dear Cousin" to Pompadour—then three irate great women could come at him together and show him. Maria Theresa could cede territory to France in Belgium; she could be indemnified in Prussia; her Belgian bankers would lend her money. What would England do? Well, wait and see. The "Dear Cousin" is written, and Pompadour, titular mistress of Louis XV, at last is one of the great monarchs of the world. France now moves toward Hanover. The good King of England applies at Vienna for an army to aid him. Pussy wants a corner; go to the next neighbor; he goes to Russia, where he hires an army, with Viennese satisfaction. Now the plot is well laid. The world, save England, will go against Frederick, and all will divide. Russia, Sweden, Poland and Saxony, the Holy Roman Empire, France—the great circle of foes and circle of armies of foes will close in on the bad man, and where then will he be with his Voltaire, his scoffs, and his pelf? This matter was all arranged when Frederick sent word to Maria Theresa, demanding *ipso facto* that she state her intention not to attack him either this year (1756) or next. To this she gave no sufficient reply, and Frederick, joining with England, whom Maria Theresa had now betrayed, marched for Dresden, there seizing papers which would show the true plans of Maria Theresa.

Thus we are to begin the Seven Years' War, with tables turned. The French foe is now a friend; the noble English friend is now justly a foe. The Protestant Englishmen are now ready to pray for Frederick's battles against "the Papists." The issue is more logical, except that to Frederick all religions are alike. His subjects,

however, are Lutherans. The Seven Years' War—this bad Frederick, the rat in Maria Theresa's trap! Battle on battle, yet never to catch and kill that bad man!—these her thoughts. The reader must pass across the most hideous fields of blood—Lowositz, Prague (girls still playing it on our pianos), Kolin, Hastenbeck, Rosbach, Leuthen, Zorndorf, Hochkirchen, Züllichau, Kunersdorf, Maxen, Meissen, Minden, Liegnitz, Torgau, Schweidnitz (four times), Buckersdorf—is it not a fearful catalogue of carnage? She can kill all those glorious German generals that she heard her father praise, but she cannot kill Frederick. She has him, has his Berlin—give her always a month longer; but at last her Russian woman-friend is dead, and Frederick's fate is changed. He still has her Silesia, and is he not truly Frederick the Great?

Yet it is not wise to compress these seven years into a paragraph. Her hatred was too intense; her grief in defeat too frantic; her exultation in victory too striking. She lived a thousand lives, like Frederick. Had she herself commanded somewhere in place of her dear Francis, and her Traun, Braun, Daun, Frederick could not have escaped. This is why Carlyle blames her. He thinks she should have given up Silesia more easily, so it would have cost less blood.

When Frederick's officers burst in on Dresden (Saxony) in August, 1756, they found the Queen of Poland sitting on top the very trunk that contained the papers of Maria Theresa's plan. She stated—the lady on the trunk—that she was a Queen, the daughter of an Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, the mother-in-law of the French Crown Prince. But they lifted her off the trunk as respectfully as the disturbed conditions of polite society would permit, and got the papers, so that Frederick went into the war with a published statement of the facts, and

this helped his case. He took Saxony at the battle of Lowositz, where he defeated Marshal Braun (Brown), and at once made Prussians out of the poor Saxons. Seventeen thousand of them had to turn around and fight Maria Theresa. Thus the Seven Years' War started with bad fortunes for Austria.

In 1757, Frederick marched his Saxon army into Bohemia. May 6, the battle of Prague was fought, and the great Prussian Schwerin fell. Frederick won. He lost 18,000 men. Maria Theresa lost 24,000 men under Marshal Braun, who retreated into Prague. Frederick went on against Marshal Daun, the Queen's best man, at Kolin. There the Prussian was frightfully defeated, losing 13,000 men, and had to flee out of Bohemia. At nearly the same time the French, entering Hanover, had defeated the English at Hastenbeck, and were free to advance on Prussia. Maria Theresa was once more in Silesia. Her Croats pushed into Berlin and plundered it. The French were marching southeastward, and reached Rosbach. There, on November 5, France met a complete defeat. Now Frederick threw himself eastward again to contest Silesia, and at Leuthen, near Breslau, with 40,000 men, met Prince Charles of Lorraine with 60,000 of Maria Theresa's soldiers. Frederick in this battle inflicted on the Queen a loss of 27,000 men, and retrieved Silesia at the two blows. It was the chief of all his victories. The Methodists and Presbyterians of Great Britain saluted Frederick as Joshua or Gideon. Whitefield, the revivalist, gave thanks at the London Tabernacle. "The Lord stirred up the King of Prussia and his soldiers to pray," wrote an English diary-keeper. "They kept three fast-days, and spent about an hour praying and singing psalms before they engaged the enemy. O how good it is to pray and fight." Thus the

English tax-payers were well pleased to fight against their once-honored Queen of Hungary.

Of course, after Kolin, all was joy at Vienna. The chief military order of Austria—the Order of Maria Theresa—was instituted, with Daun its first chief. Te Deums sounded in every cathedral, and the swift contrast to Rosbach and Leuthen, with Silesia lost a second time, was, indeed, a strange reply to Maria Theresa's devotional acts, and all in favor of an atheist. It is hinted that she even thought of peace, which Frederick of course sued for, but Pompadour said "Double or quits—it is only a little ill-luck." Elizabeth, too, in Russia, was angry with her generals, and now started them in earnest over the snows.

For the year 1758, Frederick had 145,000 soldiers, fully one-third of them Maria Theresa's men turned against her. January 22, Russia took Königsberg and "annexed" East Prussia. The Prussians were made to swear fealty to Russia. On this, Frederick put the Saxons in the same plight, to the horror of Maria Theresa. The Russians pushed on to Zorndorf, and at that battle, giving little or no quarter, the Russians were totally defeated. This was late in August. It was the bloodiest battle Frederick fought. Maria Theresa celebrated it for a victory, and chanted Te Deums. At any rate, the Prussians were thinning out. Frederick hastened with his army into Saxony again, when Marshals Daun and Laudohn pounced on him at dead of night in his camp at Hochkirchen and defeated him completely. Frederick was utterly lost could Daun have been changed suddenly into a slightly adventurous commander. But the Austrians marched homeward, and Frederick, who had been ready to give up Dresden, was saved and went into cantonment. Yet as Maria Theresa saw her enemy go into winter quarters at Breslau, she saw also cantonments of his enemies stretching from Russia

to the mouth of the Rhine, with Sweden and Russia ready to pounce in and avenge Zorndorf. Three hundred thousand soldiers watched each other, and Maria Theresa could hope for 150,000 more men in the spring. The coming year (1759) was not to disappoint her entirely. The Pope, Clement XIII, at high mass on Christmas Day solemnly blessed a sword, a hat of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and a dove of pearls, the mystic symbol of the Divine Comforter, and sent them with great ceremony to Marshal Daun as a champion of the faith. This was on the principle of the London Tabernacle, that it was a holy war, and while Frederick and Voltaire set hard to work to turn the act to ridicule, it was still a holy war, and it cannot be said that the Catholic Church first raised the issue.

The year 1759 finally opened with many minor engagements along the vast line of cantonments. The Russians under Soltikoff again came in out of the hyperborean regions, got a clear advantage over the Prussian, Wedel, at the battle of Züllichau on the Oder River in July, and fought a great battle with Frederick at Kunersdorf in August, having joined Maria Theresa's Marshal, Laudohn. The engagement took place August 12. Frederick had 6,000 soldiers killed, and lost 19,000 in all. The Russians and Austrians lost 18,000. Here Frederick was again lost, but the Austrians would not move forward. Soltikoff felt he had done enough—now let the German Queen do something; and old Daun thought those Russians ate as if they had never seen provisions before. While Frederick was ordering his archives out of Berlin, he lost a small army at Maxen, and another was defeated at Meissen. He had lost Dresden. His general, Ferdinand, however, had completely defeated the French over on the west at Minden. Maria Theresa was upholding Daun and his

papal hat, but the public was beginning to think that so many armies and so many nations ought to throttle Frederick unless someone were sleeping on guard. A little later the mob of Vienna threw nightcaps into poor Madam Daun's carriage. So at last, this winter of 1759-60, while Marshal Daun has the chief command, as the person best fitted to stand against the quick movements of Frederick, Marshal Laudohn has been given command of a separate army, and is to act with the Russians. Maria Theresa is called the High Mother. The Russians are important, the Swedes utterly useless, the French less and less helpful. Imagine the comings and goings from the cabinet of Maria Theresa through these years—particularly, the difficulty of getting those Russians to fight in Silesia instead of fighting at Dantzic, where it could do her no territorial good. But this winter she has him (Frederick)—give her but a moment longer. He lost 60,000 men in 1759. She will not exchange prisoners with him. He cannot hold Berlin, and soon he will give up Silesia—he must, the böser robber! Babies, too, thick and fast, sixteen of them now in all. Always a desire of the officials about her to get her power away from her, but she determined to have back Silesia.

Yet, on the other side, she also has the iron well into her enemy's soul. Think with what pleasure she would read extracts from his (Frederick's) letters, where he said —he who wantonly stole her Silesia: "It is hard for man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel that, as the Italians say, revenge is a pleasure for the gods. My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint, like those we read of in the legends; and I will own that I should die content if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure."

"Well, then," was Maria Theresa's comment, "why

does he not give up Silesia?" But, of course, by this time, to give up Silesia meant, also, to pay the cost of taking it to Russia and France—leaving to Frederick only Brandenburg.

In 1760 Frederick marched all over Prussia. "How lean you have grown!" cried the woman at Rosbach. "Lean! Ought I not to be lean, with three Women hanging at my throat!" was his angry reply. Frederick tried to get back Dresden, failed, and marched off for Silesia. At Liegnitz he fought a great battle with Marshal Laudohn in August, taking 6,000 prisoners. In November at Torgau he completely defeated Marshal Daun, who lost 20,000 men in a bloody battle, nearly his last. The champion with the papal hat journeyed to Vienna, to heal his wounds. Maria Theresa went out of the city to meet her defeated but ever-honored Daun, and to inquire solicitously regarding his health, so important to the state. A point here for the reader, where her steadfastness cannot be called mere female obstinacy—a bright, glorious moment in the trying life of Maria Theresa—nowhere in history shall we find a more noble exposition of royal philosophy and magnanimity.

Now, in 1761 and 1762, the circle once more closed in on Frederick. Marshal Daun surprised the fortress of Schweidnitz, and recaptured the half of Silesia, and Pitt, of England, went out of office, which deprived Frederick of his only foreign friend. The Russians wintered in Frederick's country. Just, therefore, as the patient Queen might expect to catch Frederick, just as she had his Berlin, and her Croats and Hussars have pillaged $100,000,000 of his goods and treasure and devastated all of Prussia, one of the three Women died—Elizabeth. Her successor, Peter III of Russia, was an adorer of Frederick, and put Russia at Prussia's service. On this Frederick stormed

and defeated Daun at Buckersdorf's Heights, retook Schweidnitz—this fortress was taken four times in all, and again controlled Silesia. Then France and England came to terms, and agreed to let the war east of the Rhine go on as it might, with both nations neutral to it. Then Peter III was murdered by Catherine II, and Russia was declared to be neutral, or nearly so. Catherine merely wanted to do the best she could for Russia. She was no friend of Maria Theresa, like Empress Elizabeth. Now Frederick might overflow into Bohemia, into the Holy Roman Empire generally. There was no beating him. He had Silesia. He might get more. So said Daun, and who else could stay him when Daun could not? Europe was tired and sick of war. Perhaps Pompadour thought Maria Theresa had too much to win—at least, France was utterly ruined, and now awaited the Great Revolution. On all sides, admiration for Frederick rose too high—he was in the place of fame and sympathy which the young Queen held when she held up her baby to the Hungarians and wept with anger. "Look," said Europe to Maria Theresa, "830,000 actual fighters actually killed in this one war for you! Frederick has slaughtered 180,000 of his bravest Prussians as a price for a little piece of your vast fatherland. Make peace, as we have done."

And peace she made at Hubertsberg in 1763. She still wanted Silesia, but Daun did not, Francis did not, Vienna did not. The Seven Years' War was over. There has been nothing like it, except Napoleon's campaigns. Boundaries of all kinds were exactly as they were when it began. It would have been much better had she not written that letter to "her dear cousin," the hag who rode France into the bottomless pit of revolution.

What had been lacking to this Isabella of the East? A fighting husband, like Ferdinand of Aragon, that is

clear. Francis fought well, but nobody thought of him in comparison with slow old Daun, nor did he share in the government at home to anything like the extent practised by Ferdinand in Spain. Perhaps he would have been more capable if Maria Theresa had been more ambitious for his advancement in real power. She was worsted in a combat where she had all the advantages, because she could not herself get out of her palace with her sixteen babies, and she could inspire nobody else except Kaunitz with the contempt of Frederick which she so long felt. The big war that made Frederick's ambition virtue was but two years over when her dear Francis, who after all was her ideal of a husband, died on the 18th of August, 1765, at Innspruck. She set the model for Victoria, and mourned for him the rest of her life. She extended her daily prayers, always long, to five hours. The fatal 18th of every month was consecrated to the memory of her husband. The month of August each year was spent in retirement, in penance, and in celebrating masses and requiems for the repose of his soul. She with her own needle wrought her wedding gown into a mass-robe and sent it to the Cathedral of St. Vitus, at Prague. She went on pilgrimages to Our Lady of Heren-haltz; she prayed and told her beads at the coffin of her husband, for that purpose descending every day into the crypt of the Capuchin Church —in fact, following St. Stephen, she was like a great abbess, and she was in a region where the Catholic Church, defeated by Satan on the north, as it believed, was held in all the greater veneration by tribes that spoke many tongues, but clung alike to the rock of St. Peter. The household and devotional virtues of Maria Theresa, with her loyalty to the memory of her worthy mate, brought into splendid relief her detestation of Frederick and her desire to hand down Fatherland unbroken by heretics or

atheists, gleaming with as many swords on the walls of as many fortresses as when her father died. Her fame as the High Mother, the Apostolic Daughter of the Church, spread from Islam to Lisbon, and has been carried by a vast Teutonic migration westward to the very shores of the Pacific Seas.

In 1770, amid great public manifestations of good will, her daughter, Marie Antoinette, at the age of fifteen, started for Paris to marry the Bourbon Prince who was to become Louis XVI. To this unfortunate Princess history gives a long and unhappy chapter, which will be reviewed anon in this volume.

Madame Campan says that Marie Antoinette told her that after the death of Francis, three of Maria Theresa's ministers made a compact to try and ensnare the affections of the widow, who was still good-looking. All should try together, and the one who was successful should swear eternal friendship for the other two. Spies brought this affair to the widow. One day after council was over, the sovereign grew very confidential, and told the three suitors that, though she hoped to guard herself against the weaknesses of the heart, she might go the way of the world; but she would demand of the man who loved her that he should fling away ambition, and, if he held any important office, he should resign it, and forever lay aside power, as a proof that it was the woman and not the Queen whom he adored. For her, he must become the butt of public jests, and lose all influence with the people. The ministers looked at each other in amazement, and dissolved their tender league forthwith. Thus she kept about her three very useful advisers.

While the luster of her arms was wholly dimmed by Frederick's valor, and her military fame must shrink beside Isabella's, yet, equally devout as she was, two centuries

of growing intellectual light had made her less bigoted. In 1768, to the Board of Public Economy, she made a rescript of the principle that "everything which is not of divine institution is subject to the supreme legislative authority of the state." Following this rule, she suppressed the pensions charged at Rome upon benefices; she forbade the alienation of landed property in favor of ecclesiastical bodies; she ordered all the property of the clergy to be registered; she placed the temporal affairs of the convents under the authority of the civil magistrates, and put those houses each under its own Bishop.

She even advanced on the Holy Office of the Inquisition itself, which existed in her Italian states. She took from its hands the press censorship, and appointed for the purpose a board of civil judges. In Tuscany, which fell to her second son, Leopold, now a child, she ordered that lay judges should sit with ecclesiastics in all prosecutions for heresy. She put under her own orders the Sbirri, or armed force with which the Italian Inquisitors had carried on their work.

In 1776 she abolished the torture in all her hereditary states. In 1777 she abolished some of the rural and personal services which the peasants of Bohemia owed to their lords, and commuted others for a sum of money. She established copyright on writings. She built or finished the palaces and gardens of Schönbrunn and Luxemburg.

Her great school system, for which she is justly lauded, was put in practical operation with the full powers of the Empire between 1774 and 1778. In every province she started and maintained a "normal" or model school as a standard for the other schools of the whole province, under a Director. In the large towns "principal schools" under a magistrate were opened. In the small towns and villages "communal schools" under the parish priest or an

assessor (sitter-in) in the Communal Council. Over the province was a Central Commission of Studies, to read annual reports and examine candidates for masterships or magistracies. She added manual labor to the instruction of the communal schools. Those teachers whose wives taught the girls sewing, knitting, spinning, and mending, received extra wages. Little girls were also enabled to earn half a florin a day. This idea of manual training has spread over the world, and is the truest, most illustrious Order of Maria Theresa.

In Lombardy and at Milan, she made a more equitable land-tax; she established a regular annual budget, so that subjects might know when taxation was over for the year. She took the tax-farming away from subjects and collected the taxes herself. She freed the peasants from manorial rights. She made the navigable canal of Paderno, joining two rivers. She gave prizes to those who excelled in agriculture, geometry, mining, smelting, and spinning. She struck a medal in honor of agriculture, with the legend, "The Art Which Nourishes All Arts." She gave bounties to the peasants who raised the largest crops. The churches and convents were no longer recognized as asylums for escaping criminals. She nearly doubled the population of that garden-like country, despite the bloody wars. Her minister at Milan, Firmain, protected scholars. Pietro Verri was in the treasury; Beccaria was given a professorship; Carli was put at the head of commerce. She carried to Milan her unvarying habits of administration. "Lombardy," says one of their writers,* "was never so happy as under her reign. She wished to be informed of every act of the administration. She gave to the humble and poor, as well as the rich and noble, free access to her presence. She listened benignantly to all, either grant-

* Bossi, Storia d'Italia, book 6.

ing their petitions, or, if she denied them, giving reasons for her refusal, without illusory promises or vague circumlocutions. She declared that if anything reprehensible had been done in her name, it was certainly without her knowledge, as she had always wished the welfare of her subjects. She showed a love of justice and truth, and stated as a principle of her conduct, that it was only the pleasure of alleviating distress and doing good to the people that could render the weight of a crown supportable to the wearer."

Her rule in the countries on the northern sea was equally just and progressive, and it was the bad management of her son, the Emperor Joseph II, that afterward detached those provinces from the Austrian Crown.

When Emperor Francis I died, his son Joseph II was crowned Emperor, and his mother elevated him to considerable honors beside her, but it was not till after her death that the real powers of administration reached his hands. Two of her sons were Emperors of Germany. Her grandson was the last Kaiser, as the German word goes. Napoleon, with the sun of Austerlitz, put an end to the "Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation."

A typical story of her administration is told in the annals of the city of Prague. The farmers had no bread. They came up to the great city, and were inclined to take what they needed. The Empress sent General Dalton with enough regiments to hang the rioters. He, marching into the city, and turning all the cannons of the ramparts inward, had the rioters in his grasp. He counseled them to yield, be still. They begged him cooly to slaughter them and end the pains they were enduring and those greater ones they saw in store. The general wept at their miseries. He told them he knew his Queen had not heard of it. They cheered him, trusted him, and dispersed. He

sent dispatches to Maria Theresa that melted her at once to tears. "Good God!" cried she, "what have my poor people been suffering without my knowledge! To what cruel miseries have they been exposed, through the ignorance I was in of their deplorable situation! How greatly am I indebted to the moderation and humanity of Count Dalton, who has saved me from the guilt of being the butcher of my poor starving subjects, and who has painted in such moving colors those distresses which others, whose duty it was to make them known to me, carefully concealed from my knowledge, representing the rising of the people as the effect of a seditious disposition." She dispatched 800 wagons, loaded with wheat, to Prague, and sent an autograph letter of thanks to General Dalton for his noble behavior on a critical occasion.

Her son, the Emperor Joseph, she made chief of the military department, and he made a tour of the awful battlefields of the Seven Years' War. He sent her flattering accounts of Frederick, and Frederick worked hard to gain his good will. At last, we find Maria Theresa on some kind of terms with her terrible enemy. Frederick in public kissed the dispatch she had written to him, as he handed it to the young Emperor. The young man, held in tightly by old Kaunitz, Maria Theresa's Prime Minister, now as of yore, complained of his mother's great fondness for devotional exercises. This Kaunitz, "coachman of Europe," who, while he loved a tight room, had to travel always, was as active in diplomacy as Frederick in war. It was his power to move that gave to Maria Theresa such a celebrity as the head of a court that was the cleverest in the world.

Now with this old Kaunitz—fop, dressed in Parisian style, virulent in his hatred of Prussia—for chief lieutenant, let us see why the crown bore so heavily on the brow

of Maria Theresa. Why did she speak so sorrowfully of her duties? It was because, among all her ideals in youth, she lived to make real only one—the character of a good wife and mother. One after another, all the rest were immolated on the altar of the State. She cried out against the robbery of Silesia; how could a Prince be so wicked—a brother of the Reich or Empire? A noble King of England alone aided her, and she made peace with Frederick and deserted that noble King—went to war with him. She despised the court of France on moral grounds; yet Kaunitz at last carried her letter of "Dear Cousin" to the aged Pompadour. She read of the Mohammedans with a feeling of profanation, and marveled that God did not purge Europe of their mosques and minarets; yet now, in her old age, rather than see Catherine II sitting at Constantinople, she joined the Asiatics in war on Russia; and where her sex bade her love Catherine, time saw her hatred of Frederick transferred to the Empress at St. Petersburg. The Turks begged Frederick to make peace for them; Kaunitz, with nose high in the air, found he could not get all of Poland, and Maria Theresa, accepted the second largest portion; ancient Sarmatia was divided among Russia, Austria and Prussia, and the land of Kosciusko was no more. Remember that it had been only a century since the heroic John Sobieski, King of Poland, had hurried to the city of Vienna, then beseiged by confident Turks, and saved the Holy Roman Empire from turning its face to the East in praise of Mohammed as the true prophet of God. When, at last, the old Queen reached out to take her share of this inconceivable pelf, she wrote, for posterity, this letter to Prince Kaunitz. It may be dated at Vienna, in February, 1772: "When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where in the world I should find a place to be brought to bed in, I relied on my good right

and the help of God. But in this thing, where not only public law cries to heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to have been in such trouble and am ashamed to show my face. Let the Prince (Kaunitz) consider what an example we are giving to the world, if, for a miserable piece of Poland, or of Moldavia or Wallachia, we throw our honor and reputation to the winds. I see well that I am alone, and no more in vigor; therefore I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things take their course."*

The young Kaiser was, of course, on the side of Kaunitz, and eager to make good the loss of Silesia with the gain of Poland. He urged his mother to stand out of the way. At last she wrote her official assent: "Placet. Since so many great and learned men will have it so. But long after I am dead, it will be known what this violation of all that was hitherto held sacred gave rise to."

The Abbé Fromageot, in his Annals of the Reign of Maria Theresa, suppresses the entire episode, evidently being hopeless of accomplishing the task of apology. A Bishop of Saint Brieux, in a funeral oration upon Maria Theresa, says Chamfort, "got over the partition of Poland very easily. 'France,' said he, 'having taken no notice of the partition in question, I will do as France did, and be silent about it likewise.' "

It is clear that Maria Theresa, before the partition of Poland, hearing that Catherine II demanded harsh terms of peace from the Mohammedans, moved into the valuable lordship of Zips in Poland, which she held with an armed force. It is true, too, that her views of Austria's portion, now that she had Zips, were so arrogant that they astonished Frederick, who had planned the robbery, and compelled him to take a sorry territorial share, though in the

* Hormayr: "Taschenbuch," 1831, S. 66.

finest region. It is also true that, after the partition, the young Kaiser and Frederick did not associate. They were two robbers who had lost respect for each other. Now, therefore, the three pillaging nations, in the name of peace, raised a vast fund for bribery, went through the legislative forms, in the Polish Diet, of ratifying the partition, and at last Maria Theresa owned a wider domain than that into which she was born.

All her life she was a Jew-baiter, and in 1745, when she was newly on the throne, commanded every Jew to leave her kingdoms. This may have been one good reason why she lost Silesia, as her supplies of money were always weak, while England's waxed greater with each year of war.

In the old age of the Mother, only two years before her death, the Elector of Bavaria died childless. Austria made a claim to the crown, and hoped to add the great country of Munich to its possessions. Frederick instantly marched with his armies to the frontier. Catherine II and the Court of France warned Maria Theresa that she was too old to engage in another war, and altogether too greedy for territory. The realms of the Empire outside of Prussia and Austria trembled and feared they were to be swallowed by the two great powers, just as Poland had been partitioned. (This is what has happened in our time.) Just as things looked their darkest, the great powers of Europe laid hold and ended the trouble by the treaty of Teschen, May 13, 1779. Maria Theresa, despite her warlike son—absurd imitator of Frederick—could sink to the grave in the peace which she needed. This treaty she considered fortunate, because it was ratified on her birthday.

We may now enter the palace of this High Mother in her last days. On all sides there was veneration for her,

and infinite Austrian and Hungarian pride that the royal house had been virtuous and decent in an age of woman's rule, when Anne, Elizabeth and Catherine, in Russia on the one side, and Pompadour in France on the other side, had nearly overwhelmed the fame of female sovereigns in deepest obloquy.

The infirmities of Maria Theresa had caused her body to grow to great size in her closing years. Still her manner, as she sat in her chair, was graceful and dignified, and her countenance benign. She who had once been so beautiful was now an aged invalid, habited in the deepest mourning, with gray hair slightly powdered, and turned back under a cap of black crape.

As the year 1780 wore on, and her end approached, she was determined to die like the great Queen she was, and summoned all her fortitude for the agonies that her disease rendered inevitable. In November, when ten days of this fatal battle had been fought, she said: "God grant that these sufferings may soon terminate, for otherwise I know not how much longer I can endure them bravely." After receiving the last sacraments of the church, whose most dutiful daughter she had ever been, she summoned all her great family to her presence, with Joseph, the Emperor, at their head: "My son," said she, "as you are the heir to all my worldly possessions, I cannot dispose of them. They are yours of right. But my children are still, as they have ever been, my own. I bequeath them to you; be to them a father. I shall die contented if you take that office upon you." She then turned to her son Maximilian and her daughters, blessed them individually in the tenderest terms, and exhorted them to obey and honor their elder brother as their father and sovereign.

With this she entered deeper into the valley of the shadow of death, and, hoping that she might endure, she

did endure to the end; and even died in a serenity and a patience that were the marvel of her times. It was the 29th of November, 1780, and she was in her 64th year. There fell over the populous cities that we have named—from sea to sea—a pall of gloom, deepened in the universal hangings of black cloth that draped the land. But castles, senates, temples, palaces, thus showing their sorrow, did not alone bear the burden of grief put on her nations. Under the thatch of the lowliest cottage, high up in the mountains or low down on the plains, when it was proclaimed that the High Mother was at last no more, while there might be gratitude to God that her terrible agonies were over, there was, for many days, a lonesomeness in humble breasts that made them feel heart-broken. On such tender recollections of the maternal sovereign the peasant-mother fed her brood, and the fame of Maria Theresa, the High Mother of Germany, went richly forth to the ages.

CATHERINE II

A. D. 1729-1796

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

The woman on whose history we now enter is, excepting Cleopatra, the worst of characters. Neither was she a Russian. She was a German. Yet her long career gives us the best expression we can get of high life in Russia, and no amount of moral condemnation will obscure the final fact that she is regarded both in the books of the past and in the literature and conversation of our own times, as a great sovereign. The curiosity of the nations must always be directed toward that land whose inner nucleus has fifty governments, whose solid territorial area of ninety-six provinces is so large that, if other sovereigns ruled over as much ground, there would be but five of them, four others than Victoria, who alone would need no acquisition of territory to her share of the dominions. And in this almost boundless nation Catherine II seems to rank next to Peter the Great. The tourist may go to St. Petersburg and see it, or he may absorb it, as it were, by sympathy, out of the histories of Frederick the Great and Frederick William II, his nephew; and of Maria Theresa and her sons, Joseph II and Leopold II. Catherine II must stand for Russian character, and for the Russian woman in power. There are women in Russia, by the millions, as good and pure as are to be found anywhere else. Nevertheless, a strait-laced young Lutheran woman was taken from the Spartan life of upper Saxony, and moulded at the Russian court into Catherine II; and Russia to-day

stands proud of her. She accomplished those things which Russians most admire; her faults were those which Russians least deplore in the great.

Even learned commentators, looking with impartial eye on the performances of rulers in all parts of the earth, betray their respect for her. "The mighty Empire of Russia," says De la Croix, "was hewn out in the rough by Peter the Great; the form of this colossal figure was softened by Elizabeth; and it has received more of the human appearance from the able hand of Catherine II, who, by the instructions which she gave to the commissioners who formed her code of laws, proved herself worthy of governing a great empire. She did more for Russia by her equity and beneficence than all her generals did by their warlike virtues. So vast an empire did not need wider bounds; its true welfare could be more essentially promoted by favoring population, by wise laws, by encouraging industry and commerce, by cultivating the arts and reconciling them to a stubborn land, uncongenial to their nature, by bettering the manners of a still savage race of nobles, and by communicating sensibility to a people whom the roughness of their climate had rendered impenetrable to all the soft affections and social virtues of humanity. These are the works which already make the name of Catherine illustrious, and will reflect glory on her memory."

A French noble, the Marquis of Custine, traveled in Russia in 1839 and 1840, and wrote as he journeyed. From him, possibly, we may receive our most awesome sense of the despotism of that new civilization. The highest officer, on meeting a magistrate of higher rank, basely cringes and leaves off all semblance of self-respect. Most eloquently does Custine picture the White Terror, where the Czar alone is legally safe, and he the least secure. It

is an atmosphere of which English-speaking people have little knowledge. Little can come out of it, because of a press-censorship that, wisely for the safety of its own personnel, prohibits nearly all. This is the moral atmosphere, alone. In the material arts, the Russians do some things—or long did them—better than any other part of the world—note the long list: They made the best cordials and liqueurs, even putting gold in their brandies; they made the best sheet-iron; the best furs; the best fine leathers; the best bronzes of horses, because they drove fastest, and were the riders par excellence of the world; the best mosaics, their vases of malachite, lapis lazuli, and jade being chief wonders of the world; they ranked high in chemistry, taking to their laboratories the promising students of Germany. During our lifetimes, we have had at the other end of our telegraph-wire, a Newsky Prospect tragedy, a Czar destroyed despite a Czar's power over a hundred million souls, which was as absolute as brute force could make it, and yet the people who saw and did these things were as cunning as we in the conquests of man over the elements of nature. This spiritual childhood of Russia is absolutely repugnant to the English sense. When the Russian's black eyes shoot fire, and he shows his gleaming teeth, in response to some savage jest, hopes of the brotherhood of the world and "the parliament of man" fade away. Let the reader prepare this Russian atmosphere for a study of Catherine's career. Let it be understood that, as late as the Tenth Century, St. Cyril went to Russia and set the Greek alphabet to the native sounds, adding some dozen or more letters by invention to catch their thick and epiglottic utterances, thus making the Russian language graphic. As late as the Tenth Century all the Russians were in the pastoral age, with brick tea for money. As late as Catherine's husband's aunt's

father, the Czar Peter the Great, to get carpenters into Russia, had to go abroad and actually learn the trade himself—the Arabian Nights tale of latter centuries.

"Russia," says Carlyle, "is not a publishing country. The books about Catherine are few and of little worth. Tooke, an English chaplain; Castera, an unknown French hanger-on, who copies from Tooke, or Tooke from him—these are to be read as the bad-best, and will yield little satisfactory insight. Castera, in particular, a great deal of back-stairs gossip and street rumor, which are not delightful to a reader of sense. In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a fragment of early autobiography by Catherine herself—a credible and highly remarkable little piece, worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catherine you are seeking. A most placid, solid, substantial young lady comes to light there, dropped into such an element (Russian) as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her generation."

One other point, perhaps the reader will believe, should also be made clear. Neither Catherine nor the Czar she married and murdered was wholly a Russian. How did it come that such a vast country, and such a patriotic land, would permit these foreigners to usurp their combined throne of Pope, Cæsar, and Sultan? It came in this way: When the quixotic Swedish Charles XII went into Russia to aid the northerners, he had for comrade a German Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who was killed. Peter the Great adopted his orphan son and married that son to his daughter Anne, afterward Empress. They had a son, Karl Peter Ulrich, who went to live in Germany, whom Elizabeth chose as her successor, and at that time, in Russia, the arbitrary choice of the sovereign fixed the succession legally. She took him out of Holstein-Gottorp (in

the Danish region), converted him to the Greek church, and made Oranienbaum, near St. Petersburg, his residence. But he was German, a Lutheran at heart, and a rapt admirer of Frederick and Voltaire—that is, before he became besotted with drink and drugs. He was regarded with suspicion as an alien.

Now turn from Holstein-Gottorp to the small district of Anhalt-Zerbst-Domburg, in Upper Saxony. There Prince Christian Augustus ekes out a living by a General's slender pay in Frederick's father's army, and, in Frederick's time is commander at the fortress of Stettin. His wife appears to Carlyle to have been "an airy, flightly kind of lady, high-paced, not too sure-paced; weak, evidently, in French grammar, and perhaps in human sense withal." To them was born, at Stettin, May 2, 1729, a daughter, Sophia Augusta Frederica. This daughter's slightest caprice was to rule the inhabitants of one-sixth of the earth's surface for thirty-four years. This daughter was to be Catherine II of Russia. She was baptized in the Lutheran church, and was supposed by her frugal parents and relatives to be counted as one more stanch enemy of pompous ceremonies and endless prayers. She skipped ropes on the ramparts at Stettin with her playmates of all classes, and easily directed the games and programme of their youthful days. She continued to be bright and vivacious, and was fairly educated under the eye of her mother. She resided by turns in Stettin, Domburg, or Zerbst, and was glad to go with her mother on various journeys, by which her manners could be polished and improved acording to her mother's tastes, which were princely in desire though Spartan in attainment. Her maternal grandmother, widow of the Bishop of Lübeck, welcomed the girl to Hamburg, and kept her at a small court, where a teacher, Von Brummer, enkindled in her

nature a warm liking for literature. She learned to read the radical writings of the day, and, later, was a student of the new Encyclopædia, and Voltaire and Rousseau. She also visited Brunswick, and there sometimes passed a whole summer with the Duchess Dowager of Wolfenbüttel. She was called Sophia. Elderly women liked to have her about, if they had no young women of their own to marry off. She flattered and amused them—did it easily, did it well, and it also amused her to do it. She was taught that it was the way for a woman to succeed, and that way triumphed. When she was thirteen, the court preacher Dave received her fully as a member of the Lutheran church. She was invited to Berlin with her mother to witness the nuptials of Frederick's son.

On the 7th of November, 1742, (Sophia 13 years old) the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, determining that she would be the second great Eliza not to wed, fixed on Karl Peter Ulrich, as aforesaid, to be the next Czar. She had not yet come to hate Frederick, and begged him to furnish her with a suitable Princess to be Karl Peter's wife and future Czarina. Such a union was looked upon with mingled emotions of horror and ambition. Frederick did not wish to sacrifice any of his own blood to the northern Minotaur, but suggested the daughter of his friend, Madame of Zerbst. Elizabeth was pleased with the proposal. Accordingly, while the commandant of Stettin and his spouse were celebrating Christmas-tide, or early in 1744, at their castle in Zerbst, there suddenly arrived estafettes—expresses from St. Petersburg, heralded by messages from Frederick—with the astonishing intelligence that the Empress of all the Russias wished to enjoy the honor of a visit from Madame de Zerbst and her accomplished daughter, with intentions such as King Frederick carefully hinted at. This communication delighted

mother and daughter, but offended the general, who did not feel it a comfort or a duty to feed his child to Minotaur, even for his King's sake. But he did not positively forbid, and mother and daughter wrote several letters in imperfect French, and soon appeared at Berlin, arousing a charming comment, and waiting only for money. As soon as that was furnished, they set out for St. Petersburg, and even for Moscow, travel being best in winter despite the storms, and reached Moscow February 18, 1744. Practising her highest arts on Elizabeth, young Sophia was received with satisfaction, and by July 12 had accepted the formulary of the Greek church. She was re-baptized and renamed Catherine Alexiewna. "Let it be Catherine," said the pleased Elizabeth, "my dear mother's name"—(in Russian, Ekaterina).

For husband the ambitious German Princess found a 16-year-old boy (Peter) verging on idiocy, silly, wayward, extravagant. At times he would be studious, and his feelings were naturally gentle. He was not positively ugly, yet she could feel only indifference, mixed with a little pity. Soon after her arrival, conversion, acceptance, and betrothal, the boy took the small-pox, and for a time the prospects of mother and daughter were as good as lost, so certain did it seem the boy would die. To Catherine's joy, he recovered. Yet when she next saw him he had become a monster. His countenance was not only scarred, but distorted. Veiling her horror, she fell on his neck and wept, with marks of the liveliest affection, all practiced beforehand, when she had supposed him to be merely a foolish fellow. Returning to her chamber, she fell into a swoon of several hours. On her recovery she fought a last battle with her ambition, consulted her mother, thought of the sledge-ride from Berlin to Moscow, and

married the Grand Duke Peter, September 1, 1745, some considerable time later.

She now set out to charm the Empress by adroit flattery, by a deep interest in the most trivial concerns of the sovereign, by an absolute submission to her will, giving her self-negation the air of a grateful deference. In court she was also liked, because she was "the same to everybody." She pleased the people outside the palace by a regular and rigid performance of the duties imposed on members of the Greek church. She was taken so ill that she was supposed to be in danger of dying. She was generously asked if she would not like to see a Lutheran clergyman. But, even then, she dissembled and called only for Simon Theodorsky, a prelate of the Greek church, who came, edified her with his ministry, and greatly spread her fame and popularity among the soldiers and common people to whom his views were expounded.

Secretly she despised the country and the customs. We here enter upon an era and period in her career that she herself wrote about. Her memoirs from the time of her arrival at Moscow till she ascended the throne were inclosed by her in a sealed envelope addressed to her son Paul. He showed them to no one but Prince Kourakine. This Prince copied them, and at last four or five copies existed. The Emperor Nicholas caused his spies to destroy all the copies they could find, but a Frenchman, Herzen, obtained a transcript, and the Autobiography made its appearance in English in 1859. She says the women blended the manners and tastes of Indian squaws and French grandes dames; the men, modeling themselves on Peter the Great, copied all but his wisdom and patriotism. The court added the vices of civilization to those of barbarism. The serious side of life was to avoid being sent to Siberia or Astrakhan; the pleasures of life

lay in drinking, gambling, and still viler forms of entertainment. Three great court ladies were simultaneously married, and a bet was made as to which of the brides would first be the cause of a scandal. A certain gamester won renown and money by betting on the homeliest bride because he thought she would be the earliest neglected, and the first to amuse herself in some way of her own. The Grand Duke loved a friend named Brockdorf, who had a long neck, a broad flat head, red hair, small, dull, sunken eyes, and the corners of his mouth hung down to his chin. "Whenever Brockdorf passed through our apartments, everyone called out after him 'Pelican!' because this bird was the most hideous we knew of.

"When the death of my father was announced to me, it greatly afflicted me. For a week I was allowed to weep as much as I pleased, but at the end of that time Madame Tchoglokoff came to tell me that I had wept enough; that the Empress ordered me to leave off; that my father was not a King. It was not suitable for a Grand Duchess to mourn for a longer period a father who had not been a King." The influence which Catherine's mother exerted aroused the jealousy of the Empress, and the daughter was next compelled to witness the departure of the offending Princess, who was ordered out of Russia.

Her husband had established a menagerie of dogs, cats, and rats, all trained, at the very door of Catherine's sleeping apartments. He drilled his dogs and executed military sentences on his rats in childish glee, being often grossly intoxicated. She strove to ridicule his pastime, or rather, his business, but evoked only his anger, which was dangerous. He soon, moreover, desired her to know his scandalous proceedings with women, and, in fact, the twain quarreled—he was unendurable to a dissembling Princess who had believed there was nothing she would

not do to be Empress. At the same time, she bewitched the Chancellor Bestucheff, who early formed the design of excluding Peter from the throne and exalting Catherine—better to have the clear-headed German of the two, he thought.

She was not suited to the Russian climate or its consequences. The Imperial family was so badly accommodated that sometimes its members were made ill by walking through passages open to wind and rain, and sometimes stifled by overcrowded rooms. When her first child was born, she was left utterly alone, and so neglected that she thirsted for a drink of water. Her child was taken from her at its birth, and kept from her, she hardly being allowed even to see it. It was always so wrapped in foxskins and sealskins that it lay in a continual perspiration.

At the Imperial masquerades, one season, the men were ordered to appear in women's dresses, while the women dressed as knights, and all to show the legs of the Empress, which were proclaimed by all who valued their heads or fortunes as the best at the festival. Catherine herself soon came to delight in male attire, and was not reluctant to adopt the principles of a most dissolute court. To have remained honorable in an atmosphere where the good had supposably perished, would have been a grievous insult to the very Empress herself. "The formality of the court was oppressive," Catherine writes; "its espionage was frightful. Universal selfishness, universal suspicion, universal plotting and counter-plotting, were the order of the day, and there was nothing but intrigue and drink to relieve the stately tedium of daily duties." But Catherine nevertheless relieved it. As early as 1754 she was known to be fond of Soltikoff, who defeated Frederick the Great. When Soltikoff went off to war, she took his friend Narichkine, and, before Elizabeth died, Poniatowski was

her acknowledged favorite. When Peter began to talk of revenge on her, she was given opportunity, in self-preservation, to plot against him. Meanwhile Elizabeth was keeping an heir to the throne in prison—Ivan—and Catherine put her eye also on him. She also had several lovers in the Orloff family, and they headed the conspiracy in her interests. She was 33 years old when the Empress Elizabeth died as the result of intemperance, and Paul, the German, adorer of Frederick the Great, trainer of rats, came to the throne. Soltikoff had added Pomerania in Prussia to Russia, and the people there had taken the oath to Elizabeth and Peter III, the new Czar. Russian blood had flown at Zorndorf and Kunersdorf. The Czar now gave all back to Frederick, and angered every Russian in doing it. "Peter," says Carlyle, "is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller and less ugly." He compelled the Czarina to decorate his big Lapland witch with the Order of St. Catherine. He made Russian soldiers put on Prussian uniforms and adopt a harsh drill. He appeared to be starting off a good deal like Caligula at Rome, and was perhaps about to nominate his rats for Grand Dukes. At any rate, what was far more to the point, he was going to start a colony of Soltikoffs, Poniatowskis, and Orloffs in Siberia, with Catherine at their head, for he now thoroughly hated her. Yet while he had clearly drawn the issue, he did not act with decision. It is not impossible or improbable that she herself inspired in him his threats, so that he, in the sloth and delays that he would surely practice, might be hoist with his own petard.

Sixteen miles west of St. Petersburg is Cronstadt; five miles away from Cronstadt is the palace of Oranienbaum,

where Czar Peter III amused himself, drilling soldiers, now that he was free to do so, and throwing up mimic fortifications exactly after the fashion of "my uncle Toby," in "Tristram Shandy," the novel. Yet he was breathing great threats, that sounded as if he were in possession of the plot of Bestucheff and Orloff. Only six miles away from Oranienbaum was Peterhof Palace, in which were the apartments of the Czarina Catherine. Early in the morning of July 9, 1762, Catherine was awakened by Alexis Orloff, who warned her that all was discovered, and orders would soon be issued for the arrest of Catherine, Odart, Princess Dashkoff, and the Orloffs. Alexis Orloff drove the carriage to St. Petersburg, and Catherine, composing her mind, determined upon the form of speech with which to address the soldiers on whom she now must throw herself. She proceeded at once to the barracks of the Ismailoff Guards, where she found her principal lover, Gregory Orloff, before her. Here, she understood, three companies of the regiment had been corrupted in her interest. But the three companies had been purposely held back, with orders not to leave quarters till the appearance of the Empress. As she arrived unexpectedly, and at an early hour, only thirty of the soldiers, and those but partly dressed, ran out to meet her with shouts of joy. The sorry appearance of the squad alarmed her, and her speech, for a time, was almost inarticulate. At last, however, she was able to say that she had been driven by her danger to the necessity of asking their assistance; that her death, together with that of her son, had been decreed by the Czar that very night; that flight had been forced upon her; that her confidence in their love had caused her to come to them; furthermore, that the Czar was of a mind to abolish their holy religion, and substitute the Lutheran service, which was approved by his model, Frederick the Great,

and they could all see he was a madman. With this the small gathering made up in noise what its members lacked in number, and by loudly swearing to die for their holy religion, brought many others to the scene. The affair appearing to succeed, their Colonel appeared and hailed her as the sole sovereign, and now a great multitude surrounded her, no one raising a protest. The chaplain of the regiment was sent for, and a crucifix from the altar was brought. On this the oaths of the Guards were taken. Some cried "Long live the Regent!" but Gregory Orloff soon let it be known that she must be saluted as Empress, and, in fact, the cries to that effect were far the more numerous.

Two hours had now passed, and the Empress was in the center of 2,000 sworn warrior-subjects. As they moved along the civilians joined, and at last shouted approval, for the madness or mad rashness of Peter was widely feared, and this distrust had been sedulously cultivated by Bestucheff and Orloff. The Colonel led the way to the church of Our Lady of Kazan (Cathedral of St. Petersburg) where the conspirators were also in waiting. The Archbishop of Novgorod, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, accompanied by a train of priests and acolytes, received her. The venerable appearance of the prelate and the patriarchs added a fortunate weight to the proceedings, and public acclamations at once began to be general through the city. The ceremony of coronation was carefully performed at the altar, the imperial crown was placed on her head, and the Archbishop, in a loud voice, proclaimed her, under the name of Catherine II, sovereign of all the Russias. Her son Paul, the young Grand Duke, was declared to be her successor. A Te Deum was then chanted, and so far as the people of St. Petersburg were concerned, if she had not been a Czarina a

little while before, she was Czarina now—anointed of the Lord. Her first manifesto was well-received, especially at Moscow, where trouble had been brewing: "We wish to prove how far we merit the love of our people, for whose happiness we acknowledge our throne to be established. And we solemnly promise, on our Imperial word, to make in the Empire, such arrangements that the government may, with an intrinsic force, support itself within proper and limited bounds, each department of the State being provided with wholesome laws, sufficient to the preservation of order at all times and under all circumstances."

Meanwhile Peter was drilling his guards at Oranienbaum. After awhile, on this fatal day, he went over to Peterhof Palace, and found the Empress gone. He was there told of the revolution, and urged by his friends to act with courage. But his heart failed him. He concluded that he did not wish for power, and was unfit to wield it. He would retire to Holstein-Gottorp and be a Lutheran—that would be better. Catherine's agents were at hand to give him counsel to her interest, and Ismailoff urged him to surrender as a prisoner. This he did, and his own guards were sworn to Catherine. He next signed a paper renouncing all claims to the crown. To his request for a passport for Germany, he received orders to retire to an Imperial estate called Ropscha, where attempts were made to poison him. These failed, and the Orloffs, Gregory and Alexis, at last broke into his chamber and choked the life out of him. The date of this final crime was the 17th of July, 1762. The troops at Moscow were bribed into acquiescence. As plans were also discovered which comprehended the coronation of Ivan, the prisoner, that unfortunate Grand Duke was put to death. The manner in which that crime was accomplished was especially revolting. A lieutenant was induced by Cather-

ine's agents to allure Ivan into an attempt to escape, so that the guards could shoot and kill him. This was all brought about. Then the lieutenant was arrested and hanged for inciting the Grand Duke's attempt, and waited in vain on the scaffold for the reprieve that had been promised him.

Peter III, before his murder, had repudiated Paul as his son, and Catherine, brazenly declaring that Soltikoff was Paul's father, kept him under the strictest surveillance to the end of her reign, and thus made his assassination easy after he became Czar as her successor.

The petty German Princess, who once must have looked upward to Maria Theresa as the highest of earth's women, was now seated on a greater throne. Maria Theresa had already been Queen for twenty-two years, but was twelve years older than Catherine. We have seen at what a moment Catherine's arbitration entered into the history of the Seven Years' War. Had she gone back to the policy of Elizabeth, Frederick must have perished; Silesia would have been Austria's. While she doomed Maria Theresa to disappointment, she still acted well within the interests of Russia. There was no more pulling of Austrian chestnuts out of the fire. The Minister of France waited on her, striving to gather, from her conversation, the probable duration of the peace between Prussia and Austria. The Minister flattered her with remarks to the effect that she was the arbiter of Europe. "You think, then, that Europe has its attention fixed on me, and that I have weight in foreign courts. I do, indeed, believe that Prussia is a considerable power. I have the finest army in the world. I am short of money, it is true, but shall be abundantly provided within a few years. If I give the reins to my inclination, my taste is for war rather than for peace; but reason, justice, and humanity restrain me. Yet I will not, like the Empress

Elizabeth, allow myself to be pressed to make war (she means by Maria Theresa). Whenever it shall prove to my advantage, I will assuredly enter upon it; but never through complaisance to others. Not till at least five years shall have passed will the world be able to properly judge of my character. It will require at least that time to reduce the Empire to order. In the meantime I shall act toward all the powers like a finished coquette."

She now began the work of civilizing Russia where the great Peter had left off. She had all the power there was, and she used it with propriety—in Russia. Of one thing the boyards or nobles were soon proud. She was Russian to the core. She expelled the Saxon Duke of Courland and put another of her lovers, Biron, in his place. With this advantage gained the duchy was joined totally to Russia before she died. She suggested the election of her former lover, Poniatowski, as King of Poland, and the terrible army of Cossacks that had made such a fame in Pomerania came so near to Poland again that Poniatowski was elected. On this an old-fashioned war of Reformation was stirred up, until Poland was the theater of anarchy. At last the anti-Russian section was driven out, when the Turks, urged by Maria Theresa, and alarmed, as she was, by the ambition of Russia, declared war. Catherine's armies marched victoriously to the banks of the Danube, and the Turks were disgracefully defeated. They accordingly begged the mediation of Frederick and Austria, to prevent the aggrandizement of Russia, not alone in Poland, but on the Black Sea as well. Frederick's salve, to cure all the hurts of war, and to keep Catherine out of Constantinople, was the partition of Poland. It may be asked why Europe, after so many crusades against the Crescent, did not now let Catherine carry her Cross to the Golden Horn. The answer must

be that it was an age when faith had decayed. The Cross would be Greek—a rival Christian church; the gain of territory would be dangerous to the bodies of Austrians, however advantageous to the souls of the Mohammedans. When the devout Maria Theresa, praying five hours a day, took sides with Mohammed against Russia, a new era had come in the religious world.

In 1772 the three robbers agreed as to Poland, Maria Theresa standing out for a remarkably large share, which created hatred between the two women. A fund was raised to bribe the Polish Diet, and, after three acts of partition, Russia finally came off with two-thirds of Poland. At about the same time the rule of Russia was extended to the Black and Caspian Seas, and, by 1783, the Crimea and Sebastopol were added to Christian territory.

The prestige acquired in these almost bloodless triumphs gave Catherine a reasonable degree of security on the throne of all the Russias. Near her person—that is, in governments the doings of which she could be informed of by hearsay as well as official reports, the rule was sufficiently benignant; afar, it was dark and terrible—a sort of life of beasts, where the thick skins of the wretched victims were pierced and their feelings reached with cat-o'-nine-tail whips on the ends of the lashes of which were sharp steel hooks. The red flag of auction was raised above the tribunals of the courts of equity, and property-owners revealed their wealth only when they purchased justice. The masses—the people of Russia—were all serfs. They were stupid, except when flying through the air on horseback or in cumbrous vehicles; then they became the very spirit of momentum itself, revealing the keenness that lay pent-up in their natures. There were nearly a hundred millions of these people. Over them—their Papa (Pope), their White Mother, Autocrat not

merely of their Russia, as they knew it, but of All the Russias, probably all the world, in their view—was a handsome woman, carrying her head high, and appearing taller than she was. Her hair was auburn, her eye-brows dark, her eyes blue. Her countenance never betrayed what was passing in her mind. When she walked she appeared to especial advantage. She often wore a green gown or vest, with close sleeves reaching to the wrist. Her hair was lightly powdered and flowed upon her shoulders, in the Russian fashion. On her head was a small cap covered with diamonds. In her diet she was strictly temperate; she took a light breakfast, ate a moderate dinner, and had no supper.

It would appear that General Soltikoff was her first lover (before she was Empress), and that his object was to get command under Elizabeth; he cooled toward her first, and while she was grievously hurt, she took no revenge on him later, but left him Governor of Moscow when he died, in 1772. He was the father of Emperor Paul. When she discarded a favorite she loaded him with wealth, erected statues to him, and elevated him to power, and her largesses in this shameful direction are computed in all at $100,000,000. Potemkin secured her favor in 1775, supplanting Orloff, and, until his death, in 1791, was supreme in Russia under her. When her personal affection for him cooled, he supplied her with other companions without laying down his own power. At last a freed serf (Platon Zeuboff) took the reins, and pursued the same course of deception that had been adopted by Potemkin.

Like Frederick the Great, like Paul, like Louis XVI, Catherine had been converted to the views of Montesquieu and Rousseau. She set out, in 1762, to make her subjects happy—or at least the nobles, for it is not likely

that the serfs of Russia were considered capable of civilization. She particularly admired the Encyclopædists—Diderot, D'Alembert, Euler, Voltaire, Rousseau. The Encyclopædia, so far as it dealt with the trades and trade secrets, was welcome in Russia on account of the work of Peter the Great. Hearing that Diderot, its editor, was in want of money, and offered his library to obtain a dowry for his daughter, she at once purchased his library, appointed him librarian, and sent him his salary for fifty years. He set off for St. Petersburg. His clothes were so unpresentable that the Empress sent him a splendid court dress. He spent several hours a day in her cabinet, speaking with perfect familiarity. "Go on," said she, "anything is allowable among men." When he came away, he shed tears, and so did she. The climate did not agree with him. He was old, and wished to die in Paris. Grimm also visited Catherine. She carried on a correspondence with many great scholars, and if she found she could advance their interests, she was a munificent friend, having no ulterior purpose. While the poor, ill, and persecuted Rousseau was hunted in the region of the Rhine, the sovereign of all the Russias was modeling an educational manual in the Russian language on the "Emilius," which had set the western world cursing Rousseau. When Diderot died at Paris, he was in comfortable apartments rented for him by Catherine. "She was a second Peter the Great, in a sense," says Carlyle, "to me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier. She was an object grandiose, if not great." Carlyle is kind to her because she did not send Soltikoff back after Frederick. If Maria Theresa only had been Catherine, with her regiment of lovers, what a fiery epistle we should have had for Carlyle on the High Mother of the court of Vienna!

Catherine came upon the stage at a moment when Europe, panting with the bloodiest war it had ever seen, looked up to behold an endless nation of savages, peering into civilization with white glistening teeth and curious black eyes. Their own cities were "ten months' journey deep in far Tartarean wilds." The taste of victory at Kunersdorf, the taste of pillage in Pomerania, might tempt them to spill themselves over Europe in countless numbers. It may be imagined that Europe was glad a Saxon woman was on the Imperial throne of this Russia, and Europe's Kings set to outdo each other with flattery and offers of good will. When she issued her "Instructions for a Code of Laws," Frederick named her the Semiramis of the North; she was catalogued with Solon, Lycurgus, Theodosius, Justinian, Alfred. She responded to these tributes of good will by aiming to earn the good will of Europe, and within the sphere of her personal influence, as has been said, ameliorated the harsh conditions of life. She built the great palace of Tsarskoye Selo, outside of St. Petersburg. She established the Foundling Hospital at St. Petersburg, occupying thirty acres of ground and accommodating 6,000 persons. Its expenses are $5,000,000 a year. There are 800 nurses. From twenty to twenty-five children arrive daily. A lying-in hospital, conducted on principles of the most generous secrecy, is an important branch of the great establishment. These children are educated at the public expense. A century of this sort of thing is what has put material Russia in the front rank of nations.

Peace did not come to Catherine in five years, as she had hoped it would. In 1771 the plague raged at Moscow, and the Archbishop of Moscow and his followers were massacred in a tumult growing out of sanitary questions.

A remarkable character in history named Pugatcheff,

a Cossack of the Don, who has a story of his own, proclaimed himself to be Peter III, headed a great rebellion, and took the Volga country and Kazan. Many Mongol tribes joined him. Suwaroff finally captured him, after Catherine had actually feared for her throne, and he was exhibited at Moscow in an iron cage. Pugatcheff was too cruel even for the Cossacks, or he would have been Czar.

We have seen that Isabella had her Ximenes, and Maria Theresa her Kaunitz. We must now enter the chapter of Catherine and her Potemkin. The Russians pronounce it Patiumkine. This is a less creditable picture, yet by no means an unimportant one in the world's view. Potemkin supplanted Gregory Orloff, and was a lover for only two years. After that he was Foreign Minister. He induced the Czarina to believe that he alone could protect her from insurrection and assassination, and, with his advice, some of the darkest and Machiavellian crimes were committed. Assassins were lured into their crimes, and then punished for the crimes by which the imperial sovereign alone profited, after the manner of Ivan's murder. Maria Theresa and her son, Joseph II, loaded Potemkin with Austrian decorations, and Frederick was equally pliant. After Potemkin had reached the Black Sea, he set out to build both seaports and fleets. It was he who founded Kherson, Kertch, Nikolaeff, and Sebastopol. He was appointed Governor of the Taurida. He began a great "boom" on the Black Sea, and invited Catherine, in 1787, to visit him. To impress her with the magic growth of the regions under his rule, he caused an immense number of wooden painted sham houses to be constructed, and these he grouped into towns and villages along the route the Czarina was to take. He hired people to act the part of villagers, merchants, tradesmen, and agriculturists, engaged in their various pursuits. The Czarina was grati-

fied with the show, and attributed it to the growth of the Empire under her reign. A forest was burned, for fireworks. War was now declared on the Turks, Potemkin was made commander-in-chief, with Suwaroff as lieutenant, and Potemkin was everywhere victorious. He was on his way to Constantinople, when Catherine stayed his march. The Greeks who had been stirred up were delivered to the vengeance of the Turks. Potemkin set out to meet the Empress, convince her, and get Constantinople after all, when he died on the road. He had been ruined by Zeuboff.

There is a possibility that Catherine at one time would have allowed Potemkin to kill Paul and declare himself her successor. At any rate, it was one day proclaimed that Paul was ill. On this a vast multitude, recalling the death of Peter III, surrounded the palace and demanded to see the Czarowitz, as the Crown Prince is called. The Empress, thoroughly alarmed, and trembling for her own safety, brought her son forward. He was spared to reign for a short time, notwithstanding his mother's want of regard for him.

Potemkin set out to gratify the luxurious tastes of his mistress. He built a wonderful hot-house, called the Taurida, in honor of his government. The so-called Hermitage, a vast picture-gallery and museum, was added to the Winter Palace, and even exceeded that structure in size. To the Hermitage the Empress admitted only those whom she personally liked. On the walls of this social sanctum she inscribed the following rules, still to be seen: "1. On entering, put off your rank, your hat, your sword. * * * 3. Be merry, but merriness does not consist in spoiling or breaking. 4. Sit, stand, walk, do whatever you please, without caring for anyone. 5. Speak not too often, in order to hear others. 6. Argue without anger.

7. Banish sighs and yawns; ennui may be catching. 8. Innocent games, proposed by any member of the society, must be accepted by the others. 9. Eat slowly, but with appetite; drink so moderately as to be able to walk out. 10. Leave all quarrels at the door; whatever enters at one ear must go out at the other. If anyone violate one of these rules, for each fault witnessed by two persons, he must drink a glass of fresh water (ladies not excepted) and read aloud a page of Frediakoffsky [bad poet]. Whoever in one evening violates three of these rules, must learn by heart six lines of Frediakoffsky. Whoever violates the tenth rule, must nevermore re-enter the Hermitage." It is said that Diderot did not get along too well under some of these ordinances.

Potemkin sent agents into Europe with wholesale orders to buy Old Masters, and $175,000 was paid for the Walpole collection of paintings. The vast collections of the Winter Palace and Hermitage may be gauged by the statement that there are twenty Murillos. It nowadays requires four days to complete the journey past the paintings, treasures, curios, and antiquities of these two palaces, where Western eyes for the first time gain a correct idea of Muscovite wealth and splendor.

Potemkin's advancement, according to gossip, was made possible by a coolness that sprang up between Gregory Orloff and Catherine on the following account: Catherine proposed a secret marriage to Orloff as a reward to him for his services in placing her on the throne; he thought, by refusing this alliance, he could secure a public acknowledgment that would seat him beside her. She was offended by his refusal, and did not recall him into favor. He died in 1783, after being Minister to France. Mention must be made of the famous Orloff diamond, which now surmounts the Russian scepter. This diamond

was a gift from lover Orloff to Catherine. It has two insignificant flaws, weighs 194 carats, is one of the most beautiful, and is the largest of the crown diamonds of Europe. It was a gem in the eye-socket of an idol in a temple of Seringapatam, India; it was stolen by a French deserter, who sold it at Malabar to a sea-captain for $10,000; he sold it to a Jew for $60,000; the Armenian merchant Lazareff sold it to Count Orloff for $360,000 in gold, an annuity of $1,600, and a patent of nobility. Orloff presented it to Catherine, and she added it to the crown jewels, which are usually exhibited to the public at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg.

In 1783 Sweden made war to recover Finland, but failed. When the French Revolution opened, Catherine made a pivotal change in her sentiments, and prohibited the publication of French books in Russia. While Europe was busy throttling liberty in France, she concluded it would be a good time to conclude the affair of Poland, and poured an army of 100,000 Russians into the remnant of the Kingdom that the three robbers had left. Her general, Suwaroff, besieged Warsaw in 1794, fought Kosciusko, defeated him near Warsaw, and carried him captive to St. Petersburg. He was in captivity when Catherine died. In 1795 Poniatowski resigned his crown, and Poland ceased to be. From 1550 it cannot be said that it had maintained a government that was not a menace to the peace of other nations.

Catherine did not pity nor attempt to lighten the burdens of the serfs. In the fifth year of her reign a ukase forbade them to bring any complaints against their masters. The masters could send the serfs to Siberia or could enlist them in the army. There were auctions of serfs. This condition may be compared with the acts of Maria Theresa, at the same moment, in the neighboring nation,

where the humblest Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Dutchman, or Italian might personally whisper in the ear of the sovereign, or, if need be, see her alone in a room.

Catherine, to stay the growing power of the Church, put in operation what we would call the law of eminent domain. She condemned the property, including the serfs, of the monasteries, and allotted to their heads fair payments from the treasury. Thus the Church became entirely dependent on the throne.

She was friendly to the Americans, and justly condemned the arrogance of England on the seas, which, during the wars with France, was destructive of the property of neutrals. Toward the last, she believed the representations of Zeuboff that she had 400,000 men under arms, although there were only 200,000 who were being paid, and thus was led into a war with Persia, which ended disastrously for Russia, the Empire losing two armies and gaining nothing. Zeuboff had made Catherine believe that the whole Georgian region could be readily joined to the Empire. Catherine's death and Paul's interest in Napoleon, who was now the Frederick of the West, put an end to operations on the Persian side which might have then ended the great Kingdom of Cyrus, much as it is ending to-day—namely, by division between Russia and Great Britain. It cannot be said that Catherine's eastern plans were unwise, or that the western operations of her successors brought happiness to Russia. Edmund Burke wrote an epistle to Catherine, extolling her to the skies for her efforts to stop the French Revolution. She has now become an imperial "Majesty who reigns and lives for glory." He is hers with the utmost possible respect and veneration for her and hatred for Lafayette and all other liberty-loving Frenchmen. She refused to receive ambassadors from the French Republic, and loaded the

King's brother (Artois, afterward Charles X) with favors and money. The emigrants were all welcomed at the court, where many of them were saved from starvation, and some of them ungratefully testified what a bad woman she was.

Catherine was residing at the palace of Tsarskoye Selo, in the last year of her life, when Vigée Lebrun (who has also described Marie Antoinette for us) was presented and quartered as a guest at the imperial summer home. "I was surprised to find her very short; I had fancied her prodigiously tall, as high as her grandeur. She was very stout, but still had a handsome face, beautifully set off by her white curly hair. Genius seemed seated on her high white forehead. Her eyes were soft and sweet, her nose quite Grecian, her complexion florid, and her features animated. She had a voice of much sweetness. She had a beautiful white hand."

On Thursday, November 17, 1796, she did not ring at 9 o'clock a. m., as usual. They waited till 10 and even later. At last the head waiting-maid entered. Not seeing the Empress in her room, the maid went to a little clothes-cupboard, and, as soon as she opened the door, the body of Catherine fell to the floor. No one knew at what hour she had been seized with the apoplectic attack which had stricken her down; but her heart was still beating. She did not die till 9 in the evening. Her son Paul arrived, and kissed her hand. There was extreme terror in the palace and the city, everyone fearing an insurrection, and all, too, dreading the reign of Paul. The people gathered in the squares and wailed like children, calling out "Matusha! (Mother.) Matusha!"

The body remained exposed for six weeks in a large saloon, which was illuminated day and night. The catafalque was surrounded by escutcheons bearing the

arms of all the cities of Russia. The face was uncovered; the fine hand was placed where it could be kissed.

Paul's management of the funeral was remarkable, and aroused doubts of his sanity. Peter III's body was exhumed. It had been buried for thirty-five years in a convent. These remains were taken to the cathedral. At the funeral a crown was placed on the coffin of Peter III, and it was carried before that of Catherine. Before Peter's coffin, on the way to the fortress, was a guard, in golden armor, from head to foot, who afterward died of fatigue. Before Catherine's coffin was a guard clad only in steel. The family of the assassins of Peter, the Orloffs, were ordered to carry Peter's pall. Paul, the new Emperor, followed the procession on foot. It was dreadfully cold. The procession entered the Cathedral of the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul, and there Peter and Catherine were buried. Her tomb, among the ancestors of her murdered husband, is shown to-day with pride, alike to stranger and to patriot, as one of the monuments of the past. Her portraits present a face of singularly benevolent appearance. Her memory is revered by the Russians. They have only to note that she extended the Empire to the Caspian, the Euxine, the Dniester, to Silesia, to the Gulf of Bothnia. They drive the harder, when they think of her—they have further to go.

She made war on the Turks—often on the Turks—on the Poles, on the Swedes, on the Cossacks, on the Persians. She was cordially hated in England for her sympathy with America, for her spirit in repelling the arrogations of British sea-captains, and her tendency to share with Britain in the division of Asia. This hatred was cultivated in English poetry, and was politically useful until Russia's aid was needed to restore Louis XVI and to outlaw and capture Napoleon. We append an example of the anony-

mous verse that was fashionable in England about the time she moved on Persia:

Base counterfeit of all that's mild and good!
The Lord's anointed—with a husband's blood!
Through blood now wading to a foreign throne,
Exulting o'er expiring Freedom's groan.
Lover of men, yet scourge of human kind;
Compost of lust and cruelty combined;
Still for new Kingdoms struggling dost thou brave
Three-score and ten years and the yawning grave!
Thy mad ambition wilt thou never curb,
But still with wars the weary world disturb?
Thou proof of hell!

MARIE ANTOINETTE

A. D. 1755-1793

QUEEN OF FRANCE

Born with the Lisbon earthquake, when 60,000 people perished; married with an attendant catastrophe on the main public square of Paris that cost the lives of 1,200 subjects and wounded 2,000 more; carted in a tumbril to the guillotine, and dying like a condemned felon on the spot where her nuptials were so awfully celebrated—such is the biography of Marie Antoinette. She was envied for her beauty, and pitied for her misfortunes; she was remarked for her pride on the throne, and admired for her courage in the dungeon.

If we epitomize her history with more attention to detail, we shall find it scarcely less sad: Her departure from Vienna at fifteen, to go, among strangers and enemies, to a husband who did not want to marry her and for seven years did not treat her as a wife; the catastrophe at her wedding fête; the story of the diamond necklace; the visit of the fishwives to Versailles and their capture of the royal family; the attempted escape and the recapture, in which her hair turned white; the assault on the Tuileries and slaughter of the Swiss Guards; the prison-life in the towers of the Temple; death-in-life in the Conciergerie; the "trial of the Widow Capet"; the beheading in the public square. By the nobles she was received as "the Austrian woman"; by the people she was slain as "the Austrian she-wolf." We have seen, in the life of Maria Theresa, a strain of pride and persistence, trying to the sensibilities of other

people; this quality was the legacy of a reigning Queen to a consort-Queen, and the daughter, therefore, received a sad inheritance. On the other hand, there is a mean streak in human nature at large which we may call scapegoatism. With her domineering personality and her Austrian proclivities in politics, never to be veiled or smoothed over, it was easy, when the entire French people looked for a scapegoat, to find Marie Antoinette. As to her chronology, she came into the world, of course, long after Maria Theresa and Catherine II, whose lives we have just reviewed; but she died before Catherine.

Marie Antoinette Josèphe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, was born at Vienna November 2, 1755. Her name betrays the personal affection of Maria Theresa for her husband, Francis once of Lorraine, or the hope of the mother to add Lorraine to the Austrian possessions. Maria Theresa had borne so many daughters and so few sons that she ardently looked for a son, and even the birth of the ill-fated Princess was a disappointment at the court of Vienna. The little girl practically never knew her mother; that imperial lady was busy with the State—we have named one of the lists of bloody battlefields that she was weeping over. But the kind father loved the child, took her on his lap, was glad she was his little girl, was one of the few people who unselfishly loved her, and when he set out for a journey to Innspruck, sent from his carriage to have her brought to him. As he pressed her to his breast, he said: "I wished to hold this child once more in my arms." She was seven years old. He died on that journey.

There was but one thing that the ten orphaned children thoroughly learned—they must obey their mother. As that sovereign exacted implicit obedience from her subjects, how much more should she expect from the chil-

dren that she had borne! She saw them but little. Before their father's death, she had two terrible wars; after the peace, she mourned incessantly for her dead husband. She was proud she had borne so many children, and assembled them about her at evening prayer, or when great strangers were present; but she was viewed with fear, awe, respect, by her brood. The child that resented this state the most deeply was precisely that child who was most like Maria Theresa—Marie Antoinette. The offspring that least loved her mother's fashion of intrigue and intermeddling was the one that inherited the most of her mother's talent for such performances. Through the ease with which the Queen-mother could be deceived, the studies of the children were neglected in all save religious matters, and Marie Antoinette at fifteen had read little except the Lives of the Saints. She learned Italian, but was deficient in French. She left Vienna with one idea—that she had been brought up badly—somewhat inhumanely—that there was not mother-love enough in Maria Theresa. She even related to her friends an instance of the fear inspired in the children's hearts by the Queen-mother. A sister, Josepha, was leaving Vienna, to be Queen of Naples. The mother sent word to her not to think of starting without descending into the crypt of the Church of the Capuchins and offering a prayer at the mausoleum of her ancestors. Now, the wife of the Emperor Joseph, her brother, had just died of smallpox. Josepha looked on such an order as her death-warrant. She took the younger Marie Antoinette, her sister, on her knees, bade her good-by forever, and, going to the vaults, did catch the smallpox, and die of it. Thus the two persons, father and sister, who especially loved Marie Antoinette at Vienna, seemed to the child to be victims of the mother's pride and love of empire.

When Russia declined to aid Austria further, and the world without Russia could not defeat Frederick the Great, the peace of Paris put an end to Maria Theresa's wars. The Crown Prince of France was then affianced to Marie Antoinette, eight years old, with the hope that Bourbons in both Spain and France and an alliance with Austria would balance the power of England. Maria Theresa at once set about the French education of Marie Antoinette. She employed two actors—one a declaimer, the other a musician. This angered Choiseul, the French Premier (Pompadour was now dead), and the Abbé de Vermond, at the solicitation of Loménie de Brienne, was sent to Vienna as the girl's preceptor. This man Vermond was ugly, talkative, cunning, corrupt, yet very able after an unfortunate manner. He made an easy conquest of Maria Theresa, and for seventeen years was the adviser of Marie Antoinette. He advanced the religious part of his pupil's education—that is, the outer observances—and allowed her to do as she pleased in all other things. He it was, who, accompanying her to France, upheld her in many practices that were in contravention of the stately etiquette of the French court. In France the Austrian alliance was looked upon as a bad bargain for France, and Choiseul, who had brought it about, was being rapidly brought by a court cabal into disgrace with the King. It is possible that a Queen with fewer daughters would have then paused before sending her daughter into an atmosphere so hostile, for her spies were thick at Versailles, and she knew the situation. The enemies of Choiseul, having secured the offices, sent one of their ilk, Prince Louis of Rohan (mark well the name) as Ambassador to Vienna, but he arrived there after Marie Antoinette left, and was soon sent away by the indignant Queen, as a person who smuggled and did not pay his debts. It would be well to note that Rohan,

the dissolute ecclesiastic, and Marie Antoinette, the victim of his fatal folly, never met each other at Vienna—never were in Vienna at the same time.

Before the ill-taught and wayward Archduchess leaves Vienna, let us observe the familiar aspects of the French court into which she must enter and become the first lady: There is the King, Louis XV, who expects to live a long life yet. His wife is dead; his first Crown Prince and wife are both dead. He has four mature daughters, whom he whimsically calls "Fat Pig," "Scrap," "Rag," and "Stuff." "Stuff" has gone to a convent. "Rag" (Madame Adelaide) is first lady of France—(the gambling goes on in her apartments)—and will be highly offended when etiquette gives her place and her "game" to Marie Antoinette. Louis, the Crown Prince, and Maria Josepha of Saxony, his wife, in dying, have left three sons and two daughters—the young Crown Prince, the Counts of Provence (Louis XVIII), and Artois (Charles X), Elizabeth and Clotaire. The latter, noted as being fat, married the future King of Sardinia. We shall see Louis XVI, Elizabeth, his sister, and Marie Antoinette and the two surviving of her four children together in one of the saddest, yet not the least noble, groups vouchsafed by history. The royal family at court, then, contains the King, his three daughters, and his five grandchildren. The King has a kind of wit, and is not altogether disliked at court. Since the death of Pompadour he lives alone and keeps his Parc-aux-Cerfs at a distance. He has a private existence as Louis de Bourbon, and buys and sells on that account and in that name. The cabal is bent on getting him a single mistress whom they can dominate, and the Du Barry woman is being pushed forward—sits on the arm of his chair at council and plays the kitten. The court is in need of money. To save money, the poor daughters, Rag,

Stuff, etc., have been boarded away from court. At Marie Antoinette's home, the court of Vienna may have been "prudent," but there was no end of money. It is an untoward beginning, this coming of Marie Antoinette. Young Louis, even, has been put against his bride—does not want her to come—and the apartments for the pair have not been made ready, the cabal even as late as this still hoping to break off the match.

Under these circumstances, the young girl leaves Vienna in May, 1770, the entire city turning out to bid her godspeed. There shall be no more wars with France, they think in Vienna, yet from their windows they can look out with the eyes of the future on two of the bloodiest French battlefields in history—Aspern and Wagram. A pavilion had been erected on the frontier at Kehl, opposite Strasburg. It was divided by a partition which stood supposititiously on the boundary of the two nations. Through this partition the Princess was sent as she had come into the world, the etiquette of courts demanding that she should be received into France with nothing on her belonging to a foreign land. She fell into the arms of a Countess de Noailles, and that grim mistress of unbending forms set out to teach a wayward pupil how to so conduct herself, in a bad court surrounded by spies, slanderers, and political enemies, that she might escape unscathed. The Princess soon recovered her composure, and, following the inclination of Vermond, dubbed her wise but severe counselor "Madame Etiquette," an epithet which at once became fastened to the formal lady in Paris. The Princess felt she had escaped alive from a harsh mother. Her beauty was striking, and the peasants on the road cried out merrily that she was pretty beyond all doubt. She perhaps had temptations to hold up her head. She, too, had read the history of Isabella, and was the

proper daughter of Maria Theresa. Madame Campan at this time notes, with felicitous caution, her "indescribable but august serenity; perhaps, also, the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars."

She felt the lack of proper preparation for her. The King came with the Du Barry woman to dine with her. She spoke of it with indignation. Du Barry therefore set about to make matters unpleasant for her. Yet the beauty of the Archduchess, her pure descent from a line of Kings dating from the dark ages, flattered the public. It needed the wedding catastrophe to excite the misgivings of the superstitious, and offer an effective weapon to her enemies. She was lost on the night of May 30, 1770, when she was only fifteen years old.

The square which is now the Place de la Concorde, where the Egyptian obelisk stands, was then the Place de Louis XV. It was an open commons, so low that to drain it required a deep ditch on every side. Here Paris gathered to see the fireworks. The scaffolding caught fire, the coaches hemmed people in, a panic came on, the people were crowded into the ditches, and 1,200 were killed and 2,000 badly hurt. There have been but few affairs of the kind so bad since the time of Rome—one at Santiago de Chile in 1864. The effort of the court to minimize the accounts of the misfortune were resented by the friends of the victims as one more evidence of the heartlessness of the nobility. But Louis and Marie, the unlucky bride and groom, gave their first year's revenue entirely to the relatives of the dead. The early months of her married life could not have been more wretched. The cabal kept Louis entirely away from her. It was only when Marie herself complained to the King—for she soon got the threads of the plot—that the irate monarch, who was charmed with

her, despite the jealousy of the Du Barry, ordered his grandson, the Crown Prince, to cease his opposition. Mesdames Adelaide ("Rag") and Sophie ("Scrap") would have nothing to do with her, denouncing her as giddy and without sense. Rohan, at Vienna, spread these unpleasantnesses, and added all that the Princess had said about her mother, especially the smallpox story, so that Maria Theresa, who had herself instructed her daughter how to mould French policy in Austria's direction, now sat down and wrote some bitter letters to her daughter, calling to her attention the dangers of levity, and the troubles that would be brewing. The daughter, in her turn, set out on Rohan's trail, and soon had him expelled from Vienna. It is marvelous that this old Prince afterward should have harbored the idea either that he loved Marie, or that she loved him. She always hated him, with that good ill-will which her mother had bestowed on Frederick and Catherine.

The two brothers of the Crown Prince married and brought home their wives. This made three outsiders, and Marie Antoinette at once set up a little family of her own. The Crown Prince was exalted into a sort of small sovereign, and in this way the young people managed to have a good time, unbeknown to anyone save Madame Campan's husband and his father.* They organized a theatrical company, with Louis as the only auditor. The playing was bad enough all round, but the natural restraint of Louis was at last broken down and Marie won over her husband so far that he spoke to her—the last man in Paris to admit that she was a pretty woman. On a servant accidentally discovering this Thespian conspiracy, it came to an end, and not one of the severe old ladies heard of it.

*Madame Campan, wife of the younger Campan was reader to the Princesses, and wrote a highly celebrated book touching her intimate knowledge of Marie Antoinette.

Just four years after Marie's arrival in Paris, Louis XV caught the smallpox and died. It is at this point that Carlyle begins his book—"The French Revolution"—perhaps the most dazzling historical production of human genius. The reader must on his own account, carry forward the tide of contemporaneous events—the logical outgrowth of a popular study of Rousseau's ideal longings for equality and brotherhood—his ideal repugnance to vice in high places. Rousseau was by this time, as he supposed, a long-forgotten man. He lived with his hag Theresa in a garret of Paris, and was soon to die in the deepest misery and humiliation. But the Revolution which he had awakened was coming on, more terrible than Lisbon earthquake or Seven Years' War. It was aided by designing nobles, whom it destroyed.

A few days before Louis XV died, the Countess Du Barry withdrew to Ruelle. Some fifteen people of the court visited her there. They were all marked. Six years afterward, in the very circle of Marie's family, Madame Campan heard the remark, concerning one of those marked persons: "That was one of the Ruelle carriages." Marie Antoinette had borne much—now they should suffer in turn. Her character was clearly vengeful, with a long memory.

The entire court set off at once for the palace of the deceased Pompadour at Choisy, south of Paris, the three brothers and their wives all in one carriage. Half way on their journey they all burst out in laughter. France was delighted to think the King was dead—why should they mourn, when everyone knew they were glad? Behind followed the severe old ladies. Yet the King had not yet quite come over to his wife, and the anti-Austrians actually hoped to still have him send her back to Germany. She

naturally begged him to appoint her friend Choiseul prime minister. Old Madame Adelaide ("Rag") opposed it, and she alone possessed the confidence of the young King. But here, the aged ladies took the smallpox, and the royal pair, to escape it, hurried back to La Muette, a palace in the Bois de Boulogne, a Parisian park, where the aristocracy at once came to do their homage. At this time the King gave way a little more, and, after four years of almost complete alienation, took Marie Antoinette under his arm and walked in public with her. One of the inimitably sardonic passages in Madame Campan's book is to be found where she notes that, on seeing the King and Queen arm-in-arm for extended walks (practically a deferred courtship), several other couples in the court, who had had much better reasons for staying apart, "walked upon the terrace, to the amusement of the whole court, with the same apparent conjugal intimacy. Thus they spent whole hours, braving the intolerable wearisomeness of their protracted tête-à-têtes, out of mere obsequiousness."

But, just at this moment of triumph, the worst of fortune came with it. Old dames, who never went out-of-doors except to do homage to a new sovereign, eccentric dowagers of all shades of caprice in manner and dress, must now pass before the handsome young Queen, who had not been taught to keep her face straight. As if to thoroughly engulf her, socially, a young Marchioness in the receiving party sat down on the floor behind the Queen and played unmannerly pranks which the Queen did not rebuke, even laughing behind her fan. The old ladies went back to Paris in a high state of indignation. Next day in Paris she was called the Moqueuse—she had mocked old age, rank, title. A popular air appeared, and children sang it:

Little Queen, you must not be
So saucy with your twenty years;
Your ill-used courtiers soon will see
You pass once more the barriers.

That is, she still will be sent back to Austria, to the inveterate enemy of France, the German.

There at once began, with the advice of Vermond, a number of "reforms" of the etiquette, which, seeming wise enough on first sight, were deadly at the time. According to etiquette, no one might appear near the person of the Queen in dressing her save sworn ladies of high rank. To obtain the services of a fashionable dressmaker and milliner, she must go out of the room and leave her feminine officers, which offended them. To have a hair-dresser who would "keep in style," or rather get new ideas, she allowed him to serve other patrons. The women of France at once began putting on millinery to keep up with her, the headdresses rose tall as church steeples, the fashionable pace became swift, and the anti-Austrian party, coining an effective epithet, denounced her as Madame Deficit. The King looked on, somewhat displeased, but getting much in love with her. Then, with a sudden turn to simplicity, the Queen became dairy maid, and horrified the ancient Versailles courtiers with a breakdown of royal etiquette never before recorded. The hairdressers, milliners, and lower orders of people, too, could carry authoritative accounts to the world, and in that way immeasurable political evil could be wrought. When France closed the terms for Austria with the Low Countries, France made an unnecessary payment to Joseph II, Marie's brother, Emperor of Germany, and Madame Deficit was charged with it. Her brother Maximilian came to see her. She made the Princes of the blood call on him first. Here perhaps began the Satanic opposition of Philip, Duke of

Orleans (afterward Prince Equality) one of the worst men in history.

The coronation took place at Rheims, with pomp and ceremony. Only the King of France is anointed and crowned. The Queen's sister-in-law gave birth to a son. The fishwives, informed of Marie's unhappy situation, and supposing it would continue, shouted at her that it was she who should bear the children. Her brother, the Emperor of Germany, came to see her incognito, that is, without state. He, too, had the fatuity to say almost in public that his sister was very giddy, but he supposed the French were all that way, and cultivated that sort of thing.

December 11, 1778, the Queen's daughter was born. The younger brothers had long looked upon themselves as the only ones to give heirs to the throne, and the disappointing months immediately preceding the birth had added them to the number of her enemies. Slanders of the most revolting kind had obtained circulation, and blackmail in a case strikingly like the story of the Diamond Necklace (soon to be related) had been paid by the King. It was known, of course, that the King had paid the blackmail, and the inference followed that the inculpatory tales must be true.

October 22, 1781, the Queen gave birth to a Crown Prince. This ended the hopes of Artois (Charles X). His little boy, on looking at the baby, said to his father: "O papa! how little my cousin is!" "The day will come," said Artois, gloomily, "when you will think him great enough, my dear." The King was delighted with the event. He continued to say, "My son, the Dauphin." Homage was at once paid to the infant as the next King of France. This child, however, was not the one destined to be the pupil of Simon, the shoemaker, at the Temple. A second son was born; the eldest died in 1789. A great

procession of tradespeople went to Versailles, with tableaux, or "floats." There were chimney-sweepers, chairmen, butchers, cooks, masons, blacksmiths, tailors, even grave-diggers, to the horror of old great-Aunt Sophie ("Scrap"), who had not died of the smallpox. The fish-wives came also, to make their apologies. An era of comparative peace succeeded, with the Queen attending to her children and fulfilling those tender offices which she thought Maria Theresa had neglected at Vienna. But here again was a breakdown of etiquette, and a raising up of a Polignac family who soon made enemies. A theater was once more established, in which the royal Princes played, at first with the King for auditor as of old; then, as the actors became vain of their skill, a larger company was let in, until the voice of censure again rose, and it was whispered that the pieces were "royally ill played." Rousseau's "Village Fortune Teller," composed for Versailles many years before, was the first of these amateur productions. The Queen played parts, even now that she was the mother of three children. This could not fail to arouse the bitterest criticism among the dowagers who, for fifteen years, kept the grudge alive that was born that day of the homage at La Muette.

It is now time to describe Marie Antoinette at her best, and we fortunately possess the expert testimony of Vigée Lebrun, a portrait-painter whose works in the Louvre have for a century commanded the respect of critics, while the common people, by treasuring engraved copies of her pictures, have spread her fame throughout the world. This lady was commissioned to paint the portrait of the Queen in various ways, and is a capable and authoritative witness. She says: "Marie Antoinette was tall, admirably proportioned, plump, without being too much so; her arms were lovely, she had small and perfectly-shaped

hands and charming little feet. She walked better than any woman in France, holding her head very upright with a majesty which denoted the sovereign in the midst of her court, without this majestic bearing detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her whole aspect. In short, it is very difficult to give any idea to those who have not seen the Queen, how very elegant and beautiful she was. Her features were not at all regular. She inherited the long, narrow, oval face peculiar to the Austrian nation. Her eyes were not large, and were almost blue in color; her expression was clear and very soft. Her nose was thin and pretty, and her mouth was not large, although the lips were rather thick. The most remarkable thing about her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it, and 'brilliant' is the only word to express what it was; for her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the effect as I wished; paints failed to depict the freshness, the delicate tints of that charming face, which I never beheld in any other."

While these few happy days of Marie Antoinette were passing, the French people, to reduce the power of England, were extolling liberty and upholding George Washington. Franklin came to Paris, and was received with public honor. The Queen granted an audience to Lafayette, on his return from America. Yet both she and the King hoped the Americans would lose. She believed sincerely that all who wished to be free and dared to say so should be hanged as traitors to their King.

In 1783, one day, Marie Antoinette had "a bad quarter of an hour," as the French say. Madame Campan found her in bed, weeping bitterly. "Ah, that I were dead! Wretches! Monsters! What have I done to them? Leave me," said she, "if you love me. It would be better to

kill me at once." The Count of Artois (Charles X) arrived from the King, who was at Compiègne. After this, the Queen was herself again. It is to be supposed that Maurepas, Vergennes, and the rest of the anti-Austrian party, had supposed her ruin in the good opinion of the King was at hand. After this, she rapidly advanced as a political factor. Maurepas died. But Calonne was made Secretary of the Treasury after Necker, without her consent. St. Cloud was purchased, and there appeared on the walls of its gardens, at the head of its rules, in large letters, an expression "De par la Reine," instead of the familiar "De par le Roy." The Queen would not take down these offensive words, alleging that as she owned the grounds, there could be no objection to an order by the owner—the Queen. Nevertheless, afterwards, Esprémesnil, a prominent speaker in the Parliament of Paris, on this very account, said that it was "impolitic" and "immoral" for a Queen of France to have palaces of her own. The word "immoral" was thus fastened on the Queen in a public manner, and she never forgave Esprémesnil for it to her dying day, and harsh measures against him afterward grew out of it. But he, also, died on the scaffold. Thus, as the Revolution came forward, the people began to feel that they were dealing with "De par la Reine" instead of "De par le Roy." If the woman had been a French courtesan, they would have made no complaint; but they regarded the Austrian as an enemy of France—one likely to cede Lorraine and Alsace to Germany —was not her very German name "Lorraine"—her apostate father's name, "Lorraine"? Had not France suffered enough for Austria?

The censors of the police decided that Beaumarchais' comedy, "The Marriage of Figaro," could not be produced in public. It contained many of the views of Rous-

seau. Figaro said that "none but little minds dreaded little books"—nobody ought to be afraid of a joke. Figaro did not like the Bastille. Some of the philosophers had been there. Mirabeau was there now. The King asked to examine the play, which was bandied about in manuscript. He and the Queen read it. They denounced it, and the King forbade an especial rehearsal at the Théâtre Française. There was talk of "oppression" and "tyranny." Beaumarchais was angry when he saw the King's lettre de cachet. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "he will not suffer it to be played here; now I swear it shall be played —perhaps in the very choir of Notre Dame!" The piece was played, and Beaumarchais went to prison.

At Versailles, on the evening of March 27, 1785, Marie Antoinette gave birth to a second Prince, the Duke of Normandy, who became the Crown Prince and Louis XVII, and died in the Temple, under the patriotic processes of Simon the shoemaker. His birth marks the beginning of the awful sorrows of the Queen, for we have duly arrived at the story of the Diamond Necklace, an example of the most impudent roguery of which we have any account. The episode was made possible by the work of two or three starving thieves; the amount of money involved (in diamonds and cash) was about $310,000. The reputation of the Queen of France was placed in the scales by these thieves as if it counted for nothing. The architect of the plot was a woman named Lamotte, who claimed to be a descendant of the house of Valois, yet she did not know how Marie Antoinette signed her name; she convinced her dupe that she was an intimate friend of the Queen, and the Queen's only confidante in this matter, yet she had possibly never seen the Queen near enough to speak to her, and certainly the Queen had never seen her. Her dupe was the Prince Louis of Rohan, now Car-

dinal and Grand Almoner of France, an old man who saw the Queen often, and knew she hated him because of his unremitting enmity to her in her youth. We remember him as Ambassador to Vienna.

The "Story of the Diamond Necklace" itself makes two handsome volumes. We cannot omit the main details of the crime, because it was the ruin of the Queen in public estimation. Yet it may be surmised that only an outline of the later aspects of the case can be here attempted. Let it be understood that the one place where the French monarchy was always weak in its moral power, was to be found when it attempted to punish a great prelate.

Joseph Balsamo was a wicked youth of Palermo who robbed a goldsmith and fled into Egypt and Asia, where he learned to be a magician. He married a girl of eighteen, who pretended to be a woman of sixty, made young by the elixirs of the Count of Cagliostro, the title which Joseph assumed. History gives the best picture of Cagliostro while he was residing, or swindling, at Strasburg. He posed as a physician of enormous means, and to the eminent men who sought his confidence he exhibited his method of making diamonds. Gems of many carats he wore on his person, and no one could doubt his wealth. He bestowed charity by a stealth which soon echoed along the Rhine. He sought the poor and slighted the rich. His ways, however, were those of the mountebank, and certain parts of his dress retained the characteristic marks of a traveling seller of quack remedies. The wise were thus repelled, but the foolish were subjected to an eccentric tyranny which gratified only their curiosity. On entering a drawing-room, the bespangled alchemist extended his hand for the women to kiss. Seeking the Count at Strasburg came the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, who fell an

infatuated dupe at the first interview. Cagliostro made a big diamond for the Cardinal to wear, and the Cardinal begged to share his Parisian palace with Cagliostro. Now, while he is drinking the choicest Tokay from the Cardinal's cellars, the "Countess de la Motte," the chief impostor, unknown to him, also levels her covetous eyes on the riches of the prelate's palace. Cagliostro has never heard of her. She was and is a beggar. She has married a worthless fellow named Lamotte, who thinks something ought to be done out of her exalted pretension that she is a lineal descendant of Henry II of France (Catherine de' Medici's husband). The dead King, Louis XV, had ordered, for the Du Barry woman, a diamond necklace, the handsomest ever seen in Paris, worth $400,000. The necklace is finished, but the King is dead, and Bassange & Boehmer, court jewelers, will be ruined if they cannot sell it. Marie Antoinette will not have it, mainly because of its connection with the past. The Lamotte woman will find a purchaser, on a commission. She has heard all the slanders about the Queen, and has no doubt manufactured many herself. She visits the Cardinal, and makes him believe the Queen talks constantly of him to her. The Cardinal pays her about $30,000 to push his suit; and, as the money flows, the Queen seems to grow more and more fond of her old enemy in her converse with "her dear friend Lamotte." At last, the arch-plotter, not satisfied with all this money, makes the Cardinal believe that the Queen desires to buy the diamond necklace, and hopes that she can save the money out of her own revenues, and repay the Cardinal, if he will only secretly carry on the purchase for her. This act of friendship would instate the Cardinal as the favorite of the Queen. The Cardinal now bids Cagliostro, the sorcerer, to hold an incantation, and this seer learns astrally that the funds for such a purpose

are inexhaustible. The he-Lamotte has a comrade named Villette, who forges a poor counterfeit of the Queen's writing. Letters are given to the Cardinal, signed "Marie Antoinette de France," which, while vague, lead the senile adventurer blindly on. He, believing that he is the accepted lover of the Queen, and that he shall be another Richelieu or Mazarin, signs notes for $280,000, buys the necklace, and, from a skillfully arranged hiding-place, thinks he sees the casket given into the hands of one of the Queen's valets. He is led into the park at Versailles one dark night, and supposes that he kisses the Queen's hand, the rôle of Queen being played by a young woman named Oliva. The thieves now have the diamond necklace, have taken it to pieces, and have sold a long bill of diamonds in London. The Queen was to have worn the necklace in public at the feast of the Purification, but has not done so. The jewelers do not consider themselves safe with only the Cardinal's promissory notes; they have been shown the Queen's alleged letters, and they, too, believe, with the Cardinal, that the Queen is about to call him into the councils of the King. Boehmer hints and hints to the Queen, but she does not understand him; he visits Madame Campan, but that cautious person does not dare to warn or advise her mistress, the Queen. At last, Boehmer says flatly: "Your Majesty, there is no use of denying—we have your very order. If you have not the necklace, who has it? The Cardinal bought and gave it to you." Thereupon he produces the miserable forgery—"Marie Antoinette de France"— and the Queen for the first time sees what the Cardinal and the jewelers have believed of her. Right here the matter could have been hushed. The Cardinal would gratefully have paid all, and the Church party would not have been called to defend its great officer. But not Marie Antoinette alone hated Rohan. The

Baron de Breteuil, Home Secretary, was also a mortal enemy. Vermond was a foe. The Queen flew to the King. The Cardinal was called. He was in his full pontifical robes. He was sorry, indeed, and begged the pardon of their Majesties. "I see I have been hoodwinked and deceived," he repeated and repeated. It may be imagined that Marie Antoinette offered him a piece of her mind. How had he dared?—and then indeed she was humiliated. He was given into the hands of an inexperienced guard. He had time to send word to burn all his papers in the affair. He went to the Bastille. The woman Lamotte, and Cagliostro, Oliva and Villette were also imprisoned. The scandal became public August 17, 1785; the trial of the Cardinal lasted till August 31, 1786. The Church and a numerous party of nobles resented the arrest of the prelate, and as he entered the prison, or the parliament, for trial, as the case might be, the great dignitaries aligned themselves on each side, in suits of mourning. Thus the comedians had first called Louis a tyrant; now it was the Bishops and Archbishops. The Cardinal, after a long trial, was acquitted of all suspicion. Injurious accusations against him were suppressed. The woman Lamotte was branded with a red-hot iron and imprisoned.* The rest were acquitted, or had escaped. The acquittal of the Cardinal was received as a great popular triumph in Paris. Bonfires were lit. The name of the Austrian She-Wolf was nearly everywhere held up to public scorn, and to complete the follies of the Ministry, the woman Lamotte was quietly told to escape because of threats that her husband would print more libels on the Queen at London. The good name of the Queen was destroyed among the common people. They shook their heads and said: "Where there has so long been so much smoke, there must

*See "Story of the Diamond Necklace," by Vizetelly.

be some fire." The extraordinary effrontery of the Lamotte woman, in singling out Marie Antoinette for a victim of the rudest and most uncouth knavery; the astonishing fortune of the robber in deceiving Rohan, Cagliostro, and the jewelers; the blindness of Rohan, who had been so long at court, before the explosion; the blindness of the vengeful Minister and the royal victim, their lack of foresight after the explosion—these considerations have offered insoluble problems to all the historians of the French Revolution. Now it was the cry of the agitators, when taxes were needed, that they were to buy millinery for Madame Deficit; to print "De par la Reines;" to send money to Austria; or to pay for the diamond necklace. When the States General were summoned, to find a way out (by new taxation) the comic papers of that day made their great hit. A rustic has convoked the poultry of his barnyard: "Dear animals, I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress you with," to which a cock responds, "My dear master, we don't want to be eaten!" "Ah!" says the logician, "you wander from the point."

But the States-General have not been summoned. There is first to be that ill-conceived act of the Abbé de Vermond, who, grateful to the man who appointed him French tutor to the Archduchess at Vienna, now persuades his royal pupil to persuade the King to appoint the Archbishop of Toulouse, Loménie de Brienne, President of the Council of Finance. "Seventeen years of patience are not too great a price," said Vermond, "for success at court." It is one of the most striking deeds of gratitude on record, and one of the most ill-fated. In his struggles with the notables and with the twelve parliaments in different parts of France, Brienne stirred up the true hornet's nest of the Revolution. He was just strong-minded enough to carry a part of his will by military means. He made

peace when he ought to have made war, and vice versa. But the King had never liked Vermond, and spoke to him but once in nineteen years. The lackeys rose when "Monsieur the Abbé" was passing, but the King was afraid of Loménie, the Abbé's man. The Queen had to take hold and push the King into the arrests and attacks on parliaments that followed. When the Emperor of Austria (Joseph II, who had been so rude at Paris,) went to war with the Turks, the Austrian treaty compelled France to send 24,000 soldiers or $2,700,000. "How could they be so wicked," asked Marie Antoinette, "as to send off those fifteen millions from the general post (diligence, or coach) office, publishing, even to the street porters, that they were loading the carriages with money that I was sending to my brother; whereas it is certain that the money would have been sent if I had belonged to another house." She had asked for soldiers, instead. Yet it is easy to see how she would be hated in that era of droughts and hailstorms, intense cold in winter, extreme heat in summer, famine, and political excitement.

With Brienne in the Cabinet, it seemed that the Queen, for the first time, had the reins of government in her hands. She tasted of power. But she lacked her mother's genius for it. She was capricious. She thought she did not want it. She wanted to play shepherdess or actress once more. She liked Brienne, because he had no sympathy with rebels in America or fishwives and agitators on the bridges of Paris. In demanding new taxes he exiled eight Parliaments, he closed the Parliament at Paris, he arrested Esprémesnil to pay off that old score about the word "immoral," he set up so much sedition that money got scarce. The Jews would naturally visit the sins of the mother on the daughter, yet a financial panic could not be brought on France as quickly as on America. The

French do not deposit in banks. But money in the family safes (caisses) was getting scarcer, and in the King's safe there was less than had been seen since Henry IV was outside of Paris. At last Brienne, after seizing the strong box of a private lottery, published notice of forty per cent payment in warrants, sixty per cent in cash, on all public indebtedness, and a financial panic came. Brienne must go. He wept. The Queen wept. But she loaded him with honors and praised him as a loyal servant. If she could have had her way fully, he would have stayed longer. When he was hissed out of Versailles; when the mob built the old Gallic wicker giant Brienne and burned it with riotings, it was time for Marie Antoinette to depart for Vienna. She then could have reached Schönbrunn in safety. "Prime Minister Cardinal Archbishop Loménie de Brienne," says Carlyle. "Flimsier mortal was seldom fated to do as weighty a mischief. Fired, as the phrase is, with ambition; blown, like a kindled rag, the sport of winds, not this way, not that way, but of all ways straight toward such a powder-mine—which he kindled! Let us pity the helpless Loménie, and forgive him; and, as soon as possible, forget him." The germ of the Jacobin Club had now risen in Brittany.

This is what the tutor of Marie Antoinette brought about. The mob knew even that, and when the ancient Gallic wicker Loménie was burned, a mock Abbé de Vermond shrove him before execution on the bridge. The mobs now did as they pleased, frequently demanding toll of all nobles, with ceremonious bows to the statue of Henry IV, "the people's King," as the saying then went. Of all Loménie's blunders, the one calling for the States General, or the one conceding it, was the chief. Again, when the King called the elections, in January,

1789, at the instance of the Queen, he gave the Third Estate (lawyers and other people not ennobled or consecrated) a double representation (not a double vote) because it was thought this class could be most easily influenced. This was in opposition to the views of the Princes, and another fatal act of the Queen. The Duke of Orleans was conspiring to be King, and in doing so, was hiring mobs to exclaim against the Queen. As she went to the opening of the States-General, some fish-wives cried out, "The Duke of Orleans forever!" The Queen, supposing the uprising had come, fainted. This was May 4, 1789. It was the last time she ever appeared in full regalia. The great Congress received the King with testimonials of good will. But it was plain that the assemblage looked on the Queen with suspicion. The rural members determined to see the Little Trianon. When they found only the mimic farm-houses, they thought it all a sham, built on purpose to deceive them. They asked to see the chamber, ornamented with diamonds, whose wreathed columns were studded with sapphires and rubies! The exaggerated ideas formed of the luxury of Madame Deficit, the Austrian She-Wolf, could not be weakened even with careful examination. She must have had an extraordinary knack of making bitter enemies.

The Bastille was overrun July 14, 1789. The mob came to Versailles, and demanded to see the royal family. Madame Campan went down and mingled with the multitude. "I know you very well," said a disguised woman. "Tell your Queen not to meddle with government any longer; let her leave her husband and our good States General to effect the happiness of the people." A man seized her by the other arm: "Yes, yes, tell her over and over again; tell her, do you hear?"

A man walked under the windows of Madame Victoire ("Fat Pig"). She told Madame Campan it was Saint Huruge, a creature of the Duke of Orleans. He was uttering horrible imprecations against the throne. He had been imprisoned as a vile character. On the 17th the King went to Paris and addressed the insurrectionaries. The Queen thought he would never come back. She at once determined to die with him. The "emigration" had begun. The next day, when the King had returned, she was not the less mortally offended that Bailly (astronomer), Mayor of Paris, had said that the people had "conquered" their King. They could kill her, but they could not cure her of being Queen. It was in Isabella, in Maria Theresa, in her—unbending empire. She was the perfect aristocrat. Yet she never said: "The people have no bread—why do they not eat cake?" or, if she said it, it was a poor jest, said as a jest, not even to be repeated. It did not comport with her view of aristocracy. She would be kind to a horse, to a cow, to a peasant. If one of them were in distress she would come out of her carriage, if necessary, to relieve the sufferer. She stooped to pick up Vigée Lebrun's brushes for her, and with good reason. But this very kindness reacted against her when the lowly learned what an inborn Queen she was. Foulon said: "Let the people eat grass!" His head was cut off, and the mouth stuffed with grass. The expression was fastened on the Queen by Orleans, who now figured as Equality—truly, a human monster. The Abbé de Vermond escaped alive to Vienna.

On the 5th of October the Queen was sitting for the last time in a grotto of Little Trianon when she heard the mob was coming to take the royal family to Paris, to prevent their retiring to a fortress. She returned to the palace of Versailles. The fishwives came on, holding

their white aprons out and furiously demanding the bowels of Marie Antoinette. She went to bed at 2 in the morning. At 4:30 the mob broke in to kill her. She was awakened by her people, and fled to the King's apartments. At 1 the next day the royal family took carriages, in a long procession, for Paris. The fishwives went in front, crying: "We shall now have bread—we have brought back the baker, the baker's wife, the baker's boy!" —one of the grimmest popular slogans ever uttered. As she left Versailles the Queen said to Madame Campan: "When kings become prisoners they have not long to live!" A Queen could not flee—she must die perforce.

The next day, at the Tuileries in Paris, there was more tumult. The little boy who had lived—the first one was dead—cried to his mother: "Bon dieu, mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

The year 1790 opened with the Queen at the Tuileries. Her brother, Joseph II, Emperor of Austria, died. She did not consider that he had been a good brother. Undoubtedly he wanted Lorraine and Alsace at the expense of the Revolution. When summer came the royal family went to St. Cloud, near by, on the Seine. Things were quieter; it was safe to go out alone. The Queen plotted forever to escape—but never alone. The Federation of Patriots, 400,000 people, met on the Champs de Mars. The Queen was astonished to see that the people believed the King was happy. She could not and would not accept the Revolution. An assassin came to kill her. An attempt was made to poison her. Mirabeau came to the gardens of St. Cloud to sell out the Revolution. He had a consultation with Marie Antoinette, and was charmed with her. He spent the money he got thus basely with a prodigality that aroused comment. She hated Lafayette, Commander of the National Guard, who had exer-

cised so poor control over the seditious inhabitants. He was, in her eyes, a rebel, pure and simple. She allowed her women to speak of him as "a rebel and a brigand." They were all at the Tuileries again on New Year's day, 1790. Adelaide and Victoire ("Fat Pig" and "Rag") left their home at Bellevue with a suite of eighty attendants, for the frontier, and only scurrilous comments were made in the newspapers. The Chronicle of Paris said Adelaide wished to enjoy the rights of man—a jest touching her single state. Mirabeau died—perhaps he was poisoned. Thus all Marie's bribe-money was lost. When the King came to enter his carriage for St. Cloud, the guards said he could not go. The Assembly had suspended his monarchical power for a time. The Queen thought of nothing but flight, and managed it with her usual folly—finding it impossible to go till she had a certain toilet case, etc. On Monday night, June 20, 1791, the King and Queen, as valet and waiting maid of "the Russian Baroness Korff" (Madame de Tourzell), leave the environs of Paris in a bright berline (coach) and the Baroness carries "De par le Roy" (passport) entitling her to travel. Paris awakes and finds the King gone. It is said Robespierre turns pale. The lumbering Korff coach gets no further than the town of Varennes. Maniacal France pounces on its King. On Saturday evening the Korff berline re-enters Paris with the entire populace out to see it in the silence of Terror. For on the walls is Robespierre's warning: "Whosoever insults Louis shall be caned. Whosoever applauds him shall be hanged!" The Revolution has determined that the royal family and nobles are one and all traitors to Fatherland, and mean to gather at the frontier and march with foreigners into France, to hang patriots.

The Queen sat silent, looking unutterable scorn at her

rebels. On the way in from Varennes she had bewitched Barnave, a patriot sent to fetch her back. But Pétion, a fellow patriot, she could not win, or did not try. Pétion pulled the boy's curls. "Give me my son," said the Queen in the coach; "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity!" Yet see what a caprice seized her at a moment of horror—namely: A noble was murdered at the King's carriage on leaving Varennes. Barnave sat in the carriage with the Queen and Elizabeth, King's sister. A few miles out a poor priest stepped up to speak with the King; the same murderers set out to kill him, too. Barnave, seeing the danger, threw himself out of the coach window; the pious Elizabeth, fearing for him, held him by the coat-tails. "Tigers!" cried Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen?" This saved the priest. The Queen tittered at sight of Elizabeth holding a man by the coat-tails. At such times she had to laugh, if she died for it. Yet when she returned to the Tuileries her hair was silvery white. It had been bleached by sorrow, and her true sorrows had not yet come.

The next thing of importance was the firing by Bailly (moderate rebel) on the extreme rebels in the Champs de Mars. This worried the Queen, who was now operating by bribery. On the 14th of September she had the extreme mortification of seeing the King accept a new title and become merely President. When the royal pair rode in the carriage, there were acclamations of "Live the King!" but a fanatic ran beside the carriage, and, with a croaking voice, cried: "No! don't believe them! Live the Nation!" The Queen was terrified by this brute, and thought he meant to kill her. The Queen never accepted the new ideas of brotherhood—she was incapable of it. The King, while he dissembled, admired her for her out-

and-out royalty. The old ladies of the court, with their titles, were, equally with her, without power to accept private station. They left her, when that sacrifice was asked of them, and the Queen did not blame them.

The Emperor Leopold II, another brother of the Queen, died March 1, 1792. She wrote a letter of condolence to Francis II, her nephew, who was to be the last Emperor of Germany. The Jacobins said "a bit of pie crust had fixed the Emperor." The Queen had allied herself thoroughly with Barnave and the Constitutionalists—they believing in her and she deceiving them. The royal princes were at sword's points with her on matters of policy, but they were on the frontier in safety. Nobody, however, could act in harmony with her except the King—and he perished along with his adviser. Yet nobody else advised him to be King.

Early in 1792 the branded woman Lamotte published a new libel on the Queen. The King bought the edition for $5,000. The Jacobins at the Sèvres pottery would not burn it. They brought the sheets to the bar of the Assembly. The nation, while it sincerely detested Marie Antoinette, who could not bend, was inclined to love Louis, who possessed some tact and was not a natural foe —was, in fact, a good Frenchman all through, trying to learn what the Revolution was, and what it wanted. Armies were now invading France, and the personal danger of the unfortunate monarch alarmed all the moderate democrats. The logic of the situation showed that he or France must perish, and this dilemma afflicted many sincere patriots, who had not looked for an alternative so solemn. Party spirit ran high. A little after Easter, 1792, General Dumouriez, afterward the successful French captain, secretly threw himself at the Queen's feet and kissed her hand. He told her he had pulled the red

cap of liberty down over his ears, it was true, but he was not prepared for a reign of burglars. She replied to the man at her feet that the protestations of a traitor were not to be relied on. Barnave concluded that the Queen was insincere, and therefore could not be saved. He abandoned his efforts, tried to escape, and was guillotined. The entire Barnave episode reflects creditably on Barnave's humanity.

About June 5, 1792, the King became so despondent that for ten days he did not speak. The Queen at last reproached him—that all ought to die bravely. On the 15th bills passed by the Assembly were brought to him deporting all the priests and forming a camp of defense of 20,000 men. The Queen persuaded him to veto the bills, and he did it unwillingly. Thereafter he was called Capet Veto. He thus desired that Paris should be captured. Why not?—the Queen asked him. What he feared, happened. The mob came to the Tuileries to plant the tree of liberty. They put the red cap on the King. Twelve Deputies from the Assembly at last came and stood before the King to protect him. The Queen showed to the Deputies the pitiable state the royal family were in. A Deputy (Merlin) wept. She said: "You weep for your King." He answered: "I weep for a beautiful mother. Not one of my tears falls for either King or Queen; I hate kings and queens. It is the only feeling they inspire me with—it is my religion." The mob did not murder the royal family. The reason, as the King now knew and said, was that word had passed for a solemn criminal trial. City and Legislative Assembly were at outs. If the Assembly condemned the King, then it would be forgiven; or, rather, purged of its sins. The conservatism of the Assembly angered the butchers of Belleville and the tanners of St. Antoine. An attack on the Tuileries in savage

earnestness was planned by Danton and Robespierre. The Queen had $28,000 in gold, which the Assembly had paid. This she was to lose to the mob. Lafayette offered a plan to save the royal prisoners. The Queen did not wish to accept the aid of a man who had wrought her ruin, as she believed. In July an assassin penetrated to her bed, and fought with her guard. She cried: "What a situation!—insults by day and assassins by night!" Her hysteria, which had caused many of her follies, left her. She became brave as a lion, scornful of the depraved men and women who came to annoy or kill her, and asked only the honor of dying beside her King. The Revolution, to measurably punish her for the crime of Aristocracy, denied her this martyrdom, yet yielded to her a more splendid name.

On Friday, the 10th of August, 1792, came that terrible insurrection of Paris, when the city defied France and overthrew Constitution, Veto, King, Order, Liberty, everything. The mob assaulted the Tuileries, massacred the loyal Swiss Guards, and nearly 5,000 people were slain. The Assembly was sitting in a building of the Tuileries. The Assembly, itself expecting massacre, sent for the royal party. The Queen did not want to go. She desired to die with her guards. She went, only hoping to save others. Her watch and purse were stolen on the way. They entered the Assembly—the King, Marie Antoinette, Elizabeth, and the boy and girl. They were crowded into a little box for the reporters of an obscure newspaper (the Logographe). Conflagration lit up the atmosphere in red flame. Cannons roared, the wounded shrieked, the musketry rattled, and patriots on these benches who for years had prayed that they might offer their lives for liberty, now turned pale to see the greater cost of living through such shameful scenes. Truly

enough, Marie Antoinette had come to no friendly haven. She did not ask charity. She wanted justice, and justice lay over there behind her Swiss Guards, should they win. Then she could rid the world of the monsters whom she had not known to exist. The Assembly, to save its own ranks from massacre, and as if it had called its victims to increase their humiliations, solemnly deposed the King and abolished the Constitution. About 2 o'clock a. m., in the light of the funeral pyre of dead bodies about which patriots, burglars, butchers, murderers danced in brotherly, Bacchic, and infernal joy, the royal family was sent up to a committee-room in an abandoned monastery. There they stayed till the next day, and then passed another day in the box of the Logographe, the massacres, noise, and terrible scenes continuing outside. The Tuileries was given up to pillage. The Queen could not forbear weeping over the loss of their Kingdom to her children. There were three days of these goings and comings. On the way, the third day, a good-looking young man put his fist in the Queen's face: "Infamous Antoinette!" he cried, "you would bathe the Austrians in our blood—you shall pay for it with your head!" Meanwhile the Insurrectionary City of Paris, triumphant, with its Commune in council at the City Hall, demanded the royal prisoners, and on Monday, the 13th, took them to the Temple. The short ride in carriages occupied two hours. "As to the Queen," says Beauchesne, "so noble, so lofty, never was abandoned woman driven from her den with more insolence and more cruelty." Every foreign Ambassador at once fled from France.

The reader should possess a clear idea of the Temple. It was another Bastille. The patriots, now turned tyrants, were glad they had spared it. Here, from August 13,

1792, until August 1, 1793, was enacted the next to the final act in the drama of Marie Antoinette's existence.

When Joan of Arc went down from Montmartre to attack the fortress of Paris, another fortress stood to the northeast. This was the New City of the Temple. Paris had grown around the circuit of the Temple's walls in 1792, but the reduced city of the knights still had ramparts and gates which were shut each night. In an angle or notch of these walls rose the tower of the Temple, of massive stone masonry, with walls nine feet thick. At each corner was a round turret. The main building was 150 feet high, and the turrets were surmounted with sharp cupolas that looked like candle-extinguishers on candles. Beside the Tower, with no interior connection, was a Little Tower. It was long and narrow; a smaller turret and cupola on each outside corner (two cupolas in all); not so high as the main Tower, to which it adjoined. A broad ditch surrounded the stronghold. The Commune did not want the royal family massacred. The Temple was demolished by Napoleon Bonaparte. The Temple Market now covers the site.

The Queen was allowed a companion, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel (she that was Madame Korff in the berline at Varennes); Madame Tourzel's daughter shared the room of Elizabeth. The five women and two children occupied the second floor of the Little Tower. Before the 2d of September the three associated women were taken away. The King was on the third floor, at first with two men, afterward alone with his valet, Cléry. There was, at last, but the faithful Cléry to serve what was the most helpless family in France. The Commune told off a number of its delegates or Municipals to take charge of the Temple for each day. The walls outside were built higher, and fear that there would be an

escape became an outright mania among the Jacobins. The rooms were not ill-furnished. The Queen, said the patriots, could now put to use some of the frugalities she learned while playing shepherdess. Meanwhile the Prussians advanced on Paris, to put an end to anarchy, and perhaps to France. The captives were called "national hostages."

They had been in prison but a few weeks when Danton and Marat planned and executed the prison massacres of September 2 to 7. At the various places of detention certainly 1,089 "aristocrats" were butchered, the butchers receiving pay for their "civism." The murder of the Princess de Lamballe was especially demoniacal. Her head was brought on a pike to the Temple, which the mob had some notion to storm. Now, as on the 10th of August and later, the captives expected every moment to be killed, yet when Marie Antoinette was brutally told that she ought to look on the head of Lamballe, her friend, to save her own life, she fainted away. More terrible news has rarely been told to wretched persons outside of Asia. The mob of cannibals cried out: "We want the She-Austrian! We want a pendant for Lamballe." They had the headless naked corpse of Lamballe, and insisted on entering the gate with the body, and returning out of the Tower with that of Marie Antoinette in addition. A Municipal made them a speech. "The head of Antoinette does not belong to you alone," he said. "The departments of France also have their rights to it." The mob, cheated of its expected prey, continued all night its drunken orgy of blood. The heart of the Princess of Lamballe was cooked in a wine-shop opposite the gate of the Temple, and eaten by the party of good patriots that had hoped to add the heart of their Queen to the feast of Liberty.*

*Beauchesne: "Louis XVII," book 6.

On the 29th of September, 1792, the King was taken into the Great Tower. Three weeks later, the rest of the family were given quarters over the King. The tears shed at the partings in the Temple caused Simon the shoemaker to say: "I do believe these devils of women will make me cry. Hah!" he yelled to the Queen, "when you were assassinating the people, the 10th of August, you did not weep!" There were so many jailers, there was so much cheap patriotism, that an imprisonment which began with some traces of humanity, soon degenerated into a competitive espionage by cowards, and the captives, especially the women, might well grow tired of life. The tongue of the Queen was often sharp, and she did not bear the indignities practised on her without repaying with a genuine and effective scorn the wretches who in the name of Freedom insulted her.

The trial of the King before the Assembly began December 11, when he went to the sittings. The Queen did not meet him until January 20, 1793. The next day he was to die. Cléry, the valet, saw the family through the glass door. The King must have given them the first news of his fate. The entire group caressed him. He spoke an hour and three quarters, the grief of the women increasing. He rose first. They came toward the glass door, a spectacle to melt the stoutest heart. "Farewell! farewell!" he cried, and tore himself from their arms. Their cries and lamentations echoed in the sepulchral building, and continued for many minutes. They never saw him again. The Queen, with mighty effort, put her son to bed. She shivered with grief and cold all night. At 6 in the morning she began her watch to meet the King once more, nor did she lose hope until an extraordinary noise of public rejoicing led her to opine that he was now no more.

The next day her feebleness was extreme. It was with difficulty that she aroused herself to her duties. At last she said to her son: "My child, we must turn our thoughts to God." She gazed on her children with a look so mournful that the only one who lived to recall it shuddered as she spoke of it.

The mute picture, seen with faithful Cléry's eyes through the glass door, of the good King of France telling his little flock that he must go away from them to-morrow, must leave them to the hounds that every day increased their insults; that he must prepare himself also to appear before his Creator guiltless of the Revolution; that he must leave the vindication of his good name to those lovers of justice, if any, who should escape the vengeance of Liberty—this great biograph, kinetoscope, yet passes before the vision of men, growing misty as they look, and tearful.

"Commune of Paris—Sitting of Wednesday, 23d January, 1793. The Council General decrees mourning of a very simple character for Antoinette, her sister, and her children." Thus at last we behold, officially, the Widow Capet. She blamed herself that she had perhaps led the King to the scaffold by her unwillingness to make truces with her foes. Yet always, she said, in triumph: "I shall rejoin him on the scaffold."

But the Revolution had sharper pangs than those of the guillotine for Marie Antoinette. "On 3d July, 1793," report the Municipals, "at half-past 9 o'clock p. m., we entered the apartment of the Widow Capet, and made known the order of the Committee of Public Safety. After various entreaties to the contrary, the Widow Capet at length determined to give up her son to us."

As the door shut on her child, she threw herself on the bed, rolled, gnashed her teeth, and went from one paroxysm of grief to another, so utterly untenable was the

thought of giving up her little boy, the King, who had been proclaimed in every other nation, to the monsters who meant to transform him into an imbecile. Simon, the drunken shoemaker, now set out to make a good patriot of Little Capet. The Municipals asked the Queen if she wanted anything. "I want my son," she answered. Through cracks in the walls or battlements, she learned that her son was addressed only with oaths, and was whipped till he sang regicide songs. "It was the tears shed by my poor child, far from me, that I felt falling back upon my heart. I care for nothing now! God has forsaken us! I dare not even pray. My child! my child!"

The daughter said that night to Elizabeth: "Grand ciel! how sad my mother has been to-day." The Queen went up on the Tower again and again. She never more saw her son.

An aged man, in more peaceful days, told the following tale: When he was a boy, he carried water to the Queen. He went the first time, bearing the pitcher, with his uncle. The boy knew her only as the Widow Capet. He saw a pale, cold, stern-looking woman, with snow-white hair, standing bolt upright. She started violently when she saw the boy. "Who is this Widow Capet?" he asked, outside. "She is a bad, wicked woman, who has been the curse of France!" Daily he carried the pitcher of water. One day, noticing that his uncle was drunk, he slipped three primroses in her hand. The Queen took them, hid them in her dress, and wept.

Thursday, August 1, 1793, Barère brought a sensational report of country-in-danger to the tribune of the Assembly. "Is it our forgetting the crimes of the Austrian woman?" he asked. "Was that the sin of Liberty?" Then he succeeded in passing several orders, this one in particular: "Marie Antoinette is sent to the Tribunal Ex-

traordinary. She will be immediately conveyed to the Conciergerie (prison.)" The Conciergerie was known to be already overcrowded, while the Temple offered a safe and sanitary place of detention. When this decree was read to Marie Antoinette, she did not say a word. She exhorted her daughter and Elizabeth to be as courageous as she was, and blessing them she departed. She accidentally struck her head with force above a door on going out. "No, no," she said, "nothing henceforth can hurt me." "The Republic," said Barère eloquently, "must strike England, Austria, and the Temple on one and the same day."

She was taken to the Conciergerie, on the island, and placed in a damp and ill-smelling room or dungeon. A highwayman and murderer was her guard. She was destitute of shoes, and had no other dress than the black widow's gown of January 23, which wore rapidly. Her bed was of straw. She was not given a fair opportunity to hide herself at any time from the gaze of the wretch who guarded her. Her sharp voice left her. Her calm, majestic, unbending demeanor awed all who came to further persecute her. She herself was dead to the world. The Revolution had done its worst when it took away her son. Thus passed nearly three months, disgraceful to France.

When her day of "trial" was proclaimed, she sought to so mend her damp rags as to cover her person decently. She appeared in the court of the infamous Fouquier-Tinville early in the Reign of Terror, when time was given to each case. She was but 38, yet her white hair and lofty manner gave to her an appearance of much greater age. The hall of the court was crowded. The place was lit with rows of candles. Many witnesses were heard. All were afraid to speak in her favor, yet there was some difficulty in fixing any "crime" upon her. An infamous

editor, Hébert, at last testified that she had taught her little son unnatural acts. She would not reply to the abominable incrimination. Pressed for an answer, she cried: "Human nature refuses to answer such an accusation brought against a mother. I appeal to all the mothers who are here!" When Robespierre heard of Hébert's indictment he, a monster who had no children, swore at Hébert's villainy. The very Jacobins in court cried down the charge. "You have assassinated my husband—assassinate me!" was her calm challenge. Her trial closed at 4 in the morning of the second day. The candles were burning low in their sockets. There was an awe, more in the proud attitude of the deserted Queen, than in this climax of the long rancor of a nation against the white-haired widow who once was its radiant Queen. Those who were near her had hated her because she was proud; now they admired her because they had failed, with massacre, treason, Revolution, sorrow, despair, with all the engines of cowardice and cruelty, to humble that high head, or turn away that dauntless eye—daughter of Isabella, stranger in a foreign land, forsaken by all knightly souls; for each single venial sin and folly of her sex, punished by fate ten thousand times.

"Have you anything to say?" asked Fouquier-Tinville. She shook her head. The sentence of immediate execution was passed. Daylight appeared. The drums beat at the barracks. The army assembled in the streets. The cannons were placed on the bridges. She returned to her cell and wrote a letter to her sister Elizabeth and her daughter. At 11 o'clock of Wednesday, October 16, 1793, she stepped into the tumbril or two-wheeled cart, clad in a white under-dress. She appeared neither proud nor abashed. Her eyes were blood shot. Her face betokened a past, not a present, of prodigious suffering.

She thought not of the multitudes, they were sure of that, and felt the more ignoble. As she mounted the guillotine she looked toward the gardens of the Tuileries. It was then noted that she had a thought which kindled her emotions. She asked the butcher to hasten. She lay down upon the plank, was bound, and at 12:15 the knife fell. Those who, in ruining her, had brought down the universe upon their own heads, had now wrought their perfect work. One of them, particularly, the Duke of Orleans, was to follow her up the very steps of the guillotine. The executioner seized those short white locks. He raised the head before the fishwives and the multitude, he shouted: "Live the Republic!" and the cry re-echoed on every street and bridge, from wall to wall of Paris—aye, from the Mountain of Valerian to the fortress of Vincennes. On the registers of the cemetery of La Madeleine, near by the guillotine, among the records of general interments, may be read: "For the coffin of the Widow Capet, seven francs."

Not a crime was ever fastened upon her, while all her judges perished as villains. Yet no other woman has evoked the unanimous resentment of a nation. She was a good wife and a loving mother. She looked on the bright side of life. She was beautiful, and seemed born to bring joy into the world. Yet her mere existence set fiercely ablaze the smouldering wickedness of mankind.

She is generally considered to have touched more keys on the gamut of human feeling, through experience, than any other person of whom we have complete accounts. From the palace of the Cæsars at Vienna, and the august moral atmosphere of the circle of Maria Theresa, to the moral air poisoned by the utterances of Lamotte, Cagliostro, Rohan, Marat, Barère, and Hébert, and the wet straw pallet in the dungeon under the river at the Con-

ciergerie; from the delight on being the mother of a King to the agony of hearing the ribald songs of her tortured child; from the jovial shouts of admiration in the peasants' mouths, to the obscenities and imprecations of a whole populace of madmen and furies; from the cradle of an Empire to the quicklime of a common foss—what sister or brother soul other than she has journeyed on so long, so terrible a road? And if there be a measure of justice prepared for those who go beyond this world, it cannot be amiss in us to shed a tear for her, to bless her brave, beleaguered heart, to blush for human cruelty, and pray that none so good again shall raise so many foes.

JOSEPHINE

A. D. 1763-1814

FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

There was a heart so kind in the Famous Woman of whom we are now to speak that the world, viewing her life carefully, has called her "La Bonne Joséphine"—the Good Josephine. It sometimes happens that the attendance of the grateful poor at the funeral ceremonies of the benevolent is the only true measure of the good that the deceased did while living; and, by this measure, the Empress Josephine took on great fame, because her death happened at a moment when popular opinion was running strongly against Napoleon, and yet two thousand of the poor whom in life she had befriended, surrounded the little church at Rueil and silently paid the tribute of affectionate memory that few receive.

Josephine was as fond of display as Cleopatra, but she was less able than Catherine II, yet the conduct of an Empire never fell to her lot. She was one of the very few of the Napoleon people who died in a palace, with wealth, title, and social standing intact. So amiable had been her career, so gentle her birth, so lofty her titles, that the triumphant sovereigns of the Holy Alliance, when they arrived in Paris, in 1814, found her palace of Malmaison neutral ground, and, by their visits and councils, gave to her salon a prestige that perhaps no other woman has won in history. She was Napoleon's true friend to the last, securing Elba for him and a duchy for her daughter.

When Josephine married Napoleon as her second hus-

band, she made an alliance beneath her social station, but there was then good reason to believe that all social barriers had been swept away in France, and that merit would assure good manners and courtly bearing. As the event proved to be different, it fell to the lot of Josephine to form around her that nucleus of the ancient nobility by which Napoleon might restore the usages, etiquette, meetings and greetings of a monarch's household. It was entirely through Josephine that Napoleon was enabled to separate himself from the Terrorists who had guillotined Josephine's first husband and imprisoned her in the Carmelite. She fulfilled her task easily, because she was, by common consent, the most graceful and tactful person whom the entire French Court has produced. If Napoleon had listened to her, he would not have shot the Duke of Enghien; he would not have gone to Bayonne; he would not have gone to Russia.

Those kind readers who have perused the pages here devoted to Madame de Maintenon, cannot fail to muse upon the coincidence that the little Island of Martinique, on our side of the ocean, should have been the home of both Maintenon and Josephine, two women who were to disburse vast sums of public money in France, and be intimately connected with the government of the leading nation of their time.

Madame de Maintenon wrought on Louis XIV always through deception; never did she let him know her real thoughts. But there was a side to Napoleon's nature that appreciated at its full value the attainments and ability of Josephine. She could not, and to gain her way, she did not try to deceive him. She was opposed, during her married life with him, by a large group of his relatives, who hated her with Italian rancor, and sought her downfall in his good opinion by every art that ingenious minds

could devise. Yet it required a weighty state question to sunder the great couple, and even then, Napoleon proved a tenderer friend than ever. Her unshaken hold upon the confidence of the most distrustful of men is a testimony of her fortitude and a tribute to his good judgment.

A very strange fact confronts us in the history of the pair. After the close of the Reign of Terror, whose atmosphere we have just left on the previous pages, there were strange fashions for a time. At dance-halls "balls of victims" would be given, where the relatives of guillotined persons would dance away the hours; in rivalry, the other faction would rent a hall on another floor, and hold "balls of the butchers," to which only apologists for the guillotine were invited. Josephine was a directress of a "ball of victims," at the Hôtel de Richelieu (whither we saw Madame de Maintenon going); the dancers were attired in black; the violins were tied with black ribbons. On the floor above, at the same hour, Barras and Bonaparte danced at a "ball of butchers" (executioners), both in red costumes, with red ribbons on the instruments of the orchestra which furnished the music of the festival.*

We are not able to learn that the father of Josephine was certainly of a noble family, although it is probable. He was reduced in fortune and emigrated to the West Indies, where he became the manager of a plantation. His brother, also an emigrant, was no more fortunate as to wealth. But a sister, living in France, Madame de Renaudin, appears to have sustained both the pride and fortunes of the house, as will be seen.

Marie Rose Josèphe Tascher de la Pagerie (Josephine), the eldest of three sisters, was born at St. Pierre (some say Trois-Ilets), Island of Martinique, West Indies, June

* Le Quotidien, Jan., 9, 1795. Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 18. Here it is stated that Barras introduced Bonaparte to Josephine for the first time, on the staircase of the Hôtel de Richelieu.

23, 1763. Napoleon was five years yet unborn. Her pet name was Yeyette. She seems to have been sent to a convent to head off or hush up an affair with William Stuart, heir to Lord Lovat, who could not marry her, but ensnared her affections, and annoyed not only Josephine's first and second husbands, but appeared on the scene at the end, in Malmaison. The Beauharnais family had also emigrated to the island colony, holding the Governorship, and there was a son, the Viscount Alexander, who had obtained the office of second major in a regiment by dancing well at Versailles, but was heavily in debt. The aunt Renaudin and Alexander were in France. She arranged to pay the dower of a Tascher for his wife, and the bargain was settled in solemn French style. The second sister was chosen; she died; the younger one was next selected, when Josephine asserted her own interests; the younger sister refused to leave her mother, and Josephine, who was considered a little too old for the market in which she was sold, or the class in which the entry had been made, was shipped to Havre in the thick of English pirates. In fact, three female cousins were shipped in three vessels —one became the Empress Josephine; another Madame de Peyronnet, wife of Charles X's Minister; the third, falling among the pirates, was sold as a slave at Constantinople, and became the Sultana Valida, favorite of Sultan Mustapha. At the same time, Napoleon was landing in France on the southern shore.

Josephine was married to the Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais, son of a poor Marquis, at Noisy-le-Grand, December 13, 1779. The couple soon went to court at Versailles, and Josephine was twice received at the Trianon Palace by Marie Antoinette. A son, Eugene, was born in 1781. The pair quarreled, and the William-Stuart story came to the surface—William Stuart himself

came to the surface. With this, Alexander set sail for Martinique as a volunteer, but with a desire to look up Josephine's past. Hortense, his daughter, was born while he was gone. At Martinique he fell in love with another woman, who tactfully gave him a melancholy account of Josephine. On this the indignant Tascher offered to take back his poor daughter, and wrote a fine letter of indignation to Alexander: "This, then, is the fruit of your voyage, and the brilliant campaign you were to fight against the enemies of your country. It has ended in a war against the reputation of your wife, and the tranquillity of her family."

Beauharnais returned to France and brought suit for divorce before the Parliament of Paris. A year later the court decreed a separation, with a verdict of faults on both sides. The husband kept the son, and paid alimony of $2,000 a year. Josephine went to a convent to board. Some of her husband's relatives sided with her.

In 1788 Josephine returned to Martinique, and stayed three years. Her husband went into politics, and took the side of the discontented nobility, derisively called "Frondeurs" by Marie Antoinette. In three years Josephine fled out of Martinique, and thoroughly restored herself as the wife of Beauharnais. In 1791 they went to live on his estate in Sologne. He was elected to the National Assembly, and was presiding the day it was announced that Louis XVI and the Queen had escaped and were on their way to Varennes. He took the matter so coolly that the good patriots at once recalled the fact that he was a heretofore-Viscount. He went off to fight the Germans, and failed. There was a large military difference between the two husbands of Josephine.

When the Law of Suspect was passed both Alexander and his wife were thrown into prison. Josephine went to

the Carmelite, where she was a cell-mate with Cabarrus-Fontenay-Tallien (afterward Our Lady of Thermidor, that is, the woman who destroyed Robespierre). Beauharnais was guillotined, after a noble defense as a lover of constitutional reform, and Josephine cut her hair off, made her will, distributed souvenirs, wrote a courageous letter, and, when the executioners came after her, was so mortally ill that the doctor certified she could live but two days. She therefore escaped. As Tallien saw the murder of his beloved Fontenay approaching so swiftly, he hastened with his tragic dagger-avowal, and Robespierre was forced to flee out of the Assembly.

The eloquent Barère called it "coining money on the Place de la Revolution (guillotine)," so of course Beauharnais' farm was lost. The Widow Beauharnais came out of prison with two children and without money. A Madame de Moulin sheltered them. Eugene, the son, was apprenticed to a carpenter, and Hortense to a milliner. Madame Tallien was able to come to the social rescue of her noble friend, and soon the Tallien salon, to which Josephine was a thrice-welcome guest, was the center of the social circle that surrounded the Directory. France was now ruled by five Directors, of whom Barras, a remarkable man, was the leading spirit. We have the following memoir of a lady of the time: "We went to see Barras, and found Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Bernadotte, and a crowd of generals present. Barras was not in the salon, and we were told that he was in his study with Madame Tallien. An hour afterward he made his appearance with one arm passed round that lady's waist. My father was so indignant that he made me leave the house at once, and I never returned to this compromising official residence." The Revolution had slaughtered the nobility, and now its graces were missed. Remnants, however

small, were welcome to a noble like Barras—for his house in Provence was old as French history. Of all the women who could cajole, gossip, pass the hours, Josephine was easily the mildest, best-natured until aroused, difficult to displease, and welcome to Barras. He accordingly established her in the house of Talma, the actor, now deceased. There she set up a democratic salon of her own; yet when the born democrats had all gone, the heretofore-nobles would say: "Let us take a stroll to Versailles," and then they would talk over the dear old days of the Diamond Necklace and the Count of Cagliostro. To this house came Bonaparte.

Beauty having been a crime, and nobility of birth treason, Josephine did not have many surviving competitors. She was reckoned the most attractive woman in Paris. She was elegant, simple, supple, neutral, superstitious (having studied all the African Sibylline books through the slaves of Martinique). She was soft, tender, loving, indolent. She was well liked, even by women, and for a considerable time after acquaintance. In prison she had been a reigning favorite—her irrepressible good spirits lightening every heart. She stood for the ancien régime, and people wished they had it back.

At this time Bonaparte was young, thin, yellow, stiff, unhappy. Terrorists were out of vogue, and he had been appointed to his former office by the younger Robespierre. The events that had saved Josephine had apparently ruined Bonaparte. He had sold his books—probably he had not over two. He had resigned in a pet, and now he needed the aid of Barras, for his brother Joseph was supporting him. He (Bonaparte) wrote to Talma, the actor: "Barras makes me fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the meantime I am at my last sou. Canst thou place a few crowns at my service?"*

*Original letter in the Demidoff Museum at Elba.

Barras said he liked Bonaparte because he looked like Marat. Bonaparte did not get through worrying, from January to October, 1795. October 5 he put down the insurrection. His military eye had once watched the 10th of August (three years before). He knew how to prevent such affairs. Now the royalists called him Vendémiaire. "They wish me to marry Vendémiaire!" Josephine wrote. Vendémiaire was the month in which the riot was suppressed. She said it "fatigued her creole nonchalance." Her son was horrified. It was like Marie Antoinette marrying Robespierre. But Barras promised her, if she would marry Bonaparte he would put Bonaparte in command against the Austrians in Italy. It could not be a bad thing for even a noble widow in distress and want to be the wife of the commander in Italy—not though her son and daughter opposed the marriage. Tallien approved it. Yet she had several times feared she had lost her general. At such moments she angled for him with skill, and caught him again. But did she really want him in her basket? Ah, not if the noble Barras were a lover. She felt too old. She read her general's character. He was the wildest egotist she had ever seen. Yet she more than half believed he might go to Asia, reveal a religion, and found an empire.

Our Madame Campan of the previous article, was now proprietor of a school at St. Germain, a beautiful resort with a palace (Louis XIV born there), a few miles out of Paris on the Seine. To this Josephine brought Hortense and a niece, and, a little later, came to tell the daughter that "Vendémiaire" was to be her papa. Hortense wept. In the meantime the yellow young Italian, who spoke French ill and wrote it worse, had offered himself to many other women. He was a foreigner and not a charmer. He was too rough. Women feared him. He signed his

name, "Nabulione Buonaparte." Josephine, who could love anyone—who claiming no talent herself, had a genius for talent in others, took pity on him. He married her, old as she was, because her dot was an army, and to him an army was the world.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock p. m., of March 9, 1796, Josephine and her friends arrived at the office of the mayor in the town hall of the second ward of Paris. Bonaparte had enjoyed command of an army for over two weeks, and was a busy man. The mayor put on his scarf, and went to sleep in his chair. Josephine was certain the affair would fall through. Nine, the quarter, half, third quarter, 10 o'clock came, with the mayor sweetly dreaming of the days when he was drawing a smaller salary. Then hurriedly entered Bonaparte, Barras and others. Tallien and a lawyer, Calmelet, supporting Josephine, approached the bar. "Come, Mr. Mayor," harshly cried Bonaparte, slapping him on the shoulder, "wake up and marry us quickly!" The terrified mayor had them married by the time he was awake. In the certificate, Josephine had cautiously inserted her maiden name, and her age as only one year more than Bonaparte's—she was five or six years older. Tallien signed for Josephine; Barras for Bonaparte—all present affixed their signatures. "Poor Josephine!" said Napoleon at St. Helena, "she exposed herself to great inconvenience, for the marriage might have been annulled." Bonaparte's mother considered Josephine too old, but approved the marriage after it was over.

There were two days of honeymoon, with the house full of maps, spurs, councils—Bonaparte at the door, to hurriedly kiss his bride once in a while. The last time he put a letter *u* in his name was in his epistle to the government, announcing his marriage. Josephine probably Gallicised his spelling.

The yellow husband went off to war, and Josephine found it necessary to terrify him. He wrote: "The fear of not being loved by Josephine, the idea of finding her inconstant—but I am forging pain!" A little later she has chastised him sufficiently. A courier comes from Italy and waits for an answer. If Europe had only owned this Delilah! See how she has clipped this Samson's mane: "I no longer live. You are ill. You love me. I have pained you, and I shall not see you. I shall never recover."

Josephine used to laugh at these letters. She was wanted at Milan. It would be much pleasanter to play the Queen in Paris, while France was wild with enthusiasm of Bonaparte. "You who know how to inspire love without loving in return, can you tell me how to cure love???"—this on the evening of a great victory. "You love everyone better than your husband." He meanwhile wrote hundreds, thousands, of dispatches couched in sedate language, and dictated high-sounding bulletins to his army.

At last Bonaparte had Milan. He took a chateau near by and established a kingly court, with Frederick the Great (his hero) for model. He dined in public, the people coming in to see him feed; his officers could not sit down. He sent Junot for Josephine, and she left Paris weeping. The painter Gros was brought to paint the Cæsar, and Josephine had to hold Bonaparte on her lap to keep him quiet. The painter was always highly embarrassed. Bonaparte had now fetched his troubles nearer to him. He sent away several of Josephine's lovers, says Sismondi, a panegyrist, "but he deprived none of them of either life or liberty." "Perhaps it would have been well," said Madame de Rémusat, "had he been more or better loved." He left her as Regent, and went off to win other

victories. "Be less lovely," he wrote, "less graceful, less tender, and above all less good; never be jealous, never weep. Your tears deprive me of my reason and burn my blood."

Josephine wrote home to old Aunt Renaudin: "I am bored to death." Nobody could deceive Josephine. Nor did she try to deceive others. But Bonaparte had been well ensnared. The Austrians believed his infatuation made him invincible—arousing his genius for war. He loved the battlefield. At Lodi, a scene of carnage. Three dogs howling by their dead masters—horses, men, slaughter. "This," said Bonaparte to a painter for whom he had sent, "ought to make a great picture!" He was enthusiastic. The painter looked at him, and grew sick with fear and horror.

After the treaty of Campo Formio, Bonaparte returned to Paris a conqueror, leaving Josephine at Milan. His brothers were now busy with plots to injure the wife. The expedition to Egypt was undertaken, and Bonaparte went to the Pyramids as a prophet of the Mohammedan order. There he lived openly with a young woman and was well lost sight of at Paris, to which city Josephine returned and began a career of extravagance prophetic of her future miracles in that direction. Bonaparte's star went down. At last the prescient Talleyrand did not deem it to be necessary to speak to Josephine at a banquet, though she was next beside him, and she withdrew in tears, judging that the general must be dead. Bonaparte appeared like a ghost in France. She flew to meet him, not having him now at her feet. She took the wrong road. When she got back to the house, he was inside, the door locked. He laughed her siege to scorn. He would have a divorce. She invested the place and it capitulated in forty-eight hours. She had much evidence against him; he had

plenty against her. Very well, call it even and start again. Further terms—that Madame Tallien, the friend, and all the Terrorists, should be forsaken, and Josephine should figure only as a Royalist, her true condition. Bonaparte aimed at imperial power. Josephine was to command the Versailles wing of his army. They were now a twain of conspirators, drinking deeply out of the intoxicating flagon of ambition, rather than sipping from an insipid cup of love, and voicing their hollow transports. Their condition was more tolerable—was joyful—to Josephine.

These two great actors, having failed to deceive each other or themselves permanently, now set out to renew the assurances of their distinguished consideration for freedom, religion, the throne, the army, the guillotine—a pan-emotional martyrdom, which they desired. It was certain there could be no other hypocrites, usurpers, upstarts, so verbose, so tragic, so anxious to die for others. Bonaparte had about $700,000 to pay, and $700,000,000,000 to promise, should he succeed—for he openly said he wanted to be Emperor. His brothers could all be princes; his brothers' wives' sisters' husbands could be Kings. By the usurpation of the 18th Brumaire he became First Consul, or Dictator. This was November 10, 1799. Josephine had been an efficient factor in the plot.

They now moved into the palace of Luxembourg, in the southern part of Paris, and thus left the modest house that Barras had gotten for Josephine. Bonaparte sent nearly forty Congressmen to the pestilential shore of South America, and Josephine set out to spend money. It was her chief joy. As for Bonaparte, he announced that he loved no one, and knew he had not a true friend. Josephine possessed one secret of his character. He was neat, and thought women should be still more nice. If she could outdo others in dress, she could maintain her political

sway. Other women could not afford to dress three times a day, and never wear the same thing twice; neither would Bonaparte willingly pay the bills. She mended his logic. Bourrienne tells how the pearl necklace astonished him. She had put off wearing it, until she concluded she had better lose her lord than wait another day. He came up to it suspiciously. She assured him it was old—the Cis-Alpine Republic's gift. He was quieted. She had been in an agony for weeks. It was over. "When I beheld the easy confidence of Madame Bonaparte," says Bourrienne, "I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the facility with which well-bred ladies can tell falsehoods without appearing to do so." The "Citoyenne" Bonaparte had now become "Madame," it is seen, and the wonderful general could even be addressed as Monseigneur, if it were well done. As early as February, 1800, the Government having outgrown the Luxembourg Palace, the Consuls, drawn by six white horses, with three thousand soldiers, marched in splendid procession to the Tuileries, the people crying, "Long live the First Consul!" The carriage entered through a passage over which was inscribed: "The 10th of August, 1792. Royalty is abolished in France, and shall never be re-established."

At this period Josephine made some rash personal attacks on the Consul, or on women of whom she was justly jealous. The husband and wife, when they had quarreled, had not infrequently used violence; it was an argument which both feared. Although the brothers thought this would ruin her, it seemed to increase her opportunity to spend money, a performance wherein she was a whirlwind—a dream. While Bonaparte is off at Marengo, it may be well to bring this matter, once for all, before the reader.

She spent three hours daily at her toilette, and made

three different dress-apparitions. She bathed every morning, and, with the aid of a dame d'atour and four women of the wardrobe, proceeded to the make-up of her face. The skin having been prepared, a filler was introduced into the seams of time (as time went on), and on the smooth surface an ideal complexion, with eyebrows, eyelashes, lips, ears was constructed with grease paints, rouge, powders, and the genius of the pencil. She paid $670 for rouge alone in one year. Bonaparte despised a woman without her make-up, his early and formative impressions evidently following the dressing-rooms of the stage. A German pedicure named Tobias Cohen, in uniform, armed with sword of office, now arrived to examine her feet. Of her muslin undergarments, all embroidered and garnished with rare laces, the maids chose from 500 sets. The maids put on her stockings—generally white, sometimes pink; 958 pairs of white silk stockings, 32 pink silk, and 18 flesh-colored, running as high as $14 the pair. In one year she bought 520 pairs of very light and heelless shoes, which seemed, when a pair of them was on, to be a part of the foot. Her gowns cost her, in a certain three years, $314,730. The great parures of diamonds for grand ceremonies were charged to extra accounts. She spent $220,000 more for her toilet each year, including jewelry, of which she was childishly fond. Her own jewels soon accumulated, but she had at command sets in diamonds, rubies, pearls, and turquoises of the following ornaments: Crown, diadem, comb, earrings, necklace, bracelet, rings and buckles. She loved to change—three times a day was none too often. Napoleon himself might supervise the evening toilette, upsetting jewel caskets, harassing the women by advice and suggestions, or making love to them for the sake of doing them injury in Josephine's mind. The appearance of his wife—her superiority in grace, ease,

dress, appearance, to all other women, he considered a state desideratum, and this policy, of course, gave his sisters emotions which were by no means silent, nor did he blame them in their envy and woe.

If Napoleon were in the palace, Josephine left her apartment, wearing a hat and carrying a lace handkerchief in her gloved hand. Arriving at the yellow drawing-room she took breakfast—her only regular meal—in company with women. If Napoleon arrived in good humor, he sat down and made his jokes: "How red your arms are!" "Go put on some paint!" "I've seen you in that dress till I'm tired of the sight of you!"—this by way of favor to the ladies. If he were out of humor, he spoke to nobody, and Josephine arose and withdrew with him.

She went hunting, which bored and discommoded her. She played billiards with gentlemen. She played the harp, did needlework, or received. She had tea served to her before the dinner toilette. Dressed for dinner, she often waited one, two, three hours for her lord, but this was more trying to the cooks than to her, for she never came to dinner hungry. Napoleon might forget the matter altogether. When he arrived he ate so quickly that he required the setting of the table all at once—no courses. Coffee was served in another room.

After the battle of Marengo, when Bonaparte had made peace with the church, Josephine appeared at Notre Dame Cathedral to aid in the celebration of the Concordat, with eighty women in her train. Bonaparte was looked on by the multitude as a true magician, and his wife, with her grace and finery, took on much of his majesty.

On the morning when Bonaparte consummated his usurpation, and Napoleon and Josephine were to be crowned Emperor and Empress, Madame de Rémusat, before starting for Notre Dame, was ushered into the

apartments of Josephine. "Our toilets," she says, "were very brilliant, but they paled before those of the imperial family. The Empress especially glittered with diamonds. Her hair was done in a thousand little curls, as in the time of Louis XIV, and she did not appear more than twenty-five years old (instead of forty-one). She was attired in a court-dress and mantle of white satin, embroidered with silver and gold. She had a bandeau of diamonds, a necklace, earrings and girdle of great value, and all this she wore with her usual grace. The Emperor, examining us one by one, smiled at this luxury, the creation of his will." At the Cathedral, "the moment when the Empress was crowned excited a movement of general admiration, not on account of the act itself, but owing to the grace with which she walked to the altar, and the elegant and simple manner in which she knelt down."

These scenes of majesty and this glitter of diamonds may dazzle the eyes, but need not stir the apprehensions of liberty-lovers. We see the good stage manager and costumer rounding-up his people at Paris—preparing to make the grand entrée with his troupe; yet there are other events as well authenticated that went hand-in-hand. Almost this same week Josephine made a public descent on her husband and another woman, and personally attacked her enemy, whereat the hero of Marengo, by way of indemnity, broke some furniture and ordered Josephine to Martinique. As this change in the programme would disturb the spectacle of the Coronation, and the Pope was in Paris, a peace of the Tuileries was made, and Bonaparte confessed to Josephine many of the villainies of his family, practised on her. At the very Coronation, the sisters, holding her train, in Corsican fury found they could choke her, and did not fail to indulge their desire for revenge.

Again: Napoleon, now Emperor, appeared unex-

pectedly in the salon leading to the inner apartments of Josephine. There he saw Mademoiselle Despeaux (noted milliner) with the room piled full of bandboxes. He had come to complain of past extravagances. "Who are you? Who are you?" he cried, stamping, and falling directly into the Napoleonic rage. The milliner explained. Josephine was taking a foot-bath; and, at the same time, was having her hair dressed. The Emperor came on, roaring and kicking furniture. "Who sent for this woman? Who made her come here?" Nobody answered. The tire-women fled; the hair-dresser hid. Even Josephine trembled. "I must know the guilty person. You shall be sent to prison!" The enemy was in complete rout, leaving camp and baggage. The victor sent for reinforcements; and, when General Savary arrived, he ordered the capture and arrest of Despeaux, who was at once sent to the prison of La Force, whither a great number of fashionable people arrived to express their astonishment to her. She was terrified, and fell ill, but her imprisonment lasted only one night. The conqueror, coming entirely out of his anger, two days afterward, considered it a good joke, and was of course, applauded for his keen sense of humor, especially by the milliner.

Josephine's accounts were straightened once a year. She was robbed right and left, and the deficit was always enormous. Once, as the date of settlement arrived, Napoleon noticed that Josephine and her women had been crying. He said to Duroc, his confidential man: "Those women have tears in their eyes. It is debts. Find it out." Duroc, who was Josephine's friend, urged her to let him know. In a copious flow of grief, Josephine admitted that she had spent all her allowance, and owed $80,000. "Ah," said Duroc, "the Emperor feared it was at least double that sum." "No! I swear it is not double.

Yet, if I must confess to it all, it is $120,000." Duroc carried word to Napoleon. "She weeps bitterly, does she?" asked he. "Then she feels her crime. It must be $200,000. Find it out." But Josephine had told it all. Napoleon made a loud ado, and threatened a scene with her. When he entered for supper, she was in violent distress. He did not address her. She seated herself sobbing. He went behind her chair and whispered in her ear: "Madame, I hear you are heavily in debt." She sobbed. "Is it $200,000?" ("a million"). "No, sire, I assure you, I owe only $120,000 in all." "Only that? A mere trifle?"—his anger was rising. She fell sobbing very violently. He whispered in the other ear: "Come, Josephine, my little one. Don't cry! Don't cry!" The incident was over. The millinery bills were straight for that year.

Napoleon was a manager, a saver, an economist. Josephine was a money-spender, like Cleopatra, Nero, Potemkin. Napoleon flattered himself that because he did not publicly keep a favorite, he was giving a better example than other Kings. What he considered to be fairly secret, was openly scandalous. The hatred borne to Josephine by the Bonaparte family; her tendency to spend all the money in France, and the close watch that had to be kept on her to prevent some awful deficit; her overwhelming jealousy when in close contact with the many temporary favorites of her husband; her failure to bear an heir—these were the causes of her divorce. She won many a battle. Many times Napoleon advanced, receded, laid his head on her laces and confessed to her the names of her chief enemies. But the man and woman were alike. Their moods passed in a day. Neither believed in the other. Each admired the artifice of the other. Their moral canons were the same. Fouché, the

Terrorist, companion-spirit of Carrier, Lebon and the other dead monsters, had delivered up his unguillotined brothers to Napoleon. Josephine, his true friend, he now delivered. He started the divorce as a State question. When Napoleon seized the crown he pitied the people. Now he had come to think the people were better off under a monarch, thirsty for "gloire." They would perish if there did not come a Napoleon-cub. The entire court deserted Josephine. She had not a flatterer. She wrought on his superstitions. She again had him in her lap. They went together to Bayonne, where he was to play one of his most artful games of deception on the old King of Spain. The Spanish war brought on the effort of Austria to shake off his grasp. Josephine next went with Napoleon to Strasburg, and lived there while her husband was at Vienna in 1809. Spies now reported her every act and speech to her husband daily. The news of the defeat of Aspern and Essling reached her, and while it was disastrous to the Empress, it was consoling to the threatened wife. When, a month later, Austria was in the dust, Josephine knew she must abdicate. Even then, at Schönbrunn Palace, the victorious Emperor was planning to marry the daughter of the Holy Roman Emperors. When he got back to the Tuileries, he at once permanently closed the secret door to Josephine's apartment. Fifteen days after his return, the news of the contemplated divorce was communicated to Josephine. The scene is described by Constant, valet. The husband and wife were left alone. Constant heard screams; the Emperor opened the door; Josephine, lying on the floor, was gasping and crying: "No! you will not do it! You would not kill me!" M. de Bausset, Prefect of the Palace, was called. Josephine had now swooned. She was to be carried down a winding staircase and placed on a bed. De Bausset was

charged with the bust; the Emperor took the legs. De Bausset's sword was in the way. His hold was slipping. He felt sure he should drop his heavy load. He thereupon took a very firm grip on the arms of what he supposed to be the inanimate body. "Don't squeeze me so tight!" whispered Josephine. De Bausset, vastly relieved on this, understood that he was assisting at a comedy. But the Emperor wept, and declared he had done violence to his heart. Probably if De Bausset had been hurting him, he too would have given a stage whisper.

Josephine was now in anguish, but the red paint effaced the pallor of her face from the public. She was dressed in the diamonds of the Napoleonic spectacle, and sat at the great feasts of the anniversary of the Coronation. When the Austrian marriage was agreed on, she wrote to Napoleon: "This, then, is the result of, I will not say how many, sacrifices, for they were sweet to me, but of a friendship without limit on my side, and the most solemn oaths on yours."

The evening before she left the Tuileries, she presided at a soirée. Her action was admired and indorsed by European statesmen not at war with France. She was assured of a high place in the opinions of diplomatists, and here, for the first time, entered the true sphere of Napoleonic politics.

The act of separation was read to the Bonaparte family December 16, 1809. Josephine entered with Hortense and Eugene, her children. She was plainly dressed in white. The document was read aloud by the Count Regnault. "For several years the Emperor had given up all hope of having children by his marriage with his dearly beloved spouse, and it was this which induced him to sacrifice the most tender affections of his heart, and in dissolving his marriage only to listen to the welfare of the

State." Josephine, in her turn, endeavored to read her act of abdication, but failed, and it was read for her. She signed it with a firm hand. She then retired. Her son Eugene had stood beside the Emperor, and, when he passed out of "the presence," swooned away. Napoleon did not speak during the business.

Constant relates that Bonaparte was cast down badly all day. At night, when he was in bed, the door opened, and Josephine entered in disheveled hair, distorted features, rouge off, and age painted on with the artistic hand of nature. Constant was ordered out, and a scene of tears, caresses, promises and encouragements ensued. It was a trying epoch for Josephine, and even Napoleon suffered somewhat, as he thought he ought to, for such a prize as he had now torn from the gory field of Wagram.

Josephine had not made a bad bargain. She knew her Napoleon better than anybody else in Europe. He learned nothing. He changed little. She was as much his wife as she had ever been. Nobody dared to slight her now, and Napoleon was still her warm friend. She was to retain the official title and state of Empress. She had the palace of Malmaison on the Seine near St. Germain, out of Paris, and the castle of Navarre at Evreux, fifty-three miles north-northwest of Paris. All magnates of the Empire paid homage to her. She was not permitted to dispense with the etiquette of an Empress. She carried to Malmaison her entire *écrin,* her jewels, for which she, or others, had paid about $12,500,000. This enormous collection was shown with pleasure to her guests, especially young women. She was allowed $120,000 a year. A cashier was sent to keep that figure from reaching $120,000,000, as Josephine was charmingly unable to understand ciphers, but Napoleon, listening to the reports, commented: "I expressly warn you not to make her cry;"—

the only humane speech, not obviously dictated by Corsican hypocrisy, that we can record of him. Napoleon's treatment of Josephine at Malmaison was gentle, and astonishingly unlike him. He was evidently grateful—if such a word can be used in discussing Napoleon Bonaparte—grateful to her for her abdication. It had put him on a civilized footing with Europe. His kindness to Eugene increased. He wrote five letters or notes to her in the next month. She pined some. He visited her. He was soon to be married to the she-Austrian—a name that Josephine had heard harsh off the lips of the Municipals, but a couple of decades before. Yet she was a Parisian—why not once more enjoy life—spend money—dance with the victims. A day after Napoleon had visited her, in January, 1810, he began to fix up her accounts. He wrote in good humor: "I to-day accorded you an extraordinary credit of $20,000 for Malmaison; plant as much as you like; Esteve is to pay $20,000 into Julien's bank when the contract is completed. I have given directions for the payment of your ruby ornaments [purchased in secret at several prices, and confessed, as usual], which shall be valued by the Administration [threats of dungeons], for I shall not tolerate the robberies of the jewelers. This affair has already cost me $80,000. I have ordered the $200,000 which the civil list owes you, to be placed at the disposal of your man of business to pay your debts [so poor Josephine will get none of that, having already spent it]. You ought to find in the caisse at Malmaison from $100,000 to $120,000, which you can take in order to purchase plate and linen. I have ordered a handsome service of porcelain for you."

Josephine resided a good deal of the time at the castle of Navarre. She found comfort in the society of others of the cast-off women of Napoleon, especially of Madame

Walewska, the lady of the Eylau campaign, and Madame Grazani, once an almost open adviser of the Emperor. Walewska's son was the image of Napoleon, and was fondly caressed by Josephine. Marie Louise, the Austrian wife, would not go to see Josephine, and was desirous of keeping Napoleon away from Malmaison. But Napoleon took the King of Rome to Bagatelle, where Josephine passed two hours with the child. Josephine had spent money on the deserving poor. She knew how to have it done. Marie Louise was kept a close prisoner until she gave birth to a son, and had no opportunity to know that her alms—officially twice as great—had been stolen by the secretaries. She was cold and immovable—phlegmatic, jealous of Josephine, who could not be mentioned in her presence—as Scarron could not be named in the presence of Louis XIV. The poor missed the imperial alms. At once the epithet "the good Josephine" attached to the ousted Empress, who had bowed and smiled and danced and wasted in true Parisian fashion.

No sooner was Napoleon a father than he determined on his Russian campaign. Josephine was the truly anxious one. She believed he never more would have any luck. When the allies penetrated to France, he wrote her a letter from Brienne, the scene of his boyhood. He had slain all his close companions save Eugene. An outraged world was snuffing him out gradually. He thought of her. She could forgive him when all others turned away. She possessed the power to condone, because she herself was so frail. The triumphant Kings, coming to Paris, declared her exempt from their forays, and called on her, addressing her with great respect. She did what she could to soften the fall of the whilom conqueror. She wrote to him at Elba, telling him she would come to him as soon as Marie Louise deserted him. It was a joy to accuse the Austrian Archduchess of want of fidelity.

A month after writing this letter to Napoleon, King of little Elba, she was seized with fatal illness, but in the stress of the excitement, concealed her true condition. Her palace, as we said, had been a sort of neutral ground, where the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia found it convenient to be seen. Her grounds were worthy of study. She had struggled to secure a duchy for Hortense, and when the Czar told her he had succeeded, she gave way. The returning Bourbons now began to show their hatred of Napoleon, and, in so doing, dealt her a sad blow. The son of Hortense, whose death had precipitated the divorce, was buried in Notre Dame. The Bourbon Minister Blacas, ordered the removal of the body to a common cemetery. Hortense read the news in a daily paper; she hastened to Paris, to superintend the removal. Josephine herself told the Czar of the studied insult, and fell ill. The Czar hastened to Paris, and sent back his own doctor, who reported that she was fatally prostrated.

She was ill in bed but two days, and died May 29, 1814. Hortense was out of the death-chamber. Josephine was in the arms of Eugene. She received the sacrament from the Abbé Bertrand. As Hortense re-entered, she saw her mother with outstretched arms, vainly endeavoring to speak to them. Hortense fainted at the bedside, and Josephine was no more.

The Bourbons had worried over Josephine and the Czar's civility. "Alas!" cried King Louis XVIII's mistress, "Alas! how interesting a lady was 'this good Josephine.' What tact! How well she knew how to do everything!—to die just at this moment!" Now the royalists, whom she had ever befriended, could show their good will.

Eugene and Hortense both fell ill. Josephine was fol-

lowed to the grave by her two little grandchildren (one of them Napoleon III); next to these, the Russian general, Von Sacken, representing the Czar; then the equipages of the other foreign sovereigns; then two thousand of the poor, who blessed "the good Josephine," and shed tears over her name. She was buried in the ancient church of the village of Rueil, near Malmaison. Hortense and Eugene erected a beautiful white marble monument, by the sculptor Cartellier, to her memory. Under an arch, supported by four columns, resting on a basement, the Empress is kneeling in the act of prayer. On the basement is an inscription: "A Josephine: Eugène et Hortense." Hortense was also buried there in turn, and Napoleon III, her son, erected another monument of similar design.

It was easy in Paris to revere "the good Josephine." She had tried to enjoy life. She had striven to relieve poverty. Her sins were Parisian sins. Her taste, grace, good humor, were softening influences with Bonaparte. Imagine Lady Macbeth or Catherine de' Medici as his wife! The Archbishop of Tours, on June 2, 1814, preached a funeral sermon on Josephine. "Blessed are the merciful," said he, in his text, "for they shall obtain mercy." "Amen!" said all Paris—all France. "Amen!" let us believe, say we, fervently in our own hearts. "Josephine was not only charitable," continued the eloquent prelate, "but if it were permitted for a minister of God, at the altar, to talk of worldly qualities, I should speak to you, my brothers, of the nobility and grace of her manners, and of that extreme politeness, which never deserted her—which touched us all the more as it had long ceased to be allied with power."

While this grave was almost new, there pounced upon Europe once more, "like eagle in a dove-cote," the out-

law Napoleon Bonaparte, the declared enemy of his race, not less the greatest of his sad kind. While Holy Alliance was sounding its wide mass, and the armies of the earth were moving with vengeful tread, this man, before he cast the fatal die of Waterloo, stood over the grave of the frail fellow-mortal whom he had sacrificed to the Moloch of his ambition.

And when, a little later, he had fruitlessly hurled the sons of France three deep, dead, into the gullies near Brussels, and a world, rescued from his tyranny, was shouting hosannas to God in the highest, and bells were ringing from every steeple in every Caucasian land, the hunted outlaw, for five days, walked alone in the groves of Josephine at Malmaison, and felt himself less hateful where her loving forgiveness had so often sounded its sweet syllables.

To-day he sleeps—and to-morrow until the ideals of forceful men rise to the heights of George Washington's career he shall sleep—in the richest couch, deepest within the citadel of civilization and the arts. His arches, monuments, public works, cover the face of Europe. His acts, words, mandates—the acts of those who saw him act, speak, command—all these things, written in books, compose the largest of our libraries touching the life of a single man. But Josephine, his mate, who, in the little house of Barras, helped to plan the death of liberty's hopes, lies all forgotten in the village church. Excepting there, her many monuments have been swept away. Her Malmaison has almost disappeared. Yet she forgave him we cannot forgive; she loved him we cannot love; she pitied those he ostracised, and wept for them he slew; she trembled because she had bought so much from the poor, and sobbed because she had given so much to the needy.

VICTORIA

A. D. 1819

QUEEN AND EMPRESS

We have now, in the pages of this volume, advanced into the Living Age. We have very rapidly scanned the biographies of the sublimely courageous, the good, the intellectual, the crafty, the commanding, the graceful, the capricious—but always the Famous. At present, who is the most Famous Woman in the World? If the answer be Victoria, let us close our roster with her illustrious name, noting that she is admired for what she has not done that might have been ill, and blessed for a womanly devotion to all that was abstractly good and uplifting to the Anglo-Saxon race. America has brilliantly closed a peace with Spain; during the war which preceded it, our nation was astonished and gratified to find that the two English-speaking peoples were one. Our people attribute to the moral influence of Victoria and her deceased consort the revolution in sentiment abroad that has cemented the friendship of two powerful nations.

The ancient Egyptians honored an Arch-Prophet with great authority. The Romans elected a Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest who, in certain matters, possessed a paramount power. The Queen, all her life, has occupied a position akin to the station of some particularly august chief-priest or Druid of antiquity. "She reigns, but does not govern." The American does not know what that means. He must opine that her influence is a negative one—to keep things as they were—to

discourage change. While Victoria is the most conspicuous woman of our time, it is perhaps possible to conceive that the monotony of her career will deprive her of the commanding place in the chapters of far-off future history.

George III, the King whose generals George Washington defeated, had four sons. Two of them reigned as George IV and William IV. The fourth son, Edward Duke of Kent, married the widow of the Prince of Leiningen, Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. To this couple was born, at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819, Alexandrina Victoria, destined, through the death of other heirs, to be Queen. The father died suddenly when Victoria was eight years old. She was carefully trained by her mother, and it was not till she was twelve years old that she learned she was the heir-apparent. She was taught regular habits and strict economy. She sang, danced, rode, and excelled with the bow and arrow. She labored patiently with the Latin, French and Italian, which were deemed essential to the education of English people of the upper classes. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. At fifteen she was allowed the society of the young Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, her cousin, and the young people found each other highly agreeable, to the satisfaction of their mothers.

At 2:30 a. m. of June 20, 1837, King William IV was no more. At five in the morning, three messengers, one of whom was the Archbishop of Canterbury, had reached Kensington Palace, and, after many delays on account of the early hour, the Princess of eighteen, in loose white night-gown and shawl, slippers and tears, with hair down, appeared in the receiving-room, and the great Victorian Era of railroads, steamships, dynamos,

telegraph, telephones, chemistry, public education, literature and science was begun. A consultation was held, and the Privy Council, a large body of lords, was called to meet there at 11 o'clock. In this meeting she appeared plainly dressed, in mourning. She was first "taught her lesson" by the elderly peers who had seen other monarchs come to the throne. She then read her speech with skill, and received the homage of the great officers of England. Her two uncles and the other persons who had heretofore directed her actions now knelt before her and kissed her hand, the Duke of Wellington in the number, and this, to the satisfaction of the lovers of that method of government, she took as a matter of necessity; and comported herself through the informal ceremony with a youthful dignity that was the remark of all. She was small in stature, without much pretension to beauty, but with graceful manners, and a good appearance. She was in the best of health. Up to this time she had never slept out of her own bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but her mother and the Baroness Lehgen. Her mother had wisely determined to keep her daughter uncontaminated by the court-life of the Four Georges.

The Queen signed herself "Victoria," which has been the shibboleth of the British Empire. She was proclaimed Queen, and appeared on the throne in the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament. A year later, June 28, 1838, the ceremony of her coronation took place. We will outline this act of State, to show its effect on the eyes of loyal subjects:

About ten in the morning Her Majesty entered Westminster Hall and sat in the Chair of State. The Sword of State was brought. Then Curtana (sword) and the two Swords of Justice were drawn. Then there

advanced up the hall in procession the choirs, heralds, the bearers of St. Edward's Crown, the Orb, the Scepter with the Dove, the Scepter with the Cross, St. Edward's Staff, the Chalice and Patina, the Bible—these forming the Regalia (regal things). These Regalia were now delivered to the great lords entitled to bear them to the Abbey church of St. Peter, Westminster. The Queen and peers now started in procession toward the Abbey, each peer bearing his coronet in hand, not on his head. The Queen's Herb-Strewers spread flowers and the procession moved with drums, trumpets, officers of the law, the Knight Marshal, London Aldermen, Masters in Chancery, choirs, gentlemen, priests, the Dean of Westminster bearing Victoria's new Crown, bands of music, Orders of Knights, Law Barons, and Lords, the Privy Council, the bearers of the Ruby Ring, and of the Sword to be girt on the Monarch, Heralds, the Barons in robes of State, the Standards of Ireland and Scotland side by side, the Bishops, the Viscounts in robes of State, the Standard of England, the Earls in their robes of State, the Union Standard, the Marquesses, the Royal Standard, the Dukes in their robes of State, the Lord Archbishop of York, cap in hand, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, cap in hand, the Regalia (as described), the High Constables, the Princes of the Royal Blood, their trains borne by nobles or officers, the Queen under a canopy borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, with train borne by the daughters of Peers; Lords, Keepers, Pages, Aides.

As the procession entered, its members were seated. As the Queen entered, the Queen's scholars hailed her "Vivat Victoria Regina!" While Her Majesty stood, all present repeatedly acclaimed, "God save Victoria!" The Standards and Regalia having been received, litany,

communion and sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury followed, and the Queen took the oath, and was disrobed and anointed by the Archbishop under the Pall of Gold, held by Peers. Her Majesty was girt and spurred, and, rising, was invested with the Imperial Robe and Armil. She was given the Orb, the Ring, the Scepters. She next put on a pair of gloves on which were the Arms of Howard. The Archbishop consecrated St. Edward's Crown and placed it on her head, when all present acclaimed "God save the Queen!" with drums beating and trumpets sounding. The Holy Bible was presented. Her Majesty kissed the Archbishops and Bishops. The Te Deum was sung, and the Queen was enthroned. Sitting on her throne, she now received the homage, each Order altering name, office and oath to circumstance. For instance, the first Prince of the Blood Royal, kneeling before her, pronounced homage as follows, for himself and the other Princes: "I do become your Liege-man of life and limb, and in earthly worship, and firm and true I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God." Their Royal Highnesses touched the Crown on Her Majesty's head, and kissed her left cheek. After the homages, the Queen took the sacrament. In the street procession, Marshal Soult, the French Ambassador (of Lützen and Waterloo), rode in a carriage of the house of Condé and was received with furious applause. He was very old. Prince Esterhazy, in Austrian robes, "sparkled in diamonds down to his very boot-heels."

Strangely enough, the very first great political issue came out of the "Question of Jupons" (short petticoats). The reader must be diverted to a short statement of the English system. The "Constitution" there means "custom." Parliament meets in two houses, like our Con-

gress. The Senate is the House of Lords, whose members are peers, and generally hold for life and by birth; but they cannot be elected to the House of Commons. A congressional district is called a "borough" and the candidate for the Commons may live outside his borough. Our President and his Cabinet may here be represented by the English Prime Minister and his Cabinet, who are chosen by the dominant political party from both Lords and Commons. For instance, Gladstone is elected to the Commons; the Queen, seeing his party in power, sends for him, and he forms a Cabinet. The members of this Cabinet now resign and stand for election again, to be sure they are popular enough to hold office. They come back and (note!) sit in Parliament—being on hand to answer questions and lead debate. When they are outvoted, they can dissolve Parliament and have a new election, or they can resign, but they cannot stay in office like our Presidents, long after they have lost the confidence of the country. An election takes about six weeks; ours takes four times as long. Theoretically, their system is much freer than ours; practically, the Queen, the Lords, the "Constitution," are in the way, and America stands to-day the only free country worthy of the name.

The Prime Minister Melbourne was a Whig. The new Parliament (there must be a new one with a new reign) had a Tory majority. Melbourne resigned. The Queen sent for Wellington, who could not sit in the House, where the Premier ought to have been then. He advised her to get Peel, who could. Peel tried to change the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber to Tory women—they were Whig women. The Queen would not do it. Peel would not serve. Melbourne had to be recalled. The Irish always hate the Tories worse than the Whigs —but hate both. O'Connell was delighted. He called

on the Powers above to "bless the young creature" who had stood out for her feelings against a great nation of persecutors, who desired to introduce politics into the royal household. But the Melbourne Ministry was also accused of crawling back to office behind the petticoats of the ladies in waiting to the Queen. It held on till 1841.

The Queen personally announced her forthcoming marriage January 14, 1840, in Parliament. The wedding took place February 10. Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, besides giving a name to our long coats, earned the title of Albert the Good. A nobler consort-prince has not existed. This title was not officially bestowed on him until June, 1857. Parliament was at first jealous of him, for he was given precedence next after the Queen. He constituted himself her private secretary and Minister of Arts and Education without a portfolio. He was to be Regent, if she should die, and soon became the greatest corner-stone-layer the world has ever seen.

June 10, 1840, a pot-boy named Oxford shot twice at the Queen; May 30, 1842, John Francis, a machinist, fired at her; shortly afterward a hunchback named Bean fired at her; May 19, 1849, an Irish bricklayer fired a pistol at her, loaded only with powder; May 27, 1850, an insane lieutenant of Hussars struck her with a stick. Finally, February 29, 1872, a lad of seventeen, named O'Connor, presented an unloaded pistol at her. None of these assassins was punished with death. Some of them were whipped. The attempts on Victoria, followed by the long series of assassinations elsewhere, led to rigorous measures for the protection of the Queen when she travels, and no persons except soldiers or officials can come near a railway station when she takes

or leaves a train. When she is exposed all day to danger, as on her Diamond Jubilee, the nation feels a sense of relief at night, so little can foresight forefend her against the attacks of the insane and the seeker for infamous notoriety.

The Queen's first child, Victoria Adelaide, was born November 21, 1840, and became Empress of Germany. The Prince of Wales was born November 9, 1841, and has long been a grandfather. His birth was hailed with public rejoicings. The King of Prussia came to London to attend the christening, and the baby was a fine one. Lovers of oratorio will be interested to know that the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung, and Prince Albert did all those things well. Probably our own success with the "Messiah" may be due to the interest he first excited in England. The Prince of Wales came near dying in 1872, and there was a national festival because he got well. When, as a child, he was old enough to stand, the Queen, Albert and the two children often presented themselves to the troops, who looked on the group with warm affection, and carried British arms abroad with the idea that that sort of thing would be good for the barbarians—together, of course, with a creditable amount of trade. In all, nine children were born, Beatrice, the last, being the companion of her mother through life.

When Melbourne retired, Gladstone and Disraeli, a Jew, came into public life together. The Queen outlived them both. The Jews found their first true friend in Victoria. Moses Montefiore was the first Jew to be knighted or honored. The house of Rothschild continued to rise in power, Lord Rosebery took office, and Lombard Street has long ruled the finance of America as imperiously as that of the British Treasury. If you ask for Victoria's standard, it is emphatically the

Gold Standard. Under it the prices of the leading commodities of life have fallen steadily since the beginning of her reign, while the British Government borrows money at 2¾ per cent interest, and a premium of 17 per cent or six years' interest is paid by the lender to obtain the chance to lend the money.

In 1843 the Queen and her husband visited the King of the French by yacht at the Château d'Eu, and went also to Belgium. The Czar came to England. Louis Philippe returned the visit of Victoria. Not many years later, Victoria made the first of those trips to the continent which during the latter decades of her life were as regular as the seasons. She built the castle of Balmoral, in Scotland. She early gave up the battle with Parliament and waged one against the seasons; summer sees her in Scotland; winter finds her at Wight, or amid the roses of the Riviera. She has evaded more bad weather than any other Famous Woman in history.

October 28, 1844, the Queen went to the city of London in state with a magnificent procession. Sir Robert Peel was never tired of telling how the Lord Mayor of London that day put on a pair of jack-boots over his shoes and stockings, to keep the mud off. They arrived at Temple Bar. The Aldermen, while the Queen was coming, took hold of one boot and pulled it off. A spur on the other boot became entangled in the fur of the robes of several Aldermen, the Mayor on one leg, swearing, and the Queen fast approaching. As she came up the steps, the Lord Mayor, in desperation, kicking himself loose from the torn robes, shouted out in frenzy, "For God's sake, put my boot on again!"—and he ate in his jack-boots.

In 1851 Prince Albert opened the Crystal Palace, beginning that series of vast exhibitions which had their

latest representative in the Paris Exposition of 1900. "The great event," wrote Victoria, "has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country." The Exhibition ran from May 1 to October 15.

An important episode in Victoria's life was her quarrel with Lord Palmerston. Imagine a learned Liberal, who had studied the languages, customs and peoples of Europe until he thought he understood them better than any other Englishman. Imagine him Foreign Secretary, where his Prime Minister (Lord John Russell) is notably deficient in a taste for foreign affairs. The Foreign Secretary, too, has scored a great success for English diplomacy, and Britain is proud of him. But "dear Albert," too, is an able man, and talks all languages—perhaps enough fuss is not being made over "dear Albert"—perhaps a little feminine feeling of jealousy there for "dear Albert." Anyhow, this Palmerston is headstrong—he pays little or no attention to Lord John Russell, his Premier, and often the Queen is the last to hear of an action taken by England. That makes a pure jest of her sovereignty, and finally she gets angry. This Palmerston is always in a hurry. If a thing must be answered to-day, he cannot wait till next week. Now "dear Albert" was "open to new argument and late conviction." Let it lie awhile—to-morrow, to-morrow—just as they do in Spain. Let Albert think about it, too. He knows Europe—was born there. Governments are toppling, sovereigns are abdicating, and this Palmerston sympathizes with the people every time. Let us write him such a letter that he will resign. Accordingly, Victoria Regina, to the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell—this remarkable document:

"OSBORNE, August 12, 1850.

"With reference to the conversation about Lord Palmerston which the Queen had with Lord John Russell the other day, and Lord Palmerston's disavowal that he ever intended any disrespect to her by the various neglects of which she has had so long and so often to complain, she thinks it right, in order to prevent any mistake for the future, to explain what it is she expects from the Foreign Secretary.

"She requires:

"1. That he will distinctly state what he proposes to do in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she has given her royal sanction.

"2. Having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister; such an act she must consider as failure in sincerity toward the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the Foreign Ministers, before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse; to receive the foreign dispatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off. The Queen thinks it best that Lord John Russell should show this letter to Lord Palmerston."

Palmerston did not resign. He promised not to disobey his gracious Queen, and made such an ado over Kossuth, the Hungarian, that the Queen was in woe. The people cheered Kossuth. Her Majesty took it amiss. She did not dare make the issue then, but caught Palmerston when he had conversationally recognized the usurpation of Louis Napoleon as Emperor of the French.

The English people were furious against Napoleon III, and Victoria got Palmerston out of the Cabinet. He had been out-generaled, and Victoria came in as friend of the people. Five years later, in the Crimean war, the people called on Palmerston to be Prime Minister, and his victory over Albert seemed complete. But the same question of friendship for Napoleon III ruined him three years later.

September 14, 1852, "the Duke" (Wellington) died. He had been a bulwark of the throne. The Queen right or wrong, was his way of thinking, and the people, adoring him because he had "whipped Boney," ended by loving him for his touching loyalty. Victoria lost her best subject, and England her greatest warrior.

The battle between Gladstone and Disraeli lasted twenty-four years, till Disraeli died. The Queen admired the Jew, and chose the abler of the twain. Gladstone had the genius of respectability, finance, verbosity. So far as Americans could see, he was as much of a Tory as Disraeli, and as to Ireland and Egypt, a far greater dissembler. Finally Disraeli made England the arbiter of Europe at the Congress of Berlin, while Gladstone deserted Gordon at Khartoum. The Queen cannot be condemned for preferring Disraeli to Gladstone. She was proclaimed throughout India, on November 1, 1858, "Victoria by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the colonies and dependencies thereof, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia. Queen, Defender of the Faith." In 1877 Disraeli had her proclaimed Kaisar-i-Hind (Empress of Hindostan).

We have seen that Maria Theresa established a successful Order. The decoration of the Victoria Cross, instituted by the Queen of Great Britain, has become in

the minds of the English-speaking people one of the proudest marks ever put on a subject by a sovereign. On the forenoon of June 26, 1857, in Hyde Park, London, in the presence of a Hyde Park multitude, Victoria made her first distribution. Sixty-two heroes presented themselves, and as the Queen with her own hands fastened the cross on the breast of a soldier who had performed some signal act of valor in the presence of the foe, there was a cheer from nearly a million people.

The American Civil War broke out. The North looked first to England for sympathy. England, Spain and France were the only three nations that did not extend good wishes. Our true friend was despotic Russia. The Queen looked on the disintegration of the Republic as a foregone conclusion, and hoped it would strengthen all human thrones. What respect had the Yankees for the Scepter with the Dove, for Cutana the sword, for the Orb? How long would men bow down before her son, her son's son, kissing the royal hand and pledging blood and treasure from the body kneeling to the anointed body on the throne? Gladstone was eloquently for the South. Abraham Lincoln was giving up Mason and Slidell at the savage demand of England when, December 14, 1861, on the midnight air of London the great bell of St. Paul's tolled the passing of Prince Albert, who had counseled peace and "to-morrow" against Palmerston's irate demands on America, the last advice of the good Prince to his Queen's subjects. He died looking lovingly at his sovereign. That was long, long ago. She mourns him to-day, not so bitterly as then—yet London was for decades to see her no more. Her chair was usually vacant in the House of Lords. Her son was in her place at great ceremonies. She built to Albert's memory a vast monument, a replica of one of

whose groups of statuary was to be seen at Victoria House in the Chicago Fair of 1893, and now stands in Garfield Park of that city.

In 1867 the Sultan of Turkey visited Queen Victoria, and she took him to Spithead to review the fleet. The Queen gave much attention to the preparation of volumes regarding the life and works of Prince Albert. In 1867 appeared "The Early Days of His Royal Highness, The Prince Consort," by General C. Grey, under her supervision. Then, in 1869, throwing aside all court etiquette, she avowed the authorship of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." A work in five volumes, giving the history of the labors of the Prince, was published under her care between 1874-80. She has since printed another journal of the Highlands.

Since our era began, the Queen's Government has made war on a surprisingly large number of puny governments, and has avoided war twice with America and once with Russia. Note the number of countries into which British arms have been carried, or where uprisings have been suppressed: Abyssinia, Egypt, Nubia, the Nyanza country, Zululand, the Boers' country, Ashantee, Dahomey, Manitoba, Mexico, Crete, Cyprus, India, Burmah, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Persia, Tibet, the Chinese Coast, Venezuela, Ireland. Now both China and Persia are likely to be partitioned between Czar and Queen. It is hard to say which one of these potentates has acquired the more territory since 1837, and both Empires are nearly alike in area, with the advantage in square miles on the side of Great Britain, while Russia's acquisitions are integral, and Manchuria, lately taken, is nearly equal to India. As the Queen has grown old—in fact, all her life—she has been a prudent counselor for peace with great nations, yet it has been under Liberal

Ministries that she has submitted to rebuffs rather than to declare war, and this has nearly always defeated her natural political opponents, the Liberals. She has seen the power of "the classes" slipping slowly away, and the rule of "the masses" increasing by insensible stages. Not one of these arrogations of popular rights has she ever approved—yet she was not like Marie Antoinette. She could make terms, keep promises, and say no more about it. Her extraordinary value to the nation as an exemplary daughter, mother, and wife have given to her an authority which the English, with felicity and justice, bestow only on the good. Democrat and aristocrat, at heart, consider such results to be of greater importance than mere written forms of government. She ranks with Isabella and Maria Theresa as a chaste and pure-minded monarch, and she has reigned nearly as long as both of them.

Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, Windsor Castle, near London, Balmoral Castle in the Scottish Highlands, Nice in the worst months—these are the places that have seen the Queen for thirty years. She has kept a good account of state affairs, and is by this time the best-informed politician in Europe. Sovereigns may well send her gifts at Christmas, and ask her by what magic she has kept her throne, while walking delegates and Joseph Arches have gone to Parliament, lived, spouted, died. Free trade, Irish disestablishment, trade unions, Rothschild and his oath, Bradlaugh and his oath, rotten boroughs, absentee-voting in the House of Lords —hundreds of little royalties, little steps to the throne, have broken away, yet Victoria, at her Golden Jubilee, in 1887—when she had reigned fifty years—and a thousand times more certainly in 1897, at her Diamond Jubilee, seemed the best-seated of all the monarchs. She

reigned in the British heart. She saw, marching before her, the four races of Africa, the sects of the Mohammedan Arabs, the Kanakas and yellow men of the Pacific Islands, the Japanese, Chinese, Burmese, Hindoos, Singhalese, Canadians, West Indians, Esquimaux, American Indians, Australians, Maltese, Cyprians, the English, Scotch, Irish, Spanish, Dutch. She saw the magnates of the state processions like the Coronation, the sinew and intellect of the trades, the arts, the sciences. She smiled upon the magistrates not only of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Empire of India, but of the British Governments of Socotra, Aden, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Labuan, Borneo, the Straits, Cyprus, Canada, Guiana, Honduras, the Australasian group of countries, Papua, New Zealand, the West Indies, the Cape Colony, Natal, Mauritius, West Africa and Gold Coast, the Falklands, St. Helena, Malta, Gibraltar, Egypt, and the new and scarce named areas of British Africa. The triumphs of the Roman conquerors, when the Mediterranean basin was totally theirs, pale into insignificance before the tribute which the Anglo-Saxon conquerors laid at the feet of Victoria on the day that she had ruled them sixty years. And looking over westward at another large nation which they hungered to have with them that day in order to show the true Anglo-Saxon power, they began forthwith, by works of love, to win back the riches they had lost through un-English tyranny and un-Saxon sympathy with slavery and secession. Nor do we know that Victoria does not keenly feel the joy of this great coming together; for when the British-Americans of Western America, on her Golden Jubilee, sent to her their testimonial, of affection, signed by 60,000 British-born persons, she broke down all etiquette, took the vast reel of paper from the hands of the courageous special mes-

senger, who would give it to no one else, and to his speech of joyful triumph over the beef-eaters, herb-strewers, and waste-basket emperors of Windsor Castle, she made extemporaneous answer in finest style, being secretly glad to demonstrate that no American stump-orator could give the English sovereign any lessons in either good-will or occasional eloquence.

Of all the great monarchical courts that of St. James is the simplest, yet the Queen's household numbers 1,000 persons. The salaries paid are the highest, but the services exacted are not light. The Queen's grant for these expenses is $2,250,000 a year. Her unostentatious existence has made her long life monotonous in recital, and it has been only when some pageant has called her forth that she has appeared in conspicuous manner before the world, whose curiosity, however, has increased with the surprising length of her reign.

She rises at 8 a. m., and eats oatmeal, fish, and drinks cocoa. Thirty-five lords and ladies in waiting dine more sumptuously. For their service there are a kitchen clerk, a chef, six cooks, and fourteen helpers. At 10 o'clock she receives her mail and news. Court etiquette requires that she shall not handle a single newspaper or magazine. Clippings are prepared for her and fastened to white satin. Printed matter for her use is on white satin. She receives none except family letters. No member of the royal family or other person can call her attention to news, or hand her any periodical whatever. Political clippings are never made.

The six Pages of the Back Stairs are her principal servants, being the door-keepers, at $50 a week. These persons are well hated in the palace because of their power. It is said one of them on summoning Prince Battenberg (husband of Beatrice) to the Queen's pres-

ence, told him the guard would be called if immediate attention were not paid to the royal command, and the Prince of Wales backed up the servant.

The Gentleman of the Cellar receives $3,000 a year, and has three assistants. The Queen no longer drinks beer. When she did, the tapped keg went to the servants, no one else drinking out of it at table. She now drinks a glass or two of Beaune.

Dinner at 7 p. m. is the event of the day. The Table-Decker has a suite of rooms, three Assistant Deckers, a Waxfitter for the candles, and three Lamplighters. Two hours are occupied in setting the table. The Queen enters, preceded by the White Wand. She likes to have the Scottish pipers march round the table making a droning music, which is said to have afflicted Battenberg's ears exquisitely. She gives the signal for rising, and proceeds to her private apartments, where she works with the needle, listens to readings, or herself reads the poems, etc., in bronze letters on satin with bullion fringe, that are showered upon her. In 1889 an American woman in Florida forwarded to the Queen a collection of leaves which she had spent three years in gathering. Custom forbids the acceptance of any presents at court, but the Queen retained these volumes three months, poring over their pages and specimens many evenings, and returned the gift with expressions of deep regret.

The Queen goes to bed at 10 o'clock. There are eight Ladies of the Bedchamber of very high rank, and eight bedchamber women. The bed is nearly all of Australian products, the woolen blankets being marvels of softness and light weight. While Her Majesty sleeps the sleep of the just, the valiant Queen's Rat-Catcher goes forth to fulfill his oath and keep the royal palace "free from all rats and mice and such small deer."

Christmas is spent at the handsome Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, and thither the merchants take their wares for the royal inspection, as she has a long list of relatives, servants, and sovereigns to remember. Holly and mistletoe come from Windsor Park to deck the royal chapel and Whippingham Church. The firs for Christmas trees come from Frogmore (Windsor) and have been born and raised to be royal Christmas trees. The great baron of beef, the gigantic woodcock pie, the royal boar's head and the Queen's plum-pudding are all shipped from the big kitchens at Windsor. The boar's head has opened jaws, artificial tusks and eyes, and encochinealed gums, and is the trophy par excellence of the feast. The plum pudding gets bigger each year, keeping pace with the Empire. The leading spirit in these island festivities is the Princess Beatrice, who has taken them up exactly as her mother practised them. The men native to the island all have presents they received from the hands of the Queen. Since the large dining hall was built the Queen entertains at Osborne, and here the new German Emperor was first received by her, his grandmother.

The Queen's life in the Highlands is covered in her own two books. Lady Bloomfield's life at Windsor as a waiting maid of honor to the Queen is a familiar book. The vast Diamond Jubilee, with its unparalleled naval review, is a volume by itself, and has received deserved attention in the magazines of periodical literature. The annual hegira to Nice has also become a matter familiar to the world. The Queen then takes her bed with her, and occupies a chateau, which she rents.

Death has entered her family, but a great family has risen to call her blessed. The death of Prince Albert came at Christmas-time, and she felt her first great woe at Osborne. Her third child, Princess Alice, died in

1878; Prince Leopold, the seventh, died in 1884. All her children in turn had children save the Princess Louise, who married the son of the Duke of Argyll in 1871. "The Duke maun be a prood mon this morning," said Sandy to Malcom; "Hoot, mon!" cried Malcom, hotly, "The Queen maun be a prood woman, this morning." For the Argyll, the Campbell clan, are an old people!

The Queen has outlived eighteen or nineteen Ministries. There have risen against her political views O'Connell, Cobden, Bright, Bradlaugh, Parnell. Melbourne, Peel, Palmerston, Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone and Salisbury have been her leading Premiers. Some men like Gladstone and Disraeli, Dilke, Morley, and Chamberlain, have started off one way and ended another. The men whom we admire the most here in America—those men the Queen, of necessity, has admired the least. It is the English theory that there is luck in pretending to be governed by the Queen, and yet in making her do as she does not wish to do, together with many kissings, genuflections, and costumings in imitation of the scenes before the Paynim armies, when the armor of Christian knights threw back the sunbeams of an approving heaven. In admiring Victoria, we must pass by the fact that she is no friend of democratic rule, but remember that she has successfully played the part that was set for poor Marie Antoinette. And as the most important canons of our government, after all, operate within the walls of our own homes, we have, in the powerful Victoria, in whose name the battleships sweep the sea, on whose dominion the sun never sets, a moral mentor, friend, exemplar, uplifter, such as must exalt the world. At the capital of mankind, where wealth has made its largest purse, where temptation to waste and dissipation has whispered its softest words, there, for the greater

COPYRIGHT 1897 BY WM . . . .

J. L. G. FERRIS, PINX.

ART, SONG AND LITERATURE.

portion of one hundred years, only the moral man and woman have received the royal approbation. People are less savage and more just because Victoria has lived and ruled. She died January 22, 1901, after the longest and most eventful reign in English history.

EPILOGUE

COMPARISONS AND PARALLELS

We have had two women to thoroughly detest—Cleopatra and Maintenon—evil were the days that bore them. We have seen one lion-heart—Joan of Arc—and have divested her portrayal of much literary rubbish in order to see her as she was, the bravest woman in our records. We have studied, as closely as space would permit, the careers of two really great women—Isabella and Maria Theresa, and in this class Queen Elizabeth and Catherine II follow, but at respectful intervals behind. Two women, Aspasia and Christina, were mental women—they pondered and exalted the glory of their sex in that direction. Two women influenced their sons—Cornelia and Mary the Mother of Washington. Of Ayesha, we can speak in admiration of her courage, which was little less than Joan's. The saddest, and by far the most dramatic story is Marie Antoinette's; the most frivolous, Josephine's; the most prosaic, Victoria's. The one that is mythical is Judith's, but some interest in the myths of the early world has led us to believe that the tale, merely as a tale, has high historical value to him who desires to peer further into the prehistoric actions of mankind. Of one thing the reader may be assured—the heroines of this book are unequivocally Famous Women of the World.

Date Due

MUSKINGUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
D20 .S211 v.5
Sanderson, Edgar/The world's history and
mustk
3 8152 00073 1773

D20
S211
v.5

Sanderson

The world's history and its makers